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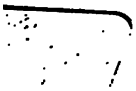

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MY QUEEN.

A ROMANCE

OF

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

MERCANTILE

BY

"SANDETTE."

Marie A Walsh

"——— Is this my doom ?
Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,
My purity, my pride, then come to this ?"

Moore.

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MY QUEEN;

OR,

OREANA BRENTFORD.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

THE BRENTFORDS.

THE BRENTFORDS, of Brentford Farm, Middlesex, England, were an ancient and honorable yeoman family, who, in the secure enjoyment of moderate wealth, led a peaceful, pleasurable existence upon their own goodly estate.

The only shadow that obscured the happiness of the Brentfords was the thought that soon the old name would be extinct; for Mr. and Mrs. William Brentford had but one child—a daughter. However, to make amends for this disappointment, this daughter was richly endowed with beauty and mental gifts; and as she grew to womanhood, the fond parents forgot they were sonless in the joy of having such a daughter.

"My queen," the proud father called her; and the

title seemed well suited to the stately figure, far above the usual stature of woman, yet so harmoniously proportioned that one knew not which to admire most,—its grace, or its majesty. A queen, indeed, Oreana Brentford appeared, as she moved among her girl companions, with the dignified reserve of a sovereign; and no crown did she need, save the massive braids of her chestnut-brown hair. But when soul enthusiasm flamed out of her hazel gray eyes, and the pale, statuesque face grew luminous in the glowing radiations, when the regal form swayed in the ecstasy of exaltation, the queen became a priestess.

Perhaps it was the blending of these peculiar types that gave to Oreana an undefinable expression, as of some hidden power, or some strange destiny, that would isolate her from woman kind.

This idea of expectancy, this vague surmising of what she would do,—what would happen to her, impressed and attracted a stranger more than did her beauty.

Had she suddenly developed into a Deborah or a Judith, few would have felt surprised; except, perhaps, her parents, who deemed it impossible that a Brentford could ever diverge from the well-known path within whose narrow limits they and their ancestors had walked contentedly.

At the age of eighteen Oreana accepted as her affianced husband Julian Bellew, the heir of the manor, and her second cousin. The Bellews and Brentfords hailed with delight this engagement. It promised the realization of all their hopes and wishes, for the union of Oreana and Julian had always been the pet scheme of the two families.

For once the course of true love ran smoothly—

every one seemed delighted. Those who had prophesied an ominous destiny for Oreana were silenced; some still shook their heads and pitied Julian, but they numbered few, and the general voice declared the lovers the happiest of the happy.

Pre-eminently happy they seemed to be, blest with love, beauty, home joys, and the world's favors.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOVERS.

ONE bright spring afternoon in the year 1856, within a rustic pavilion at Brentford, sat the lovers. Julian read aloud the "Fire Worshipers." Oreana was supposed to be listening, but it was evident from her abstracted gaze, that her spirit had wandered too far away to hear even a lover's tones. At last, Julian, discovering that Oreana did not hear him, closed the book, and drew near to his lady-love, saying:

"Oreana, what are you thinking about? For the last half-hour you have sat silent, immovable, with all the sunshine gone from your face. I do not think you have heard a word that I have read. Do, love, look again like yourself, or I shall fancy you are a Parca, about to snip my life-thread."

"A Parca! What a queer fancy; and yet, perhaps it is a truthful one. I am a Fate."

"You are mine, darling,—my Clotho. Weave my web of golden threads. But there,—these fingers could weave nought else but gold. Won't you smile? this is our last *tete d tete* for a long week."

"A week?" echoed Oreana, half dreamily, half interrogatively.

"Why yes, dear, to-morrow you know I go to Liverpool; and you, the next day, to Cousin Laura's; so we shall not meet again until next week."

"Perhaps never again."

"Nonsense! Come, cheer up; why, two months from to-day will be our wedding day."

"No, Julian, it cannot be."

The young man started.

"Cannot be? What does it all mean?" Have I angered you?"

"Angered me! No, Julian; but there is something I must tell you. You never would listen to me, but now you must. The Word of God has come unto me. It calls upon me to arise—to leave Babylon."

"Good God! Are you going to be a nun?"

"A nun? God forbid. No, a greater light has been vouchsafed to me—a light that makes me one of God's saints."

"There, dear; don't go back to that tabooed subject. We all know you are a saint; but what has that to do with our marriage?"

"It has everything to do with it. I cannot marry you unless you receive the truth, and are baptized; and even then I will not marry until we are in the holy Zion."

"Oreana, you are driving me mad. Say it is all a jest. You cannot possibly mean that you are a Mormon."

"I do not jest; I am a Mormon."

Julian started as if stung, his eyes dilated with horror.

"Oreana, I cannot believe it. You, so pure, so good, so noble, to accept an abominable creed like Mormonism."

"Abominable! Julian, you know not of what you speak. The early Christians were also called abominable. Christ was crucified as a conspirator. Luther was charged with every crime. Surely, then, we can endure calumny. What do you know about the saints, or Mormons as you call them, that you malign them in this way?"

"You speak truly, Oreana; but the early Christians were pure. Do not these Mormons commend and practice polygamy?"

"And were not Abraham, Jacob, and the Patriarchs, were not David and Solomon polygamists? Yet do we not reverence them? Are they not upheld by all the churches as models of virtue and wisdom? What have you to reply?"

"Only that these wise and good men belonged to a different age, a different civilization to ours; and I should no more think of doing anything against my conscience, or antagonistic to our civilization, simply because they did it, than I would dwell in a tent because Abraham did so, or, instead of a gun, use a sling because such was David's weapon."

"I own I have never studied the Bible sufficiently to refute your arguments in a learned manner; but certainly, common sense seems to confute them."

"Yes, the wisdom of the serpent is found in the mouths of the wicked; and in the Latter Day their hearts shall be hardened. But Julian, do not you be like unto them. Come with me to the desert that has

blossomed like a rose, to the city of God on the mountains. Leave Babylon !—leave the wicked !"

"Nonsense, my love ; there is no wickedness here. Are not our parents as good as they can be, are not our friends upright, intelligent, God-loving Christians? I own I am not very churchy, but I try to do right, to lead a peaceful life. Again why should you imagine God is in one particular spot? Does not the Bible say that He is everywhere—and wherever good will and happiness reign, there he loves to dwell? God smiles upon us here, in this lovely vale, as benignly as He would on that far-off mountain ; and certainly we can serve Him as well, if not better, here among civilized people, than we could among savages."

"No, Julian : in Zion only can we serve God, in Zion only can we be saved at that awful day of doom fast, fast approaching ; in Zion only can our marriaige be recorded in Heaven. To Zion I go ; no earthly obstacle is strong enough to prevent me."

"My love, my love," cried Julian, pressing her to his heart. "I conjure you, I implore you, by all that is holy, by the sacred words *home* and *love*, banish these ideas. Our heavenly Father cannot wish you to break these sacred ties, to kill your fond parents, for they will die if you leave them thus. No ! God cannot wish it. It is blasphemy to say He does. Oreana, have pity upon me, upon yourself. Do not leave all that is bright and beautiful. Break away from this evil influence—throw off these delusions—promise me you will think no more of these wild projects, promise, I beseech you——"

Oreana disengaged herself from Julian's embrace, walked slowly to the door of the pavilion, and there

stood silent and motionless gazing out upon the glowing West, as if seeking inspiration.

At length she turned to speak.

Julian started with surprise. Was this Oreana, or was it not rather a pythoness of ancient Delphos about to pronounce his doom? Never did priestess look more inspired than did Oreana. Her figure seemed to grow tall and expand; a wondrous light shone in her face, and her features became luminously transparent. She stood, framed in sunbeams, one radiant hand stretched out towards the West, a personification of religious enthusiasm.

"Julian," she cried, her voice vibrant with passionate exaltation: "Julian, I hear the voice of God saying unto me, 'My daughter, arise out of Babylon; come to my city, to the New Jerusalem. I bid thee leave father, mother, home, all, for me.' Yes, I hear the voice, and I see angel forms beckoning to me. In their hands are palmy crowns, martyrs' crowns. Again I hear the voice saying, 'Arise quickly, my daughter; all they that love Me, arise out of Babylon ere she be destroyed.' Yes, I see the angel of the Lord descending, in his hands war, famine, and pestilence. I see the proud ones of the earth swept away into perdition. I see the Holy One of Israel coming in dazzling splendor to reign in Zion. Let us go, Julian, to meet him, to reign with Him. Let our example inspire those we love to become saints of Zion. But if you will not come, woe be unto you. Woe unto all who will not listen—woe, woe to—"

Oreana stopped suddenly. A dark cloud obscured the sun, its glory vanished, and with it her inspiration. A gloom, prophetic of the future, enfolded the lovers,

who silently left the pavilion, never again to enter it together.

As they approached the house, the sound of merry voices and laughter greeted them. Julian paused.

"Oreana, I cannot go in now. It is no use to cloud the happiness of our parents. They would see that something was wrong, and—and I—we need not tell them yet, for I know you will soon think differently. Don't you think so, dear? A change will make us feel better, and it would be cruel to worry them. We will talk this over when we meet again. Shall it be so, my darling?"

"Yes, yes," sadly replied Oreana. "We shall agree, no doubt, when we meet again. Good bye, Julian, God bless you."

Tears filled Oreana's eyes, and Julian was forced to rush away, to hide his emotion.

Often did he look back and wave adieus to Oreana, who stood watching him as he slowly disappeared. Not until a turn in the road hid him from her sight did she move, and then it was to run to the pavilion steps, from whence she could see him enter the manor.

One last farewell; then Oreana turned towards the house. She walked slowly, looking fondly at every familiar object.

She, also, seemed to dread meeting her parents; for she avoided the parlor, and sought her own room, where, with locked doors, she knelt in prayer.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEVOTEE.

OREANA was unfortunate, in that she was placed out of her proper sphere and age.

Born a century later, when a rational education could have developed her reason and trained her energies, she would have been a heroic leader in the march of Progress, instead of a discontented, eccentric young lady. Or had she belonged to the charmed circle of nobility, she might have indulged her marked individualisms, without entailing upon her sad consequences. But she was only a well-to-do nobody, with just sufficient luxury, education, and position, to make her one of the happy ones without a history.

Oreana longed for action. Feminine avocations were distasteful to her, and the gaiety of visits, parties and balls, disgusted her. She was profoundly religious; yet she declined to take active interest in church duties, because the creeds did not satisfy her soul.

At one time she thought of becoming a foreign missionary; but, upon further deliberation, she concluded that any religion that was fashionable, popular, or even tolerated, could not be the true one.

Oreana sighed for persecution. Her nature was strongly combative. Veneration and spirituality were controlled by combativeness. Her soul demanded persecution, so that she might sacrifice her loves—herself, to win a martyr's laurels.

And here, a psychological problem suggests itself. Do not the characteristics of would-be martyrs, their

defiance of the world, and self-crucifixion, spring from the same source as the war-loving, cruel impulses of the warrior and tyrant?

In the fanatic, combativeness is spiritualized; in the tyrant, it is brutalized. In the former, God is the end, self the victim: in the latter, self is the end, the neighbor the victim.

With a nature so contradictory and unsatisfied, Oreana could not be happy. Misunderstood by all around her, she had no friends in whom she could confide. She belonged to a class of happy, unthinking people, who accepted their church without a question, and who considered the problems of the day as entirely out of their sphere, if, indeed, they gave them a thought.

So Oreana sighed, desired, and meditated in solitude. Her aspirations, finding no vent, filled heart and brain with chimeras. For her betrothed, she entertained an affection which she imagined to be love; and her approaching marriage somewhat diverted her mind.

Still, every now and then, her spirit would revolt, more especially when, upon some church festival, she attended the cathedral service.

The magnificence of the antique pile, the glorious music, the elegant, nobly-born officiates, the fashionable, languid congregation, aroused her contempt.

Bah! she was sick of it all! What merit was there in such ease and luxury?

How she sighed for the catacombs of the early Christians!

During one of these discontented fits, she visited some cousins at Liverpool; there she became acquainted with the sect of Latter Day Saints.

She was attracted to it immediately.

The rude, unadorned meeting-house,—the preacher, plain in appearance and language, yet so earnest and inspirational, like unto the Galilean fishermen, the fanatical devotion of the lowly assembly, all delighted her. It almost equalled the catacombs.

Then the command to leave the world and its follies; to assemble, as the Jews of old, in a city of God, satisfied her impatient energies. Here was a field for action. Her fancy was dazzled by its prophets and apostles, its visions and revelations, by its gospel miraculously found, and as miraculously read by means of the Urim and Thummim. Her imagination rejoiced in this restoration of the past.

But when the preacher depicted the murder of the prophet Joseph, the banishment of the saints from Nauvoo, their trials and persecutions, Oreana wept for joy. She had found that which she had so long desired. Before leaving Liverpool she received baptism.

Oreana failed in her attempt to convert her family. No one would listen to her exhortations; the books she placed on her father's desk, in her mother's work-basket, were speedily burned. Julian laughed, her friends pitied her hallucination, her mother wept, and her father threatened to disown her. Oreana's nature prompted heroic defiance, but wary Silvertung advised dissimulation. Secret influence, he said, was the most efficacious; by its means she might yet win souls. So Oreana made a mighty effort, went to church as usual, and spoke no word of Zion. Her friends rejoiced, and soon forgot the temporary eccentricity. Repression increased Oreana's enthusiasm. She resolved to forsake her parents, her lover, her home, all for Christ's sake.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. LASCELLE.

A KNOCK at the door interrupted Oreana's devotions.

Annoyed at the intrusion, Oreana pretended not to hear; but the knocking continued, and a plaintive voice cried:

"Dear Oreana, it is I,—Mary,—let me in. I must see you."

Oreana flew to open the door.

"My dear Mary, excuse me; I thought it was some one of the house. But what is the matter? You look pale and agitated."

For answer, the young lady burst into a passion of tears.

The visitor was a lovely woman,—the exact opposite of Oreana: a fragile, shrinking creature, with the face of a Clytie, shaded by curls so soft, so delicately bright, that they seemed spun out of moonbeams. A woman to be cherished and petted, was Mary Lascelle.

"Now, my love," said Oreana, who had partly succeeded in calming the grief of her visitor, "tell me what it is that so distresses you."

"Oreana, my heart will break. I cannot, cannot do it. Why does God demand such sacrifices? I cannot. My heart will break."

"My dear Mary, there's no such word as cannot; and what is the breaking of a poor, sinful heart, compared to the woe pronounced against those who disobey? But what is this new trouble?"

"It is the revelation."

"Have you had a revelation?"

"Brother Trap has received one concerning me."

"Ah, Mary! how I envy you. Yet how I rejoice that in our day such things are. And you weep, instead of exulting?"

"It was so awful." And again she burst into tears.

"There, don't cry, dear; tell me all about this revelation."

"It makes me shudder to think of it. Brother Trap went into a trance while we—I mean Brother Silvertung and I—were kneeling in prayer. He spoke in a strange, awful voice, bidding me take Elsie and—but oh! I cannot speak of it. Read it. Brother Silvertung took it down in writing."

Oreana took the scrap of paper, kissed it reverentially, and read The Revelation:

"In answer to the prayers of the saints, for the guidance of Sister Mary Lascelle.

"Behold, thus saith the Lord!

"Hearken ye, O my servant:

"Know ye, that I am the Lord thy God: He that brought the children of Israel out from the land of Egypt: He whom thy fathers adored, even the same. I am the Lord thy God, a jealous God, who visitest judgment upon the wicked, yea to the third and fourth generation. Listen ye, O my servant; for inasmuch as thou hast left all things to keep my commandments, even so will I speak unto thee.

"Verily I say unto thee, Go unto my chosen servant, Mary Lascelle, and say unto her:

"Thus saith the Lord! Thy tears and prayers have found favor in my sight, even as the sacrifice of

Abel. Know ye the will of the Lord. Even so as the man thou now callest husband has despised my ways, and mocked at my commandments, he shall be cut down and cast into the fire.

"Verily I say unto thee, he is no longer thy husband ;—but if thou wouldst enter into the land that I have reserved for those who love me and keep my commandments, then verily, I say unto thee : Arise, take thy child, go forth from those that love iniquity, follow my servant, Moses Silvertung, into the wilderness unto Zion. For I say unto thee that any one who prefers father, mother, husband, or child, to Me, is not worthy of my kingdom : him will I destroy, as I destroyed thousands of Israelites in the desert.

"Other things there are, that I desire of thee, if thou wouldst enter into my kingdom : these will I reveal to thee in the fullness of time. Even so, saith the Lord."

The impressive tone in which Oreana read the revelation thrilled Mrs. Lascelle. The words seemed more awful than they did when she first heard them.

There was silence for a few moments, when Oreana cried :

"'Blessed be God, who remembereth His people, and who permitteth us to live in the days of the Renewal of the Covenant!' Think of our privilege, Mary, and exult For ages the world has been desolate, God's voice was silent ; but now He speaketh again. Mary, I envy you. A special revelation. Thrice blessed woman !

"And you hesitate after such a declaration of the Divine Will ?"

"But it is so horrible."

"Not more so than the sacrifice that Abraham was commanded to make."

"Yes; but he did not make it."

"Neither will you, in the end. Your departure will awaken your husband: he will follow you to Zion, and great will be your happiness."

"Do you really think so?" said Mary, with a bright smile.

"I feel certain of it."

"Still, it will kill me to leave secretly like a dishonest woman. Ah! Oreana, you are not a wife: you don't know my feelings."

"Am I not a daughter—an affianced wife? To-day I have broken with Julian. To-morrow I leave my parents. They will disown me; yea, perhaps curse me. But it is glorious to suffer for the faith."

"Oreana, you have the heroism of the martyrs. You exult,—I tremble."

"But you shall no longer tremble,—you, whom the Lord so favors. Be not faint-hearted. Think of the woes, the misery here, eternal torments hereafter, that will be the lot of the disobedient. Already little Elsie has been stricken down by the anger of the Lord; only your promise of obedience saved her."

"Spare me, Oreana, I will obey; I,—oh, that I could die."

"You are weak, my dear. Left to yourself your good intentions will fail before the strength of the wicked. You must come with me—nay, not a word. I will ride over with you now. Your husband will readily consent, for he has often spoken of late about your going away for a visit.

"Then we can arrange our plans. We must be of

the number of those brave pilgrims who are going across the plains on foot. You have heard of the glorious blessings promised to these by our second Moses. Thank God, I am of age and independent. That legacy my great-aunt left me will suffice for us both. By the way, do you know the Delvilles of Liverpool are going? So we shall not be without friends. Oh, how happy we shall be when re-united in Zion!"

While thus talking Oreana had prepared herself for the ride. In her hands Mrs. Lascelle was powerless. Her weak nature bowed before Oreana's resolute will, and by the time they reached town Mary had promised entire obedience.

CHAPTER V.

THE IVY VINE.

MRS. LASCELLE had always been a pet; and only the exceeding gentleness of her character prevented her from being that disagreeable being, a spoiled beauty.

Her parents kept watch over her, fearful lest a breeze should rudely sweep her curls, or that a wavelet from the troubled ocean of life might break over her path.

Mary early evinced a peculiar impressibility concerning religious matters, consequently they would not allow her to receive the instructions generally given to children.

"Wait until she is old enough not to worry herself

about sin and death," was their answer to those who considered this negligence reprehensible. All serious studies were also considered as worries, and discarded accordingly ; a boarding-school was out of the question, even a day-school was deemed too severe for little fairy. So Mary grew up under her mother's eye, in ignorant innocence of life's problems and responsibilities, without a care.

At the age of eighteen she became the wife of Edward Lascelle, who tried to be as careful of his little wife as her parents had been. But he had his way to make in the world, and business obliged him to leave her to her own guidance in many things.

As long as her parents lived, it was of no consequence ; but in the fifth year of her marriage death took away these guardians. Mary was overwhelmed with grief, and, as a natural consequence, sought consolation in the church.

The Bible became her *vade mecum* and Oreana her bosom friend. Unfortunately for her, Edward Lascelle was a free-thinker : at heart one of those who consider piety and church duties fit for women only.

One day she accompanied Oreana to the meeting-house of the Latter Day Saints.

The preacher, who was well named Silvertung, spoke chiefly upon the second coming of Christ, an event which he declared to be nearer than any one dreamed of. Numerous Bible texts proved this assertion, and he adduced the disasters daily happening as the signs that told the coming of the Son of Man. It behooved them all to prepare to receive Him by accepting the covenant of the Latter Day, leaving the ungodly, and gathering together in God's city.

The sermon made a vivid impression upon Mrs. Lascelle. She told her husband of the doubts and fears awakened in her soul by the new gospel ; but he merely laughed. If she were pleased, so was he. She tried to persuade him to accompany her, but in vain. So she went alone. Her weak, undeveloped character could not resist the fervid positiveness of the converts, and the thought of Christ's coming overpowered her. She received baptism.

Still she yearned for her husband's sympathy, she implored him to listen. But he was deaf to her importunities ; he ridiculed the ideas that filled her with awe ; he termed them women's nonsense.

This indifference wounded her, gradually the husband's influence grew weaker, and another's grew stronger. This other was the preacher Silvertung : a man pleasing to look at, of insinuating manners, and a great favorite with the female converts. He could pray and sing so beautifully, and his piety was so touching.

Elder Silvertung admired lovely women, especially if they belonged to the type glorified by the poets, worshiped by sentimentalists, and extolled by the goody ones of the day,—the ivy vine women,—those who love to twine around the gnarled oaks, the decayed stumps, or some worm-eaten, crooked posts. Ah ! well ! the ivy vine makes ugliness picturesque : so let it thrive in the human family.

Mrs. Lascelle, either by nature or education, or perhaps both, belonged to this type of women ; and Elder Silvertung admired her so much, that he felt a special call to assure the salvation of this sweet creature. He soon discovered how matters stood with the young

couple; how of late the tree had thrown off the vine; how the vine drooped without support. It gave him a fine opportunity, of which he hastened to avail himself.

The ivy found a support around which it could twine,—spiritually, of course,—but in this world it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between spiritual and material, so much do they intermingle.

In Elder Silvertung Mrs. Lascelle found a sympathizer, a counselor, a guide and conductor, on the road to Zion. Under the elder's teaching she was soon convinced that her husband would be doomed to woe if he still continued unregenerate. Only the Saints could enter heaven, only those who accepted the Covenant would reign with Christ. She must save her husband. Her love and faith gave her strength; laughter, ridicule, even anger could not silence her.

Astonished at the change in his wife, Mr. Lascelle made some inquiries about these "Saints." The information he obtained disgusted him. He trembled for his gentle and credulous wife. He remonstrated with her. It was too late.

For the first time this husband and wife quarreled.

The deluded woman went to Elder Silvertung for consolation in this new trouble. In the midst of the conversation, the elder closed his eyes, and in a strange, far-off voice began:

"Thus saith the Lord! The man who turns a deaf ear to the law of the Lord, him shall the Lord destroy: yea, the Lord will destroy him, and all who consort with him. Remain not with the wicked, lest ye be confounded with them. If thy eye offend thee pluck it out; even so tear out of thy heart love for

the wicked. Leave them,—flee from them ; for destruction cometh as the whirlwind."

The elder paused, but still remained in his trance-like state. Mrs. Lascelle was frightened.

"Leave my husband," she gasped, "never ! This is terrible."

Again, that far-off voice spoke :

"More terrible will it be to hear the voice of God say, Because thou has preferred the wicked to me, thou shalt be accursed for ever and ever."

Mrs. Lascelle sobbed aloud. Her grief aroused the elder from his pretended trance.

"My dear sister, what has so affected you ?"

"Oh, brother ! those awful words. How could you speak so to me ?"

"What ! did I speak? I was not conscious of it. Sometimes, indeed, the Spirit speaks through me, unworthy as I am. If I have grieved or offended you, dear sister, forgive me."

"Then, indeed, am I lost," ejaculated the poor woman. "Misery on every side ! but I cannot forsake my husband."

Mrs. Lascelle left hurriedly, without another word. She was frightened. For some time she avoided the saints, and love for her husband seemed to have gained the ascendancy. If Edward Lascelle had sympathized ever so little with her religious sentiments she would have been saved. But fate seemed working against her. The husband who worshiped her as a beautiful idol, who treasured up every word that fell from her lips, who lavished upon her the fruits of his labor, the wealth of his love, was an unrelenting tyrant in the matter that most interested her. Then Oreana, a

friend who would not be avoided, never ceased her exhortations. Just at this time, little Elsie suddenly fell sick. Oreana declared the illness to be a judgment from heaven. The weak woman believed it. She ran to Elder Silvertung and begged him to minister to the child, promising complete submission to the will of God if her darling was cured.

Elsie's sickness was only a child's ailment, from which she must recover in a few days ; but Mrs. Lascelle's distorted imagination magnified it into a death-warning. As a matter of course, the child got well, and the mother became more fervent than ever ; for gratitude and repentance quickened her devotion.

One day, Elder Silvertung announced his departure for Zion. He should leave with the next band of saints.

Mrs. Lascelle wept with real sorrow. What should she do without his spiritual guidance? "Tell me," she cried, "what I must do to be saved : tell me, and I will do it."

"Let us return thanks to God, who inspires the feeble heart with such sentiments. My dear sister, your situation is indeed one of doubt, beset with painful alternatives ; but all the saints shall pray for you, that the Lord may vouchsafe you a special revelation."

The revelation came. Mrs. Lascelle was lost.

CHAPTER VI.

LOST!

WHILE Mary Lascelle was struggling hopelessly between the dictates of her womanly conscience and the evil influences of fanaticism, her husband hurried homewards, his step buoyant, his eye sparkling, for he had that day won a position he had desired for many a long year, and as he drew near the pretty rustic villa which he called home, the exuberance of joy burst out in song.

"How glad Mary will be," he murmured. Then suddenly his brow contracted; some dark thought had chased away the sunshine. He is not a pleasant man to look at when he frowns, when storms gather in the dark eyes, when passion dilates the nostril and makes the brown face glow with swarthy redness. But the very intensity of his nature rendered him a devoted husband and father; perhaps somewhat egotistic and dictatorial, yet loving and tender withal. Edward Lascelle idolized his wife and child. In them centered all his hopes, his affections, his aspirations. They were his world, his heaven. And the Mormon shadow had crept into his home, chilling love's warmth, shadowing the sweet face of his darling Mary. How he hated this religious craze about the New Jerusalem! The mere thought of it enraged him. But success has made him far too happy to-day to be depressed by a shadow.

"Pshaw," he said to himself. "Mary will soon forget these silly ideas. She must have a change of

scene. I can well afford it now. How happy Mary will be."

As he entered the gate, a winsome, brown-eyed sprite of four summers danced out to meet him.

"Papa, I tho glad you're come. Mamma gone and I'm lonethome."

"Mamma gone," gasped the man.

"Yeth, gone to the nathy preather man. Papa, why don't you kill that preather man? He makth mamma cry. I don't like him, tho' he givth me candy. I throwth ith candy away, papa. Ain't I a good girl?"

"Yes; love, don't have anything to do with him."

Mr. Lascelle spoke mechanically. The absence of his wife pierced him to his soul, and the words of his little Elsie rang through his brain with a fearful echo. "Kill the man! Why not?" Then he shuddered at the awful thought; and cast it from him.

"Come, papa, take me up, and go in."

He obeyed.

A trim servant-maid met him at the door, with a message that mistress would not be home for some time, and that dinner was all ready.

"Yeth, and I will make yoo tea," said little Elsie, who, enthroned on her father's shoulder, lovingly tried to kiss away his disappointment. Her childish caresses were soothing; but they could not bring back the gladness to the father's face. He returned the caresses of his little Elsie; he smiled at her baby prattle; but his heart sighed wearily.

It was a worn, spiritless man that sat down at table. The appetizing viands had lost their flavor,—the pleasant home, its sunshine. From that day of

joyful success, the triumph had fled; for his inspiration, his love, his wife was not there to share his happiness. His good fortune was the result of long continued labor,—of nights as well as days spent in anxious efforts. Traces of care and fatigue were plainly visible in the dark face, no longer illumined with joy.

He rose from the table and threw himself upon a sofa,—too weary even to smile at Elsie. The child, lulled by the stillness, dropped asleep in her father's arms. Weary and disappointed, the man closed his eyes. He dreamed of darkness—of horror. He saw himself a wanderer on a desert. Mountains, cloud-wrapt and gloomy, imprisoned him. Shadowy forms surrounded him. The shadows became more distinct. The faces of wife and child appeared; but how changed by anguish and despair! A lurid cloud hung over his Elsie. She stretched forth her hands to him imploringly. He rushed into the gloom. The forms vanished. Again he was alone, his hands dyed in blood.

"Thank God, 'tis but a dream!" he cried, as he awoke to find a bright form bending over him. It was his wife. Her sweet face wore a strange expression of mingled sorrow and love. Fear looked out of the blue eyes, while on their gold-tipped fringe, tear-drops glistened.

The awakened man gazed upon her in wondering love, little dreaming of the cause of her quivering lips and hunted look.

To him she appeared so beautiful. He noted even the shimmering of her blue dress, and the fragrance of the blush rose that nestled in the dainty lace at her throat.

"How lovely you are, darling! But why so sad? I have news that will make you glad. Dance with glee, little wife. I am a partner now. Isn't that gay? Why, you are sighing instead of laughing. Are you not pleased?"

"Oh, yes, dear, but—"

"But what? Why, I declare you are quite pale, and all trembling. You want change of air and scene. You are growing nervous."

"That is what I tell her, Edward," said Oreana, entering the room. "In fact, I have come this evening on purpose to talk with you on the subject. To-morrow afternoon, I am going to London to cousin Laura's for a week; and I think it would do Mary ever so much good to go with me. You know I ought to have some matron to chaperon me; now mamma says it is impossible for her to leave, and cousin Laura never goes out, so you will be good and let Mary come, won't you? You see I am very selfish."

"Just the very thing, isn't it, little wife?"

Mrs. Lascelle felt too guilty to speak. She sank sobbing in her husband's arms. "Don't send me away Edward,—don't."

Oreana trembled; Mary was so weak.

"Send you away, darling! Why, what nonsense you are talking! Go with Oreana to-morrow."

"It is rather short notice. Of course we must take Elsie; but they do not require any preparation," added Oreana.

"Oh! Edward, I don't want to leave you," cried Mrs. Lascelle, still clinging to her husband. Ah! why could he not read her heart?

"Don't cry, love. Why, I did not think you were

so low-spirited and nervous. Now go to-morrow, like a brave little woman, and I will run down to you next week; then we will go to the sea-side for a little holiday. We can afford it now, Mary, and we shall enjoy it so much. During the next few days I shall be up to the ears in business; and there! I had almost forgotten, I have to leave for Liverpool this very night. Just get me a few things ready. I have not a moment to lose. I am so glad you are going with Oreana, for you would feel so lonely."

Mrs. Lascelle groaned. Everything seemed to urge her to the fatal step. Never had she loved her husband more; and had she been free from Oreana's influence, she would have told him all. But Oreana's will subjugated her; in this presence her lips refused to speak the words of salvation.

The moments flew by. All was ready. Mr. Lascelle had kissed little Elsie. The door was open for his exit.

"Now, Mary, love, smile once before I go."

"Edward, will you forgive me?" cried the wife in piteous agony.

"Forgive you, darling? What ever for? There, now, one kiss. Good bye, till next week. Cheer up, little wife. Oreana, do try to make her once more her old self, and persuade her to forget those horrid Mormons, as you have done." (Oreana winced.) "Take good care of yourselves and our little Elsie. Good bye."

He left the house whistling a merry tune, and was soon out of sight.

Mary watched him with strained eyes, then she fell on her knees by the side of her sleeping child, moaning, "Lost, lost! and I—"

CHAPTER VII.

THE DELVILLES.

ROBERT DELVILLE, silk mercer and linen draper, of High street, Liverpool, was a ruddy, coarse-featured, loud man, with the physique of a pugilist. Rumor hinted at a wild youth, addicted to low games and cruel companions; but that was all in the far past. Many a year ago Robert Delville had settled down into a good, blunt citizen, rather sharp at a bargain, yet honest in the main. He was loved by his family, and liked by his friends, regular at church, and fond of the Bible. It is true that he displayed a predilection for witnessing executions (but that was nothing singular in those days), and frequently he would emphatically declare his dissatisfaction at the existing state of things, social, moral, and religious.

He had eagerly embraced the new gospel, and soon after astonished his little world with the announcement that he was going to Zion. For some time a clearance sale has been going on. It is all over now. The place is empty and deserted; the shutters going up. Upstairs, in the family apartments, the greatest confusion reigns. Some are boxing furniture, others packing trunks. The day's work is almost over. The mistress, a portly, good-natured-looking woman, sits down upon a trunk to rest awhile. She has a very troubled look, and every now and then she wipes her eyes, from which the tears will flow in spite of her efforts to repress them. A pretty little girl lays her cheek caressingly against her mother's, and cries

because her mother weeps. In one corner of the room, a serious-faced boy is packing away some books, carefully, tenderly, as if he loved them.

Another son, the eldest, a bright sturdy youth of fifteen, is working with a will.

"Is this to go, mother?" he asks, pointing to a beautiful picture of Aurora.

"No, dear, they say we cannot take anything more than is absolutely necessary. The furniture will be sold to-morrow. Oh dear! I shall have to go away. I never can endure to see that go. I did not think it would be so hard;" and the strong, rosy-faced woman, to whom sorrow had hitherto been a stranger, wept afresh, as she looked around upon the elegance and comfort so soon to be taken from her.

"Never mind, mother," replied the youth. "It will be all right: and won't we have jolly fun crossing the plains? I'll shoot deer and buffalo, and——"

"That is all you think about, Rob. As for me, I don't like this move one bit," said the boy of the books. "I hope I shall be able to go to school there."

"Go to school! Why, of course you can; did'nt Brother Trapp tell father, 'that Zion is the nicest city in all the world, the very best place for children, boys or girls.' So you are all right, Stanly. Here's father, just ask him."

Mr. Delville enters.

"Well, wife, it is all done. Everything sold: here's the money. We shall be able to do great things in Zion. Why, surely Lucy, you ain't crying?"

"Oh! Robert, it is so sad to leave the old place where I was brought up,—and we were married, and all our children were born: to see all the things we

prize, sold as if we were ruined. Just think, how happy we have been here. Why can't we be as good Saints here, as in that way-off country ?"

"Now, Lucy, would you stay here and be burned up with the wicked, instead of reigning with Christ in a city paved with gold, and whose walls are of precious stones. Besides dear, a great destiny awaits me there. I have had wonderful dreams of late ; and then Brother Trapp, who often converses with God, has told me of great things in store for you and me, and the children, if we remain faithful."

"But, Rob, we don't want anything more than we have ; and they do whisper of terrible things done by the leaders of this people."

"Lies, all lies, Lucy. The wicked must slander the saints. The devil hates to be cheated out of his prey : and he shows fight by slandering those who work against him. Speaking of the devil, reminds me, that I have in my pocket the funniest thing about his black majesty and the prophet that ever I read. It made me laugh till the tears ran down my cheeks. It is the best thing out. Just right to drive away the blues. Shall I read it ?"

"Yes, dear, if it will drive away the blues."

"Oh ! it will do that. You will laugh till you ache,—listen."

* "DIALOGUE BETWEEN JOS. SMITH AND THE DEVIL.

"*Enter devil with hand bills.*

"Wanted immediately ! All the liars, swindlers, thieves, robbers, incendiaries, cheats, adulterers, harlots, blackguards, drunkards, gamblers, bogus makers, idlers,

* Extract from the *Millennial Star.*

busy-bodies, pickpockets, vagabonds, filthy persons, hireling clergy, and their followers, and all other infidels, and rebellious, disorderly persons, for a crusade against Jos. Smith and the Mormons!

"Be quick! Be quick! I say, or our cause will be lost, and our kingdom overthrown, by that d— fool of an impostor and his associates; for even now all earth and hell is in a stew.

"*Enter Mr. Smith, who has a long talk with his majesty and almost converts him. The devil proposes a drink, they repair to a cellar and toast each other in a glass of spruce beer.*

"His Satanic Majesty's Toast.

"Here's to my good friend, Joe Smith; may all sorts of ill luck befall him, and may he never be suffered to enter my kingdom either in time or eternity; for he would almost make me forget that I am a devil, and make a gentleman of me, while he gently overthrows my government at the same time that he wins my friendship.

"Joe Smith's Response.

"Here's to his Satanic Majesty! may he be driven from the earth, and be forced to put to sea in a stone canoe, with an iron paddle; and may the canoe sink, and a shark swallow the canoe, and its royal freight, and an alligator swallow the shark, and may the alligator be bound in the northwest corner of hell, the door be locked, the key lost, and a blind man hunting for it."

"Now, what do you think of that? Why, bless me, you don't smile."

"I should think not; it is outrageous. I don't re-

spect the prophet half as much as I did. O, Robert! I am afraid this is a bad move."

"Lucy, I thought you were a good saint, anxious to receive the endowments, which we can't do till we get to Zion. Even our marriage is not perfect. If we were to die now, we should be as strangers in heaven; and, as they don't marry there, we should have to live apart for all eternity. As soon as we reach Zion we will be sealed to each other, won't we, Lucy?"

At the mention of marriage Mrs. Delville's tears flowed faster. She found a pretext to send the children out of the room, then, turning to her husband, she said:

"Robert, it is this new doctrine of marriage that is troubling me. If you should take another wife it would kill me. I never could endure the torture of yielding my place in our home. And my children—Oh, God! when I think of it!"

"Why do you think of it? But there,—that is just like a woman, always fussing about something,—as if I would take another wife, while you are alive. No, indeed! one is enough for me. Why, you might just as well imagine me a cut-throat."

"Oh, Robert! how can you talk so?"

"Why, mother, how can you talk so? Haven't we been as happy as lovers, ever since we joined?".

"Yes, indeed."

"And so we shall always be, old lady——"

"And will you promise me, Robert, that you never will enter polygamy?"

"I promise you, Lucy. There's my hand on't."

"Thank God! Robert. I shall be happy now."

CHAPTER VIII.

JULIAN.

WHEN Julian parted from Oreana, it seemed to him that chaos reigned throughout the world; he almost dreaded to step, lest the unstable earth should sink beneath him. Oreana's fanatic declarations subverted all order, destroyed all harmony. Before she uttered them, the future shone bright and clear, and he gazed with delight upon the coming years, all freighted with love and happiness. But, now, shadows obscured the glorious vision. These shadows were as yet formless, but when they should take actual shape, what unknown horror would they reveal?

Julian, whose life had been without a care, found himself suddenly confronted by an ugly, scowling fate; an obstacle had arisen—an eccentric, vague obstacle—yet none the less a stern reality, which stopped his joyous career; the violent jar unnerved him. In the midst of his love triumph he was crushed by a terrible rival—a rival whom he could not slay. Oreana's wild words still rang in his ears. She required him to renounce his church, his home, to become a dishonored, contemned man—a Mormon—and Oreana, the noble, the beautiful, was already this creature of scorn. The thought was maddening.

What was sickness?—death! to this. Sickness and death were sacred sorrows, direct from the hand of God; sorrows that strengthened the bond of human sympathy, and brought mortals nearer to Heaven; but this that rankled within his heart was no such

holy grief. No, it was a monstrous wrong, a willful disturbance of civilized laws, a sundering of sympathies, a wandering away from approved of, comfortable beliefs, to follow visionary will-o'-the-wisps; it was a disruption of peace; it meant persecution, dishonor, banishment, poverty, despair.

Such were the thoughts that surged through Julian's mind for some time after the conversation in the pavilion. Whichever way he viewed Oreana's infatuation, and its possible results, he could only see misery. What should he do to save her?

Neither ridicule nor stern opposition would avail. These weapons had been used when Oreana first spoke of the new doctrines, and the consequence was the desperate resolve to leave all for Zion. If he or her father had listened then, sympathetically, their wider knowledge of the world, their more sceptical minds, might have exposed the errors and thus prevented the delusion from gaining ground. Perhaps it was not too late now. The thought gave him hope.

Yes, he would investigate this new belief, study its proofs; he would discuss tenets understandingly, and his words might yet save Oreana, and avert the impending sorrow from those he loved.

Julian was pre-eminently unselfish, and the desolation that Oreana's mad project would bring to her parents and his grieved him more than his own disappointment.

As soon as he decided upon a course of action, his heart grew lighter; however, he was too young a novice in care to possess the art of hiding its traces. His cheek remained pale; the fine gray eyes lost their merry gleam; a cloud rested upon his brow, from

which he kept restlessly pushing back his hair, as if the touch fevered him.

He could feel the change, and dreaded meeting his mother; for what was the use to worry her?—there would be time enough if he should fail to alter Oreana's resolution. But he was determined not to fail. To avoid the meeting, he resolved to start upon his journey that night, instead of the next morning. His preparations were all made, and he had nothing to do except to catch the train. He wrote a note to his mother to the effect that he preferred traveling during the night, and that to atone for his hasty departure, he would return a day or two sooner.

"Down, Jacmar! down, Jumble!" cried young Bellew, as two favorite dogs jumped upon him, begging, with eloquent eyes and whines, to go with their master.

"It is no use begging. I can't take you this time. Never mind, I shall soon return,—very soon."

But the affectionate animals seemed to disbelieve him; they followed the carriage, whining piteously, until Julian forced them back.

The heir of the manor passed out from his home; the gates closed behind him; yet no warning voice cried beware; no evil omen crossed his path to bid him return; no dread foreboding revealed to him aught of his fate. Even his previous gloom began to disappear in the excitement of departure, and in his firm conviction that he could easily disabuse Oreana of her delusion.

At the station, Julian met Mr. Lascelle. This gentleman was in a joyous state, for his wife's prayer to be forgiven, he had interpreted as a promise that she

had renounced Mormonism forevermore ; and her reluctance to leave him, seemed a revival of the old love. Thus reassured, Mr. Lascelle gave himself up to the full enjoyment of his success. Julian felt the cheerful influence, and for a while Zion and the Saints were forgotten.

"By the way, Julian, my little wife is going to London to take care of Oreana."

The news startled Julian. It brought back to him the unpleasantness of the afternoon.

"Going to London !"

"Yes ; and the idea is exceedingly ludicrous. Imagine, if you can, my little fairy playing chaperon, duenna, dragon, to your stately lady-love. What a satire on the proprieties ! It is worthy of *Punch*, is it not ?"

Julian tried to laugh an assent, but his heart misgave him. What could this sudden arrangement mean ?

Oreana had intended to go alone ; she had said so repeatedly. But, if she did not intend to marry him, would she go to London at all ? She went there for her trousseau. So she could not have given him up. He had been troubling himself over the wild dreams of an enthusiastic girl ; perhaps the natural coquetry of her sex found their courtship too monotonous, too smooth, and she sought to give it more piquancy by teazing him. This conduct seemed unlike Oreana ; but she was a woman, and women are enigmas.

Thus Julian tried to reason himself into hopefulness, while Mr. Lascelle talked of Elsie, of his wife, and Oreana.

"Yes," he continued, "it will do my little wife a

great deal of good. She has been fretting herself nervous of late about that Mormonism" (the hateful word made Julian shudder). "I do hope Oreana and London will cause her to forget all about it. I think Mary is ashamed of her foolishness. Oreana soon gave it up, didn't she?"

Julian winced, but remained silent. He could not bring himself to discuss Oreana's opinions with any one; yet he felt that Mr. Lascelle was deceived about this London trip, and he blamed himself for leaving home. If any thing went wrong—but there! what could go wrong? Oreana was far too noble to stoop to deception. Julian little knew the power of fanaticism.

Mr. Lascelle repeated his question. Forced to answer, Julian said, with some effort, "I think she inclines to it yet a little,—but she will come all right."

"Well, women are credulous creatures. They are made so by the innocence that we men admire so much. But tell me, have you studied these new doctrines?"

"Not I. But it is all a humbug—some Yankee speculation. Mary wanted to preach it to me, but I wouldn't listen. It is the only thing we ever quarreled about. But you know I couldn't stand the canting nonsense."

"I think you are in error there, Lascelle. Would it not be wiser to enter into your wife's thoughts and fancies, in order to guide her understandingly? Women are led by their sympathies. Lovers act upon this law, but after marriage it seems to be ignored."

"Well, perhaps, there is something in that; but I have no patience with such whims."

"You could acquire patience."

"What a model husband you will be, Julian!" remarked Lascelle, laughing.

"A truce to jesting, Edward. To be candid with you, I feel anxious to learn all about this creed that attracts such women as your wife and Oreana. Now, suppose while we are away we go to their meetings, eh!—what say you? We need not mention it, you know; but when the subject is referred to again in our homes, we shall know how to answer."

"All right! It will be great fun. I shall have very little time, but I will go with you once or so. I tell you though, beforehand, that it is all nonsense."

CHAPTER IX.

A SURPRISE.

AFTER their arrival at Liverpool, Julian lost no time in making his inquiries concerning the Saints, and their place of meeting. It was a much easier task than he expected, for the "New Jerusalem" and the "Saints" were the prevailing topics. Everyone pretended to know all about them. The number of converts to the new doctrines greatly surprised Julian and Lascelle. They found the meeting-house crowded, not with the mocking curious, but with eager believers. Neither were these as poor and contemptible as our investigators had expected. The well-to-do middle class was well represented, and the congregation appeared quite respectable.

In truth, Mormonism was making rapid progress.

It suited the period which gave it birth. It coincided with its predominating ideas,—the Rehabilitation of Matter, the Improvement of the Marriage Law, and Migration.

Ideas float in the atmosphere, and are unconsciously inhaled with it.

But, as the air breathed by the majority of mankind is empoisoned by foul effluvia, so the ideas absorbed by them are vitiated by ignorance, passion, and superstition.

Hence, good theories generate baneful practices, and the idealisms of our progressive century made easy the introduction of Mormonism with its material god and earthly heaven, its false revelation of marriage, and its command to migrate.

Besides its array of so-called miracles, prophesies, and its aureole of persecution, there was an absolute positiveness about the dogmas and denunciations of the new creed that subjugated the timid and wavering, while its promises attracted the ambitious and discontented.

Men like Mr. Delville, who wished to enrich themselves in the service of the Lord, had an eye to apostleships, to goodly herds and lands in the kingdom, insured against the fires of the Last Day. A religion that combined earthly treasures with eternal bliss; a religion whose honors were not all taken by an exclusive nobility—that was the religion for them.

To the pariahs of society, excluded from all pleasure,—those whom the Church overlooks, society oppresses, and the happy forget,—Mormonism promised beautiful homes in a land overflowing with milk and honey, thrones of honor among the chosen ones of

God; from *which elevated position* they should see their oppressors swept from the face of the earth. Already they, the poor and the lowly, rejoiced in the title of "Saint," while the rich and powerful were Gentiles, accursed. Ah! what a sweet revenge!

But polygamy! How could civilized men and women accept such degradation?

Polygamy was kept in the background as much as possible. The teachers knew well how to give milk to babes, how to prepare their infant stomachs for stronger food.

Social problems occupied the thoughts of men, the relation of the sexes dissatisfied many; new systems were discussed,—why not, then, polygamy? The Mormon preachers declared that all the miseries afflicting domestic life resulted from monogamy.

They painted the social evil in its most horrible colors; and all women and Christians were entreated to espouse a system that would banish it from the earth.

Polygamy was this system. Polygamy was to bring happiness to man, exaltation to woman, improvement to the race.

The Old Testament approved of it. * The New Testament did not condemn it. The revelations of the Latter Day commended it. To untrained minds, blinded by fanaticism, this was sufficient. But the teachers appealed specially to the charity, the purity of women. By this means were women like Oreana and Mary Lascelle captivated. They had never seen

* The Mormons believe that the women who followed the Saviour were His spiritual wives.

its working. Their imagination could not realize a system so foreign to their actual experience.

To them, polygamy was only a theory, and, like all theories, appeared beautiful in the distance. Never for a moment did they associate themselves with the idea of plurality.

Husbands promised their wives, as did Robert Delville, to remain monogamists.

But the majority of converts never gave it a thought. The millennium and Zion absorbed them.

In the sermon to which Julian and Lascelle listened, there was no mention made of it. The speaker chose for text, "Quench not the spirit. Pray without ceasing. Rejoice evermore." I. *Thess.* v. 19, 17, 16.

He spoke out of the fullness of his soul, and his simple, earnest speech touched even Lascelle, who disliked all preaching.

"That is good, I declare," said Julian; "quite refreshing after the high-flown verbiage and hollow sentiments now fashionable in the churches. What say you, Lascelle?"

"That man believes what he preaches, anyway."

"He does certainly; and if that is Mormonism, it is not so bad."

"Pshaw, Julian! That is not Mormonism; that is religion, ethics poetized by the supernatural. All sects are based upon religion, but none of them remain content with the simple structure; they must, forsooth, build a fine temple unlike any other that has ever been. So they call to their aid ambition, prejudice, ignorance, with a host of other evils inherent in human nature, and they rear a meretricious, ugly, shaky affair that they term a church, which effectually hides religion."

"Lascelle, you are too sceptical."

"Not at all; it is only the truth. There is just that difference between religion and creeds. I do respect the former, but the latter I despise. They do very well to amuse women and children, but some are not even fit for that. Take this one, for instance, with its New Jerusalem and polygamy. Now that man whom we have just heard still clings to religion; he has never yet looked at the creed. I'll wager he has never been to the Mormon city, and knows very little of this prophet Joe Smith, or Brigham Young. Let us go and find out."

Julian readily assented. The preacher received them pleasantly, but with a quiet dignity that seemed natural to him.

He answered their numerous questions without any hesitancy, assuring them he was only too happy to be able to give his testimony for the great and mighty things God had done for His people in the Latter Days, when the Saints should be gathered to the New Jerusalem, and the inheritance of Israel be restored.

"But why must the Saints go so far? Why cannot they worship God here as well as in Zion?"

"If you have read the Bible, my friend, you must have been impressed with the insistancy with which God commands His children to separate from the ungodly. Remember what the Psalmist says——"

"My dear sir," exclaimed Lascelle, "you can dispense with texts. As every thing can be proven from the Bible, I do not consider it as any proof. Let us come to something tangible. What is your candid opinion about polygamy?"

The preacher's face grew troubled; he hesitated for a moment, then replied:

"See, my friends, the evil in this, your monogamic society. Now, God declares that the New Law of Celestial Marriage will stem this wickedness—that it will purify the world——"

"By giving license to men's passions," said Julian.

"Nay, it is not license, my friend; you do not understand the principles."

"That is true; but I understand my sex," replied Julian, smiling sadly.

The preacher sighed, and tried to turn the conversation. "Think," he said, "of the wonders wrought by the New Gospel. The Spirit of God dwells once more with men, causing them to work miracles—to prophesy; the ignorant become wise, the timid brave, the weak strong. This very week hundreds will leave their country, their home, their friends; they will brave the terrors of the sea, they will cross the wild deserts on foot—yes, on foot they will travel to Zion. The pilgrims of old are outdone by weak women and children."

"Have you ever been to this Mormon city?" asked Lascelle of the preacher.

"Not yet, but I hope——"

"Oh! of course. So you have not been there. Do you know this Brigham Young?"

"Very little. I heard him once. Ah! he is a great patriarch."

"No doubt," answered Lascelle, with a shade of irony in his tone. "Now, have you seen the actual workings of polygamy?"

"I am obliged to answer, no."

"Just as I thought," continued Lascelle. "You know nothing of polygamy, of Zion, nor of Zion's ruler, and when you do become acquainted with them, —you will, mark my words,—you will abjure Mormonism. Do not be offended ; you interest me very much, and I mean no harm, but you will renounce this creed."

There was a general laugh at this, and Julian said, jestingly, "Why, Edward, you are usurping the privileges of the Saints ; have you this gift?" he added, turning to the preacher.

"The gift of prophecy is a glorious gift, and God bestoweth it upon whomsoever He pleases—often upon the most unworthy, the most lowly—to show forth the greatness of His power. Thus, sometimes, the Holy Spirit has empowered me to see dimly into the future—and thus it is that, now, I see you in Zion. My friend, I know not your name, nor from whence you come, but I know that you will go to Zion ; and beware ! there is deception, there is danger, before you. I see but dimly, very little is the veil lifted—perhaps I should say I feel, rather than that I see." The preacher stopped as if bewildered.

"This is becoming interesting," said Lascelle, laughing. "Can't you tell me something? I prophesied for you."

"My friend," replied the preacher, "you laugh now, but presently, you will weep. Philosophy may do for prosperity ; but in adversity, we want faith, faith and trust in God our Father. If we do not cling fast to the rock of faith we are but toys of our passions. Remember this, my friend, when the dark cloud bursts over your head. Something tells me we

shall meet in the distant future, and that I shall be of use to you and yours. What is your name?"

"Lascelle—Edward Lascelle"——

"And mine is Menly. God guard you, my friends——"

Julian and Lascelle hurried away in silence. Julian felt troubled, but Lascelle chafed with anger and impatience.

"There, did I not tell you," cried he, at last, "that it was all humbug? However, I did think that fellow Menly was sincere."

"So he is. It appears absurd to us, but he believes it."

"Nonsense! You can't deceive me in that way! I will have nothing more to do with it."

"Let us go to see these emigrant pilgrims."

"You may go if you please, Julian, but I shall not. Any way it will be impossible, for I must be home to-morrow evening, then in two days I go to London. My little wife expects me. So good bye to these Mormons."

Julian did not go again to the meeting-house, but he remembered the departure of the Mormon vessel. On the morning it was to sail he rose with the intention of spending the morning on board the "Eagle," but an unexpected meeting with a friend detained him and it was nearly noon when he reached the vessel.

As he curiously scanned the crowd of emigrant pilgrims, his attention was arrested by the figure of a woman whose stately grace made him think of Oreana.

"What a magnificent creature for such a fate," thought he. He lost all interest in the other pilgrims; he could only see that one. Her dress was neat, yet

very coarse, and without the slightest attempt at ornament; a short serge dress, a dark shawl, and a huge sun-bonnet which completely concealed her head and features. She stood apart from the rest, erect, motionless, heedless of the confusion around her, all absorbed in her thoughts. Julian felt fascinated; never had the sight of a stranger impressed him so deeply. He must see her face. He threaded his way through the crowd, to the spot where she stood looking away off into the west. A strange fear crept over him. He dared not speak. If he could but see her face—if she would only look at him. His wish was granted. The sea-breeze came sweeping by,—the bonnet fell back,—then the woman turned towards Julian. It was Oreana.

An item clipped from an English paper.

"TRUE LOVE.

"An incident which recalls the romance of the olden time, occurred last Wednesday, on board the ship 'Eagle,' as she was preparing to leave the port of Liverpool, for New York.

"There were on board several hundred Mormon emigrants, among whom was a young lady belonging to a family of good standing,—the Brentfords, of Brentford Farm.

"The young lady was on the eve of marriage with Mr. Julian Bellew, of the manor of S——; but she became so infatuated with the Mormon delusion, that she forsook parents, home and lover, for Zion, as the Mormons call their city, situated somewhere in the wilds of America.

"The young lady's family had not the faintest idea

of her mad determination ; however, it happened that her lover, who had gone to Liverpool on business, strolled down to the quay, and, prompted by curiosity, visited the 'Eagle.' There he found Miss Brentford. A touching scene ensued. The lover entreated his affianced wife to return to her family. The lady (who is of age), remained deaf to his prayers ; though very much moved, she clung to her resolve to go to Zion.

"Finding that his entreaties were without avail, Mr. Bellew declared he would save his betrothed, he would bring her back to her family, or die in the attempt.

"The vessel was to sail in an hour, but to love there is nothing impossible. Mr. Bellew made all his arrangements for a trip to the deserts of the western hemisphere, and was by the side of his promised bride when the vessel sailed.

"It is to be hoped that the heroic love of Mr. Bellew will be effectual in curing Miss Brentford of her folly, which has destroyed the happiness of two honorable families.

"Mr. Delville, the well-known linen draper of High street, his wife and children, were also among these emigrants, and it is rumored that Mrs. Lascelle, of S——, has forsaken her husband, and, with her child, a girl of four or five years of age, has embarked for the land of the Mormons."

The paper contained one other short announcement:

"Died, Thursday, May 2, Mr. Brentford, of Brentford Farm, of sudden paralysis."

What pathos, what despair do not these items express !

At Bellew Manor and Brentford Farm joy and

laughter are changed to mourning and the wailing of broken hearts.

But there is a home yet more desolate, a dishonored, deserted hearth, where Edward Lascelle, forsaken, alone, struggles with the madness of despair.

CHAPTER X.

TO THE FAR WEST.

"Come to the land of the mountain and prairie,
Gather in strength to our home in the west;
Free are her sons as the breeze round the ærie,
Birth-place of prophets, and home of the blest.
Come, let us haste away,
Here we'll no longer stay,
Zion, thy beauties we're yearning to see."
Latter Day Saints' Hymn.

THUS sang the pilgrims as they made the last preparations for their unparallelled march across the prairie and desert. At last they stood upon the confines of the pathless West. Behind them, civilization and home; before them, the primeval solitudes, and Zion;—but instead of sighing, they sang, enthusiastically:

"Come, let us haste away."

The trip from the Atlantic coast to Iowa City had filled them with delight. This new world was indeed a land of promise, a land of matchless skies and bewildering greatness; and if the heritage of the Gentile was so beautiful, what must Zion be, the home given by God unto His Saints? Even Julian caught the enthusiasm.

The sea voyage had wrought a great change in his

mind. The earnest faith of these people, who had forsaken all for Zion, touched him. Gradually his disgust gave way to pity, then to admiration.

He listened more attentively to Oreana, when she offered to expound to him the new gospel. From her lips, its tenets appeared beautiful; for she clothed them with the poetry and exalted purity of her soul. Julian was impressed. Heretofore, attendance at church upon Sundays, and upholding the ministry constituted his ideas of religion. Now he was forced to consider it daily, hourly. There was nothing repulsive in their principles; on the contrary their eager desire to restore the simplicity of the days when "God spoke with His people," seemed most laudable. Julian had been taught to revere the past, to believe in the golden age, in the moral and spiritual retrogression of mankind; therefore, he could not conscientiously condemn doctrines that resuscitated these good old days. Common sense confuted them, but common sense arguments seemed very weak when brought to bear against the multitude of Biblical texts the Saints produced to prove their doctrines. Julian was not sufficiently conversant with the Scriptures to fight them with their own weapons; it was the natural versus the supernatural, and Julian grew awed. If they were right,—perhaps they were,—the thoughtless young man grew thoughtful. Oreana saw this change, and continued with greater force her exhortations and prayers.

Some things there were that appeared to Julian very antagonistic to right-mindedness,—such as Mrs. Lascelle leaving her husband, and some suspicious proceedings on the part of Elder Silvertung, that

savored more of hypocrisy and libertinage than of patriarchal simplicity; but Oreana declared it would all be made clear and right, as soon as he received the fullness of the gospel.

Oreana had ever been his guiding star. Her heroism, although misguided, was nevertheless heroism, and Julian loved her all the more for her dauntless spirit. With him to love was to believe.

Still, the conduct of Mrs. Lascelle weighed upon his mind. He blamed himself for not having thought of her while there was time to communicate with her husband. The shock of finding Oreana upon the emigrant ship had effaced from his mind everything else; and the fact that Mrs. Lascelle had accompanied Oreana never occurred to him until he saw her the day after they sailed.

Julian felt guilty towards his friend. He would write to Lascelle as soon as they reached New York—but Oreana, by persuasion and argument, prevented him.

"I am responsible for Mary, and I will write to her husband. Don't you interfere, or you will widen the breach. Edward knows more than you can tell him, and Mary and I intend to write."

Thus urged, Julian contented himself with writing to his mother, explaining fully his sudden resolve, and comforting her with the assurance that as soon as Oreana became his wife, which would be immediately after their arrival in Zion, he would exert a husband's power and bring back the wanderer.

Mrs. Lascelle and Elsie were not with the emigrants. The Lord had revealed to His chosen servant, Mary, those *other things* He desired of her for her ex-

altation; consequently she had hastened to Zion along with Elder Silvertung and a chosen few.

The elder, upon his arrival in America, found that his presence was required, immediately, in Zion. He was therefore obliged to forego the blessings and glories promised to the pilgrims. He tearfully begged them to remember him in their prayers, and greatly lamented this business which prevented him gaining the laurels reserved for these heroic saints.

The emigrants were much surprised when they discovered that Mrs. Lascelle had followed Silvertung. Julian's suspicions were aroused, but Oreana calmed him.

"She went by the command of God. His ways are not our ways, Julian; we blind, sinful creatures, have only to obey."

Julian was silenced. Perhaps it would be all right. It was not a time for reflection; the excitement of traveling, the continual novelty, the care of his party (for the Delvilles looked up to him), kept him too busy to think.

The residents of the frontier town, although accustomed to reckless adventure, regarded the pilgrims as mad.

At that late season—for it was the month of August—a foot journey across the plains would be a most perilous undertaking, even for well-equipped, able-bodied men. What would it be, then, for this band, more than half of whom were women and children, besides many aged persons and infants? The quickest march would require fifteen weeks; hence, Zion would not be reached until after the snows.

Winter among these dreary solitudes! The mere

idea of it appalled the boldest. They begged the Saints to defer the journey until Spring; but the deluded people regarded these Gentile importunities as snares of the devil. Some few, however, among whom was Julian, wiser than the rest, discussed the opinions of those who knew the plains, and a small opposition party was formed. The leaders became incensed. Most of the emigrants were poor, and the cost of keeping them in Iowa until Spring would greatly deplete the Church treasury. It was not to be thought of.

A general gathering was called.

Among the band only two had ever crossed the plains,—one, a Zionite, who had come East on business, and preferred going with the emigrants to venturing alone on the plains; the other was a bishop, the chief of the band.

The Zionite, supported by the opposition party, implored the emigrants to remain until Spring. He represented to them the lateness of the season, the certainty of winter overtaking them—a winter whose rigors far exceeded their imagination. He asked them to remember the paucity of their supplies, the weakness of many of their band. His address was interrupted by the bishop, who declared that Brother Simms was influenced by a bad spirit.

"I know the route as well as he, and I tell you it is all false. Will you, through fear, sacrifice the honor, the glory, the exaltation promised to you by the Lord? And even were it true, cannot the Lord take care of His own? I guess He can and He will. The Spirit tells me that not a hair of your heads shall be injured. Not a flake of snow shall hinder you. I appeal to Brother R—— to confirm my words."

Brother R——, an apostle of the Church, but not belonging to the band, arose. It was the first time the new Saints had enjoyed the happiness of listening to an apostle of the Last Covenant.

"Heed not," he said, "the wicked, who are careful as to the things of this earth. Heed not the counsels of the evil one, but hearken to the voice of the Lord. He commands you to go as an example to the nations. Will you turn back afraid? God commands the storm. The winds and the sea obey Him. He is your guide; can ye then fear? He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb will not allow His Saints to perish. He who nourished the children of Israel in the desert, and fed five thousand upon five loaves, will also feed you, oh, ye of little faith! This want of supplies is decreed that the Lord may work a miracle in your favor. And if ye do the will of the Lord and do not offend Him, ye shall all reach Zion safe and sound. It is the Lord Himself who promises. Woe be unto those who doubt! All who are ready to obey—the Lord's faithful Saints—let them hold up their hands."

Instantly the crowd raised their hands, excepting only Julian and Brother Simms. The opposition party was reduced to two.

Ashamed of their temporary hesitation, and fearful lest the Lord should punish them for their lack of faith, the pilgrims hastened their departure, and were soon ready to begin the journey. In vain Julian endeavored to dissuade Oreana and the Delvilles from the mad undertaking. They, even more than the rest, mocked at truth and believed falsehood. Alas! for the credulity of mankind. It was not the first time that faith derided knowledge.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE ROAD.

THE emigrants were divided into parties of five. Each party took charge of a hand-cart loaded with their food and camping equipments. The children too young to walk were also placed in these carts.

A few wagons containing reserve supplies and the baggage of the pilgrims accompanied the caravan.

Brother Simms acted as guide. Captains were chosen, and with the rising of the sun, one August morning, the caravan started.

Oreana and Mr. Delville intoned the hymn:

"O Babylon, O Babylon, we bid thee farewell,
We're to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell."

The whole band took up the song; and thus, in light-heartedness and exultation, began the terrible march.

The last settlement disappeared from their sight; but they laughed, and louder, louder sang,

"O Babylon, O Babylon, we bid thee farewell."

Praying, singing, dreaming of Zion, they walked on, on; resting only at night. Thus the days flew by. The days grew into weeks, the weeks into months. The hot summer gave place to mellow autumn. Autumn paled, and winter advanced with rapid strides.

As the days grew shorter, so did their supplies.

From full rations to three-quarters, then to half rations of poor, unnutritious food.

Ceaselessly they toiled onward; far into the night they extended their march, continuing it again with the morning's dawn. "On to Zion" was the watchword; and the wearied limbs found new strength, the sinking hearts new courage, as through the air rang the watchword:

"On, on, to Zion."

Onward, ever onward, over the pathless waste; but slower grew the pace, fainter the song, heavier the carts, and farther, farther, seemed the promised land.

How fervently they prayed. Was God deaf? or was He angry? How could He be angry when they never rebelled, never repined, never doubted? They only prayed more humbly, more earnestly.

History has extolled, and poetry immortalized, those brave pioneers, who, in comfortable wagons, drawn by sturdy oxen, or mounted on fleet-footed horses, opened a path to the far-distant West. Modern travelers, as they whirl along in luxurious palace cars, think upon these brave pioneers with wondering admiration. But who gives a thought to those heroic pilgrims, those weak women, those tender children, those aged ones tottering to the tomb, who, from religious inspiration, made that journey on foot? Pilgrims of the middle ages, you are outdone, your heroism eclipsed by these simple emigrants of our infidel age.

On foot, one thousand miles, pushing before them heavily-laden carts!

On foot, one thousand miles, over prairie solitudes, gloomy mountain passes, rock-strewn paths, deep-flowing streams, and the desert.

On foot, one thousand miles, scorched by the mid-day sun, choked with alkaline dust, buffeted by the hurricane, chilled by icy winds, bitten by the frosts, blinded by the snow storm!

On foot, one thousand miles, parched with thirst, fainting with hunger, hands and feet blistered and bleeding, weary, exhausted, dying!

To Zion on foot, one thousand miles, deceived yet believing, heroic amidst despair, murmuring only "Thy will be done," praying, hoping, trusting ever. Thus the pilgrims journeyed to Zion on foot, one thousand miles.

Oh! what a glorious epic upon the greatness, the divinity of the soul!

CHAPTER XII.

A STORM ON THE DESERT.

DESOLATION of desolation! A desert within a desert! A treeless, flowerless, grassless, voiceless waste. A world turned to ashes. A sepulchral solitude, over which brood, in dumb despair, the shadows of an awful past; shadows from which joyous, beauteous life recoils. The earth is shorn of its glorious motherhood; naught but abortive, hueless shrubs are born of the arid soil, infecting the atmosphere with their sickening breath, making the desolation more desolate.

To the North, to the South, stretches the limitless plain, till the gray earth meets the gray winter sky, and they fade away in a shadowy embrace.

To the East, rise jagged fantastic rocks,—like an army of pitiless genii shutting out the world,—the world of love and beauty. To the West tower the stern hoary-headed sentinels of the land of Zion.

But the mountains are gray and barren, as if the desert upheaved itself in giant masses, to hurl defiance at heaven. Desolation enfolds the cloud-piercing height, the far-stretching plain, and over all reigns an awful silence, unbroken by song of bird, by whirr of wing, or rustle of grass. Even the streams lose their joyousness; they shrink, they creep along in silent fear till they sink into an alkaline grave.

The bold explorer shudders as he enters the lifeless realm; the Indian turns from it with superstitious dread.

Midway in that dreary desert, mere specks dotting the gray limitless space, we find the pilgrims; but it is difficult to recognize our old friends among these tattered, dust-stained, gaunt, haggard, hollow-eyed beings.

The caravan halts: to dig a grave—a double grave.

An aged woman and Bob Delville have succumbed. Poor Bob, the merry, light-hearted youth; how hard it was to die! How cruel it seemed so leave him there alone in that dismal solitude! He had been the life of the band, always looking on the bright side of everything, and enlivening, by some quaint, funny remark, the gloomiest moments.

He had devoted himself to his mother and sister. This devotion caused his death. They had begged him to think more of himself; but he answered their entreaties with a joke. And now he was dead. The heart-broken mother knelt by the grave of her first-born, while women wept and men groaned.

It was more than death to them—it was the breaking of God's promise.

The only Power that could save seemed to have deserted them.

For a moment Faith tottered, Despair triumphed. But Oreana doubted not, feared not.

From rank to rank she moved, exhorting, cheering. Her enthusiastic words rekindled their waning courage. Her hope and trust nerved the faint-hearted.

"'Tis but a trial of our faith," she cried. "Would ye wear a martyr's crown without meriting it? Be not faint-hearted. The Lord will not always turn away His face. Hope in him. Zion is near."

Oreana's heroic spirit was contagious: the wailings and groanings ceased. One last hymn over the lonely graves, and then once more on the march—"Onward to Zion."

While the air was yet tremulous with sad melody, there came a sound like the rushing of a mighty ocean: —now a roar, now a plaintive wail. The discordant prelude awakens the spirits of the desert. The alkali takes form. It wreathes, it winds itself into mystic spirals, and, keeping time to the weird music, the spectral dancers glide over the plain, mocking the lonely wanderers.

But even the heralds of the storm cannot daunt the pilgrims now, as Oreana's voice is heard above the wind:

"Brothers and sisters, look upwards. Beyond those mountains is the city of God."

The pilgrims press onward; but ah! how distant those mountains seem. Will the distance never decrease? An endless desert behind them, an endless

desert before them, and every hour brings nearer the winter's storms.

The bishop is silent. Perhaps he repents of his bold assertions. Mr. Delville seems dazed. Julian marches onward doggedly, determinedly. He has grappled with a fearful destiny ; and that destiny he is resolved to conquer. It is not fanaticism that nerves him,—it is love and pity. Love for Oreana, pity for the pilgrims.

Rapidly, steadily, he pushes his cart, in which lies a pale, thin child, her features drawn by suffering. It is Lizzie, the pet of the Delville household, too weary to complain. Death will soon take her to join her brother.

Mrs. Delville walked beside her husband, a mere human automaton, her heart crushed with grief.

To Oreana, suffering seemed a delight. Her spirit grew stronger, and her body showed no signs of fatigue. Sometimes she appeared exultant. She exhorted, cheered, directed, undaunted even by death.

Two days have passed since the first burial in the desert ; days cloudy and menacing ; days of furious winds that hurled them one against another, and buffetted them about as though they were toys for the hurricane.

Many sank by the way, gladly welcoming death. Graves mark the pilgrims' path. The dead are no longer lonely.

Suddenly the wind ceases, the clouds sink lower and lower. The air becomes thick with fast-falling masses. The snow storm is upon them.

The pilgrims stop, bewildered. Another prophetic promise falsified. But there is not a moment to be

lost. Thought must be deferred ; this is the hour for action.

Brother Simms, their guide, orders a rest for refreshments. God knows when they will be able to stop again.

Among the provisions was some good brandy. A little of the liquor was given to each one with the rations of oatmeal and dried meat. This done, the captain ordered the children to be placed in the carts. Then the carts, with their respective parties, were divided into bands of twenty, each twenty under the command of an energetic leader.

Oreana, who seemed endowed with man's strength, woman's fortitude, and the heroism of a martyr, took command of the weakest division.

These precautions were necessary to prevent stopping or scattering. Either would be certain death.

Very little time had been spent in these preparations, yet in that time a thick snow carpet hid the gray alkali, and the mountains were lost to view.

The leaders intoned a hymn, and the pilgrims moved on. Warmed by the exercise in the snow, invigorated by the stimulant, they marched for hours, stopping only at stated intervals to rest and shake the snow from their garments, and from the light covering of the carts. All the time they continued the song, so that they might more easily keep together.

But in spite of these precautions many dropped off unnoticed, and sank without a groan into that slumber from which there is no waking.

Nor were they missed until the next day. Towards morning the storm ceased, the clouds broke, and the

moon and stars shone out. With them came the cruel frost.

Weary as they were, they dared not rest, for to stop on the freezing snow, exposed to the intense cold without fire, without sufficient clothing, was certain death. Their only salvation was in continued motion. Onward they dragged their weary limbs while the pitiless frost stung their hands, blistered with pushing the carts, stung their feet, bruised and bleeding with travel.

The morning brought the sun. In its warmth the pilgrims rested.

The successful battle with the storm gave them a sort of dumb courage.

For days they had expected it—dreaded it. Now it was over, few had perished, and the survivors rejoiced that there was no fresh horror to meet.

CHAPTER XIII.

DESPAIR CHANGED TO GLADNESS.

DAYS passed ; each day brought fresh suffering ; each day death visited the emigrant band. The pilgrims have become familiarized with the dread presence. The grave appalls them no more.

They have reached the mountains, but the steep, rocky paths are more toilsome than the alkali plain, as barren and desolate, and Zion is still so far.

One afternoon, about a week after the snow storm, the emigrants found themselves upon a small plateau,

which to the north-west opened into a steep canyon, through which the road passed.

At the entrance of the canyon was a sheltered spot with abundance of brush wood, and here the pilgrims resolved to pass the night. Before they could reach it, two men, who had been long suffering from a malady induced by cold and privation, sank by the way, unable to go any further. As the camping-place was near, their friends arranged a camp and then left them, feeling perfectly secure as to their safety. The wife of one of the men remained to nurse them.

Supper had been eaten some time; most of the pilgrims were asleep; the camp fires almost dead, when menacing howls filled the air. The sounds came nearer and nearer, growing louder and more ominous. The terrified pilgrims, rudely awakened from their sleep, clung to each other, trembling with dread.

A voice cried "The wolves, the wolves!" The hideous howlings answered, "We are the wolves!"

The pilgrims were panic-stricken. Their minds classed wolves with lions and tigers, and brave hearts, that had nobly endured hunger, fatigue, and storm, quailed before this new horror.

In vain Brother Simms assured them that wolves were too cowardly to attack a multitude, that only stragglers need fear. His words fell unheeded; men and women rushed madly about, trying to rekindle the fires, to find their weapons and to make a barricade of the carts. Nearer, nearer, came the savage pack, their fiery eyes and gleaming fangs lighting up the darkness. The excited emigrants imagined themselves surrounded by thousands of ferocious beasts, and the men fired recklessly; the women struck aim-

less blows with anything they could find to wield. The onslaught was fierce, but ill-directed. The wolves at first recoiled, but they soon returned to the fight as if they knew their advantage. Perhaps instinct told them of the exhausted condition of their opponents; perhaps hunger emboldened them, for they evinced no wolfish cowardice.

Many of the women had fainted. The wolves sprang towards the prostrate forms, and could with difficulty be beaten back.

One seized Mrs. Delville, his fangs sinking deep into her shoulder; but a blow from Julian's gun laid the beast prostrate.

Suddenly the wolves retreated.

The pilgrims began to breathe freely, when a cry of, "The sick! the sick!" alarmed the camp.

In the fright and confusion, the sick men and their nurse had been forgotten. Instantly Julian, Brother Simms, and a few of the stoutest, started to the rescue, armed with brands, guns and knives. They fought their way through a cordon of wolves, frightening, burning, killing, the savage animals.

In a few minutes they came in sight of the little camp. The strong men turned in horror from the scene revealed to them by the moonbeams. They were too late: the wolves had preceded them.

All through the dreary hours of darkness the pilgrims watched. The wolves did not return; but the mountains re-echoed with their howlings,—a pæan of ghouls to which the wind moaned a dirge-like accompaniment.

The dawn came at last; the pilgrims continued their march in silence. Their hearts benumbed,—hope

and courage dead,—still they moved onwards, impelled by the instinctive love of life common to all that breathe and move.

In vain Oreana tried to rekindle enthusiasm. In vain she sang songs of Zion. Lips were mute, eyes vacant, souls paralyzed. Despair had conquered Hope.

Finding her efforts useless, Oreana asked Julian to accompany her to the rear in order to help on those who should drop behind.

The march had become one of agony. Many were lamed from frost-bite. Some had lost the use of their feet, and had to be helped along by their stronger companions. Every one suffered from swollen and blistered feet and hands, so that every step was torture. Provisions were almost gone, and they were yet many a dreary mile from Zion. To augment the gloom, the sun was obscured by heavy clouds, harbingers of another snow storm.

The pilgrims struggled on, walking by day, watching through the night; for the wolves followed them.

The snow storm came. Still a little while the pilgrims fought the storm; but resistance died at last.

"God has forsaken us: let us lie down and die," cried exhausted nature.

"No; He has not forsaken us. He only tries us," exclaimed Oreana. "Let us pray to Him. He is our father. He will hear us;" and the mountains echoed, "Hear us."

The pilgrims stopped; they fell on their knees; and a prayer went up to the Eternal,—a prayer of death agony. From the midst of those desert mountains borne on the wings of the storm, arose that

prayer,—the cry of hundreds of hearts, bleeding victims of faith: a cry mightier than that of Rachel, mourning for her children. A cry that ascended to the throne of the Father.

"Hush! hush! What is that sound?"

"O God! hast Thou remembered us?"

"Hush! It comes again, and nearer, nearer."

Heads are raised to catch the sound, and hands outstretched as if to retain it. Eyes wild with despairing fear gaze upon eyes burning with feverish hope, faces blanch with the sickening dread of disappointment, and hearts stand still with maddening suspense.

They listen in awful silence—a silence that makes audible the falling of the snow-flakes—for a word might break the spell, and hope might vanish for ever.

Hush!—hark—the rumbling of carts—the tramp of oxen—the hum of voices. The voices are singing—"Yes,"—"no,"—"it is,"—"it is a song of Zion." Then through the canyon rings the glad cry:

"God has heard us—help is near—we are saved!"

Then tears of gladness gush forth from hearts frozen by despair.

Spirits who had bravely endured the agonies of that terrible march, sink, overwhelmed with sudden joy.

Mothers press their children to their bosom, friend clasps friend, misery is forgotten.

The mountains re-echo with prayers of thanksgiving.

"Praise be unto our Father who sends succor to His children."*

* The Zionites, alarmed at the delay of the emigrants, sent out a party in search of them.

The succor came in time to save a part of the hand-cart band; but two hundred and seventeen graves mark their pathway across the desert. Two hundred and seventeen victims of religious fanaticism and the avarice of the modern Mohammed.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHIEF.

IS transmigration a reality? or do the Spirit Principles of particular virtues and passions become incarnate from time to time in the course of ages, to teach or to destroy, or to deceive mankind?

These thoughts suggest themselves as we approach the sanctum of the Modern Man of the Mountain,—the genius of Mormonism; the center around which revolve Polygamy, Blood Atonement, Theocracy; the Despot Priest; the Chief of the Destroying Angels; the Moses of the Nineteenth Century; the Prophet, Seer, Revelator of the Latter Day Saints. A low room, lighted by two square windows, the walls unadorned, the furniture of dark wood, upholstered in somber, austere horse-hair.

In one of the arm-chairs sits a man of about fifty years. His head is large and well developed—the back brain particularly so—the forehead has great breadth, the eyebrows are heavy and near together. Eyes of grayish blue, piercing, uncomfortable eyes, gleaming with the metallic lustre of steel—eyes that can read the

hearts of men, while the drooping lids effectually conceal their own secrets.

The nose is of the aquiline order, slightly curved inwards; the lips of medium fullness, but so tightly compressed that they appear thin; the mouth large, the corners drawn in, the muscles of expression locked so that no twitch may betray the interior man. Hair and beard are abundant, of a light shade just turning gray. Tall and very thick-set—a personification of massive strength.

The man is a marvelous expression of power. Command is in his glance, in the wave of his hand—it asserts itself in his demeanor, it is heard in his step. He wants no silver vail to envelop him in mystery, no rich robes to dazzle the beholders, no armed guards to give him prestige.

Encircled with the aura of an indomitable, unscrupulous will, he boldly stands forth, utters his fiat, and thousands of deluded votaries obey.

Such, twenty years ago, was this autocrat of a barbaric creed, who, enthroned on the mountains of the "Land of Liberty and Progress," endeavored in the name of God to force mankind back to ancient barbarism.

No religious enthusiast was he, overpowering souls by the sublimity of his ideas, carrying them whereso-ever he would on the wings of inspiration; but an astute, self-made despot, conquering by force of will and crafty foresight, making all things, even the name of God, subservient to his own selfish ends.

But although not an enthusiast like the prophet, Joseph, he had that which the prophet lacked—a firm, unalterable faith in himself. He was Mormonism;

therefore Mormonism was true, and the revelations that supported it were of God, true. Mankind must accept Him or be lost. In this faith he never faltered. In defeat, as well as in triumph, he regarded himself as a Napoleonic Moses,—the genius of the age,—the mouth-piece of the Lord. This conviction made him what he was—great. For whatever his crimes, his selfish meanness, the man has carved his name in capital letters on the pillars of Time. Only a few years ago, the people he now governed were fleeing in confusion and terror from an avenging mob. Homeless, moneyless, without a future, they cried to the Lord, out of their desolation, to send them a Moses. Instantly this man sprang into a cart and cried: "Attention! O ye camps of Israel."

This happy phrase made him master of the people. His judgment made him master of the situation.

He conducted them safely over unknown deserts to the Great Salt Lake. Under his direction the desert became fruitful, settlements sprang up, projects shadowed forth by the castle-building Joseph became tangible realizations. In a few years this ostracised creed attained an organizing power almost equal to that of Catholicism. His people saw this and exclaimed:

"Verily the Lord has given unto us a second Moses."

Then ambition whispered to selfishness; together they dreamed dreams, wherein this desert chief saw himself ruler of a mighty people, a conqueror, a king. But how to attain this end? The ordinary means of immigration and increase were too slow. Besides, the immigrants were mostly women. Craft hinted polygamy. Sensuality applauded, and a polygamous decree went forth—forged in God's name.

What did it matter if women's hearts bled, what did it matter if humanity became degraded? He, the chief, would rule a mighty people, ready to conquer the world.

Success smiled on his ambition. Already the feeble colony had become a strong, self-supporting people.

The hand-cart failure was the first check. The sight of the human skeletons, of the handless, footless beings that met him on the streets, worried him. Not that he reproached himself with their misery; but the lie direct they gave to revelation and prophesy, threatened him in two very delicate points—his ambition and his avarice. It might deter immigration!

A cloud rested on the great man's brow. But there was another cause for his displeasure. Elder Silvertung's wife-conquest angered him from the first, and that morning's mail brought him papers which showed up, in strong colors, the means the elder had taken to win her. Now this would not do at all. Not only would such conduct bring odium on the cause, but it was encroaching upon his privileges. Silvertung had robbed him of a lovely wife; for, of course, he could have taken possession of Mary Lascelle, if Silvertung had not forestalled him. Mary would have looked so lovely in his harem; she would have just filled the vacant spot in his affections.

It is true these affections were claimed by a dozen wives; but what were a dozen in his elastic heart? Besides, like other great princes, policy, not fancy, had hitherto ruled his choice; but now his position allowed him more liberty. He intended to give himself the pleasure of wooing beauty and elegance; but

his would be a sorry chance if his emissaries made use of their better opportunities to rob him thus.

As these thoughts passed through his mind, the frown upon his brow grew darker—he stamped—he prayed in wrath.

CHAPTER XV.

A TRYING AUDIENCE.

AT this unpropitious moment the leader of the hand-cart expedition and Elder Silvertung were ushered into the royal presence. Observing the scowling aspect of the chief, they started back; for the bravest of the priesthood feared the despot's anger.

A few moments of silence; then he turned to the hand-cart leader:

"A nice mess you have got us into. I suppose you think I can stand the blame of every thing. As soon as the sufferings of those people become known immigration will cease; then what will become of us?"

"The people do not think any one is to blame but themselves;" meekly answered the brother; "and as for the facts getting wind, we can easily prevent that."

"Last night, at meeting, the general feeling was, that God was offended by their delay and hesitation, and showed his anger in thus afflicting them," interposed Silvertung.

"Humph! So far so good. Let them think God is angry. He ought to be. We must do something to cause this experiment to be forgotten."

"Well, the adage says, 'Out of sight, out of mind.' The territory is large enough to hide them; and if they don't have anybody around to remind them of their adventures they will soon forget them. There are plenty of districts in deserts where mail facilities are yet unknown."

"Very good advice, and easily followed. It is a pity you are not always so inspired," sneered the chief.

"Among them are some well-to-do people and some pretty nice women that we ought to keep among us."

"Brother Silvertung, take care that women don't ruin you yet. Read that, and that, then digest it if you can."

Brother Silvertung took the papers, read the remarks upon his conduct, and smiled.

"You seem to think it fun," said the chief, fixing the brother with his sharp, cold glance. "But I tell you it won't do. I won't have it. You bring scandal upon the Church, and I have to suffer; but this thing must stop. I won't father any of your foolhardiness, by God, I won't."

The table received a blow which echoed through the room. The brethren started.

"I did not think," stammered Silvertung.

"Think? You have no business to think. I don't want thinkers or fools around me."

"But Mary and her daughter; we can count them equal to a dozen Saints for the coming generation."

"The honor of which increase you selfishly keep to yourself. A nice pass we're come to when missionaries assume the prerogatives of the presidency. Next thing, the newly-fledged saints, and the women, will

indulge in visions and revelations. But I shall stop this thing. Strong food is not for the stomach of babes, nor strong light for their eyes. If ye don't understand this thing ye must be made to understand. No more revelations except through me; no more stealing, no more scandal. Do ye take me for a puppet?"

A light dawned upon Elder Silvertung. He saw where the wound of the great man lay. His genius suggested a remedy. Assuming a cringing tone, he replied:

"My zeal misled me. Henceforth I will be guided by your wisdom. But to return to the subject of the pilgrims. There are some remarkably fine people among them. For example, Oreana Brentford."

"She *is* a splendid girl, there's no mistake, and such a devoted spirit; why, she is Joel and Deborah and Esther all in one," said the hand-cart leader.

"Such grace and elegance," added Silvertung. "She sings like an angel, plays on the piano, speaks two or three languages."

"That's all very well, but if you could have seen her leading the emigrants, inspiring them, comforting and cheering them; why, I felt like adoring her. The storms seemed to respect her. I don't believe the snow fell upon her as it did upon us. She's a woman that is a woman; and looking all the while like a beautiful picture."

"What do you think of that, Brother Stimpson?" exclaimed the chief, turning to a new arrival. "Isn't that a woman for you?"

"True, Brother B——, she is the loveliest female I ever set eyes on."

"It is strange some Saint didn't grab her before she reached here. Woman-grabbing is the order of the day. The Lord has gone into the business, it seems; but I am going to close down on it right away. As for this girl, I can't think she's so beautiful, or she never would have got here unmarried."

"Why, you see there is a very good reason for that. There was a smart young fellow, a kind of affianced husband, to look after her and keep her safe from the sharks. But I don't think he will be in the way now. She don't seem to yearn after him very much. She's awful on the reform; the way she goes in for Jed's mule is a caution."

"Humph! I will see to her salvation myself," said the chief, rubbing his hands—a fashion with him when pleased. During the conversation about Oreana, the lids drooped over his eyes, completely hiding their expression, the frown became a sneer; but the face still looked ominous and unpleasant.

"Brother Stimpson, how goes the reform?"

"Finely! The people are firmly convinced of the Lord's anger; and confessions and baptisms are all the rage. Jed's mule did it this time."

"Encourage it all you can. It will prevent the people from dwelling on unprofitable subjects; it will prepare them for a new revelation; not from the devil, like some we had lately," (he darted a furious look at Silvertung), "but one according to the covenant. We must be ready to fight the battles of the Lord. In the mean time, push on the reform: make the people mad to fight as the Israelites of old. Look after these immigrants, get husbands for the girls. The building up of the kingdom cannot be delayed. The poor

families must be scattered in the distant parts of the territory ; but keep those who are well off near here. We must have the money in our hands.

"Of late the tithing reports are unsatisfactory. Do you steal money as well as women? A precious fool you must take me for."

The look that accompanied the remark made the trio feel rather uncomfortable, but just at that moment Mr. Robert Delville was announced.

Brother Stimpson whispered to the great man :

"Delville's the richest we've had yet."

These few words acted as a talisman upon the chief. The despot changed into the father. So great was the metamorphosis that one would have declared that it was another man who filled that arm-chair. Nature endowed that strange man with marvelous histrionic powers. He could assume any role at will. He could be all things to all men and still be himself. To Mr. Delville he wished to appear the God-chosen father of this people. His aspect became benign. A chastened sorrow sat on his brow and expressed itself in his voice. He welcomed the rich convert with fatherly tenderness, all the more, perhaps, that his penetration saw in Delville the material for a first-class tool.

Mr. Delville was captivated, enslaved. He laid himself and his substance at the feet of the chief.

CHAPTER XVI.

JED'S MULE.

SOME writer has said that woman is at the bottom of all mischief. Had he lived among the "Saints" he might have added: "Sometimes it is a mule." Yes, once there was a great deal of mischief, and a woman had nothing to do with it.

It was all about a mule.

History does not mention any remarkable traits about the mule. It could not speak, like Balaam's ass; neither was it a mule of consequence because of its master's fame—on the contrary, this mule gave renown to his master. It gave him a vocation. But that mule did much more than this.

It inaugurated the reform.

The reform fostered blood-atonement.

From blood-atonement sprang the Danites, alias the Destroying Angels, who polluted Columbia's fair brow with the gory stain of Mountain Meadows.

Only a mule, yet it caused the world to shudder.

It happened thus:

The "Saints" were rapidly becoming monomaniacs. Their mania, repentance. For some time a crisis had seemed inevitable. Isolation, suffering, continual meditation upon the sanguinary record of the Israelites, and horrors of the book of Mormon, had done their work.

The failure of the hand-cart expedition intensified this morbid sense of sin and fear of God's judgments.

Reason was trembling, tottering upon its throne.

Such was the condition of the people that thronged one of the meeting-houses in Zion when a man suddenly cried out, as if inspired :

"Woe, woe unto us! In vain have we fled from the iniquity of Babylon, when the children of God turn from holiness to abominations, when they seek after lying, and hunger for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Brother Grabbin stole my mule, and when God looks down upon us he sees that mule and turns away in wrath. Woe, woe unto us! Brother Grabbin denies he stole my mule, and the Lord visits us with condemnation, for we harbor iniquity. Repent, repent, children of Israel! Arise! confess your sins and repent. Quick, quick, before God destroys us with famine and the sword. Don't let a mule kick us out of the celestial kingdom. Arise, brethren, before it is too late—arise, and repent."

This address destroyed all mental equilibrium ; it determined the crisis. Men and women accused themselves and each other of sins, real and imaginary. Faster, faster, accusation followed accusation ; louder grew the cries. The meeting-house became a Babel with the sobs, groans, prayers, for baptism. The people were crazed ; the craze extended far and wide. Every stream was thronged with men and women, imploring baptism. And as the madness grew, the chief looked on and smiled.

"It is well," he murmured. "Now for the extermination of the enemies of Israel!"

CHAPTER XVII.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

THE Delvilles and Oreana were, upon their arrival at Zion, entertained at the house of one of the apostles; but Mrs. Delville was so oppressed by the atmosphere of a polygamous household (the apostle had six wives), that her husband hastened to find a home.

They soon moved into an adobe building, a sorry apology for a house; but it was the only one to be had, and Mr. Delville cheered them with the promise that he would soon build the handsomest house in the city.

In spite of this promise, Mrs. Delville slowly pined. The sufferings of the journey had worn her to a shadow of her former self. A great change appeared in her manner. The serene affection—serene, because secure—that beautifies the wife and mother of civilization, had given place to a restless, feverish demonstrativeness. She lived in fear and trembling. Her husband gloried in the new creed; would he, could he, notwithstanding its counsels, keep his promise of fidelity to her?

The poor woman scarcely dared speak of her fears and her dislikes. The women whose sorrows she had shared during the long pilgrimage were scattered far and wide. Oreana chilled her with terror. Julian was her only friend, and he was so troubled and heart-sore that he needed consolation as much as she did. Still it was a comfort to mingle their sorrows.

They are talking of home, as they sit in the room which is kitchen, dining-room, parlor, all in one.

It is, however, difficult to recognize in this thin, sickly woman the once portly Mrs. Delville ; or in the sad, stern man, with furrowed brow, the once brilliant and light-hearted Julian Bellew.

Poor Julian ! truly Oreana had been a cruel Fate to him !

"Oh, Julian, how I wish we were all back home ! If I had only listened to the misgivings of my heart I never should have consented, never ; no matter how much they preached that a wife should follow her husband—no, I never should. Just think of my darlings dead on the desert, the solace of visiting their graves denied me. If we were only back !"

"Great God, I would give half my life to be at home again with you and Oreana. What has come over Oreana ?"

"Why, she is half crazy. Just think, she has been baptized twenty-five times since she came."

"Twenty-five times ! What in the name of Heaven for ?"

"For her own sanctification, and for her dead relations. She was dipped for her grandmother and yours, for my mother ; in fact, for all our deceased female relatives."

"Poor Oreana ! so kind to the dead, so cruel to the living. Think of her father, dead of a broken heart for her ; think of the desolation of our once happy homes. Why did I leave them ? I thought then it would be so easy to save her, that love would work the miracle. Most strange infatuation ! that can even justify adultery ! What hope have I ? None ! And she turns from me. Can I have offended her ?"

"She is angry that you refuse to take your Endow-

ments. If you could pretend to be a fervent Mormon, I think she would listen, perhaps."

"But how could I, when I hate it so? I have been angry with myself for receiving baptism from the hands of such rascals: then these Endowments, vailed in mystery, must be evil, or why be so secret concerning them?"

"There is nothing evil about them, Julian. They are——" the woman stopped, looked around to assure herself that no one was listening, then, approaching Julian, whispered, "they are silly! The only time I have laughed, since my darlings died, was in the Endowment House. But O! don't tell anyone I said so, or Heaven knows what they'd do to me. We take an awful oath not to reveal the ceremonies. But I haven't revealed them, have I? It isn't revealing to say they are silly."

"Make your conscience easy, Mrs. Delville: I will not betray you. But if these Endowments are only silly, and if you think my taking them will reconcile Oreana to our marriage, I will submit. But I fear there is more than that. Has not Oreana changed?"

"Changed! She frightens me, Julian. Then, too, she is so dreamy—so unlike her old self. This reform has made her crazy."

"Crazy! who is crazy?" demanded Oreana, who, entering that very moment, had heard so much of the conversation.

She was more beautiful than ever: yet she was changed.

"Why, you look as if I had caught you plotting treason. I suppose it is I who am crazy. The Saints are always crazy to those who love Babylon. Ah,

but you will change your ideas when Christ comes in His glory. It is time for meeting. Are you going to implore the Lord's mercy, or do you fancy you are without sin?"

"We are going, Oreana. Wait a minute and I will be ready: Julian has no preparation to make."

"Don't be long, Cousin Lucy, for I promised to call for Mary."

"Then I am not going with you, Oreana. I cannot bring myself to speak cordially to Mary, after all that she has done. To forsake a good, honorable husband, to wreck his life,—to become a creature of scorn,—to bring up her child for such a fate; no, I can't speak to her."

"Mrs. Delville," said Julian, "this poor woman is to be pitied; vent your indignation not so much upon her as upon the creed that urged her to it."

"But she ought to have known better, Julian. As if God wished any one to commit—— It is all wrong, and I never will countenance such evil. I wonder God does not strike her dead."

"Cousin Lucy, beware let God strike you with His wrath for daring to speak against Celestial Marriage. You and Julian seem to forget that the ways of God are inscrutable, His judgments past our finding out. In the pride of your heart you dare to arraign Him. Ah! but I see desolation coming upon us for this audacity. Awake, ye lukewarm! awake and repent, ye who still love Babylon, ye for whom the city of God hath no charms. Awake and repent, ere God destroy! But I will pray for you. Mary, whom you despise, but whom God loveth, shall pray. I will have you prayed for by the band of Saints. Good-bye."

Julian made a step forward, as if he would follow her; but Mrs. Delville held him back.

"Don't follow her, Julian; wait, it will be all right by and by. I am afraid we are lukewarm; let us appear more fervent; as a beginning we will go to meeting. But I do hope they won't preach the shedding of blood as atonement. It makes the cold chills run all through me."

"Mrs. Delville, it is an infamous, a damnable fraud and delusion; we will, we must get out of it."

"That's easier said than done. Oh, I do wish we were back home; but Julian, we shall never leave this place alive. I know it, I feel it."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEW REVELATION.

BEFORE Oreana reached Silvertung's house, she met her friend.

Mrs. Silvertung had lost much of the charm that distinguished Mrs. Lascelle. There was a frightened look upon the woman's face, and her eyes were heavy and swollen. Her voice had lost its sweet timbre, and a tone of weary complaining struck painfully on the ear.

"I am so glad you've come, Oreana. It seems something like home to see you. Isn't it dreary and lonesome in this place? and those mountains give me the horrors. I imagine they are going to crush me."

"What ridiculous fancies you have, Mary; they come from the evil one, and you must banish them. It

is your duty as a Saint. I think Zion is a delightful city. Look at these broad streets, watered by the mountain streams and fringed with trees. In a few weeks, when these are all in bloom, think how beautiful it will be. The mountains are glorious. I won't allow you to say a word against them. But what delights me most is the absence of money, of the filthy lucre, of the base coin for which men sell their souls. Now this exchange of meat for flour, of butter and eggs for cotton and flannel, is just like the patriarchal times. Is it not beautiful?"

"I suppose it is. You know best," Mary sighed.

"And as for its being lonesome,—why all the Saints are like brothers and sisters; and I should think you would find good company in Sister Alice Silvertung."

"Oh, don't say anything about her, dear; she is very nice, but—oh, dear, it is hard, so hard. I don't like polygamy. I know I ought to like it, but I don't."

"Mary," exclaimed Oreana, "you too, are you one of the rebellious? No wonder the Lord is wroth against this people. Think how the Lord has favored you with visions and revelations, and dare you provoke him with faint-heartedness? By the sufferings of the just will the world be redeemed!"

"Oreana! don't, don't. When you look at me so you frighten me. Did I not obey when the Lord commanded? But the cross is very heavy; and surely I may sometimes complain just to you, who are so strong."

"Mary, complaining is not worthy of a Saint. If you acquire the habit of complaining to me, you will do the same when you are with others."

"Don't scold me, dear, I will try to do better; but I scarcely know what I am doing. It is all so strange; then this reform terrifies me. Yesterday some teachers came to the house; they tortured us with the most horrible questions, and when I cried, they denounced me as faint-hearted."

"So they should do. You ought only to weep for your sins. A mother in Israel should exult. If you would occupy yourself more with works of salvation, there would be no time to indulge in these weaknesses. Have you been baptized yet for your mother?"

"No."

"Mary, this is sinful remissness. I have been baptized for all our departed female relatives. I hoped Julian would do as much for the men, at least for my father; but no, he hardens his heart against the voice of the Lord, and he thinks I can still love him. Love one who hungers after the flesh-pots of Egypt? Never. If my father be lost it will be his fault. The thought fills my heart with indignation."

"Why don't you be baptized for them?"

"Mary, is it possible you are so ignorant of our principles? Women can't be baptized for men. But I have digressed. I was going to tell you that to-morrow I am going to be baptized for the Princess Charlotte, Lady Jane Gray and Charlotte Corday. You must come with me and you can be baptized for your dearest relations. Will you come?"

"Yes, but I dread going into the water."

"It seems to me you dread everything. What a weak little thing you are! Where is Elsie to-day?"

At the mention of the child Mary quivered. It was with some difficulty she answered: "Alas! what can I

do with Elsie? She is always asking for her papa; then, too, she is so cross and naughty to the elder, and to-day he punished her."

"I am glad that he has taken her in hand. The child has a spirit that must be subdued. But here we are at the Tabernacle. Won't it be glorious when the new Tabernacle is finished and our Temple built?"

"I hope we shall have some nice sermons this afternoon," sighed Mary Lascelle.

"We shall be certain of two good stirring ones; for the President and Elder Silvertung will speak."

The addresses were certainly stirring enough. The speakers had searched the ancient Scriptures for passages that they could best interpret according to their sanguinary ideas. The first text startled the hearers. Mrs. Delville shuddered. Julian frowned. It was from Leviticus xvii. 11: "For it is blood that maketh atonement for sin."

The speaker, Elder Silvertung, eloquently persuaded the people that as some sins could only be effaced by blood, the sublimest charity consisted in shedding the blood of the guilty, that, being washed in their blood they might be saved. The second speaker followed in much the same strain. The people became excited. At length the chief arose. In a sonorous voice he read the verses from the fifteenth chapter of Chronicles: "Whosoever would not seek the Lord God of Israel should be put to death, whether small or great, whether man or woman.

"And all Judah rejoiced at the oath, for they had sworn with all their heart and sought him with their whole desire, and he was found of them, and the Lord gave them rest round about."—Chron. xv. 13, 15.

"Now your position towards God to-day is exactly the same as that of the Israelites three thousand years ago. As they were the people of God, chosen from among the nations of the earth, so are you. He has made a covenant with you, as He did with Abraham, with Moses, and with David. Like the Israelites of old, you are surrounded by the enemies of God. They swarm like flies ; they must be destroyed as you would destroy flies.

"God says so. He wants it done. If you don't do it He must do it Himself.

"Now, then, what does it behoove you to do? Will you stand lazily by with arms folded while God does this dirty work? Or will you come forward as good servants should,—as did these brave old Israelites,—and say, 'Lord, don't you trouble yourself, I will do this for you.' Let all those who want to help the Lord hold up their hands." (A multitude of hands went up.) "Good! I told the Lord you were made of the right stuff.

"Now I have something to tell you, something mighty grand.

"The Lord has made to me another revelation. He wants to form a Society for the Defense of His Cause. He is very anxious about it. He has dictated the rules, and given me the names of those He wants. I tell you the Lord is mighty kind and generous to this people ; and if any of you go back on Him, that man or woman should be buried in the deepest pit of hell, and every devil on the top of him."

This harangue increased the excitement a hundredfold.

Julian was horrified. For the first time he felt

afraid. Mrs. Delville clung to her husband, who appeared almost beside himself with joy.

"I suppose I may tell you," he whispered, "the Lord has chosen me,—me, Robert Delville,—for one of His soldiers. Ain't you proud of your husband, Lucy?"

For response Mrs. Delville shuddered.

Mary Silvertung trembled in silence.

Oreana's eyes sparkled with triumph. Pointing to Julian, Mrs. Delville and Mary, she exclaimed:

"It is good that you tremble, ye unregenerate, ye faint-hearted. Julian, I did not see your hands uplifted. Don't you fear the wrath of the Lord? Do you think He will allow your open contempt to pass unrebuked? Is not this new revelation glorious? My heart leapt with joy at the news. And you are chosen, cousin Robert. Would that I were a man, to wield a strong arm in the cause of God. But I will not repine; I can work if I cannot fight."

Julian regarded Oreana with astonishment: this was a new phase of her character. The revelation pained him. He dared not trust himself to speak. The company of these fanatics became unsupportable. He must be alone; and, without a word, he rushed away.

"Julian forgets his manners," remarked Mr. Delville; "that's bad policy."

"When one feels badly, one can't be polite. I know I can't," replied Mrs. D.

Elder Silvertung, bland and smiling, now came up. He made a point of being exceedingly polite to Mrs. D., while she shrank from him in disgust. Oreana considered this conduct of the elder as sublime.

"See how gracious he is to Mrs. Delville, who treats him as if he were a dog," remarked Oreana to Mary. "Your husband is a remarkable man; you ought to be very proud of him. Look, he makes Lucy speak to him. I am so glad. There, he is coming for you; so I suppose I must resign you."

With a great deal of demonstration the elder took possession of Mary; then, turning to Mr. Delville, he said:

"Is not the Lord good to me? He has given me four loving wives, among them, this, our beautiful little Mary. Ah! I am a happy man, Delville, and truly grateful to the Lord. May He some day be as bounteous to you. How proud you will be then, Mrs. Delville, to be the queen of five or six fair, fruitful wives. I hope that day is not far distant."

He bowed, and walked off smilingly, with his victim on his arm. He felt happy, for he knew he had stung Mrs. Delville. He noted the indignant flush on her cheek, the twitching of her mouth, the look of agony she gave her husband. The sight was happiness to him. How nicely he had punished her for her condemnatory remarks. Silvertung seemed to be clair-audient, so well he knew what people said about him.

"Now, Mary dear, tell me, is not plural marriage the only true, happy marriage? You have experience in both, answer me. Isn't it the only one?"

Mary choked down a sob, and answered, "Yes."

"I knew you would say yes; and we will bring up Elsie a good little saint. We will teach her all the duties, all the virtues becoming to a celestial wife."

CHAPTER XIX.

SHE MADE UNTO HERSELF AN IDOL, AND, BOWING DOWN, WORSHIPED IT.

OREANA walked away slowly, her head bent, apparently in deep reverie. Mrs. Delville was right. Oreana was becoming dreamy. She sought solitude, and often laughed softly, then sighed, as if she followed a bright vision that continually escaped her; again, she hummed snatches of sweet melody. When a woman acts in this wise, it may be safely inferred that she is breaking the first commandment. Oreana was no exception, and her religious absorption did not prevent her from enthroning an idol in her heart, before which her soul bowed in worship.

In the long ago, when meditating upon the new gospel, she loved to picture to herself the second Moses, the chief appointed by the Lord. In imagination, she saw him clothed with majesty, crowned with celestial light, the embodiment of all that was great, holy, venerable, and sublime.

Her soul had bowed before him in ideal worship.

But since her arrival in Zion, the spiritual began to give place to the material. Ideal worship merged into actual worship.

As she had been enthralled by the idea, so now she was psychologized by the man. She saw him only as he willed that he should be seen. Thus his ignorance appeared to be wisdom, his coarseness, simplicity, and his animal boldness, God-like strength.

She had not spoken to him, yet she thought of him continually.

The eye of the serpent fascinated her; and there were none to snatch her from its fatal coils. The delicate intuition, the sensitive purity, the mercy, all that constitutes woman's higher nature, her heaven-appointed guardians against evil, were dead,—killed by the poisonous atmosphere of polygamy and blood atonement.

Pure affection could not shield her; for she had pitilessly sacrificed it when she broke the sacred ties of home, and trampled under foot a lover's true devotion.

Still in a reverie she entered her room, and sat down by the window to dream. Suddenly she started to her feet in glad surprise. She saw her uncle approaching the house accompanied by a gentleman.

Oreana hastily smoothed her hair, and arranged her dress. She was putting the last touches to her toilette when she heard a well-known sonorous voice address Mr. Delville. At the sound, her heart stood still; then, as if to make up for the lost time, it beat as fast again as it should have done, madly propelling the blood through her veins, flushing her cheeks, making her eyes to glow and her lips to quiver. Never before had the sound of a man's voice affected her in this way.

"Oreana, Oreana!" called Mr. Delville; and Oreana, vainly trying to still her heart, entered the room, and literally bowed before her idol.

"President, this is my niece."

"I have heard much in praise of you, Sister Oreana, and for once rumor falls far short of the truth."

"There now, President," said Mr. Delville, who appeared exceedingly pleased, "don't make the girl vain. I'm sure I thought you were above noticing looks."

"Brother Delville, the exterior is a reflection of the interior. In our sister's beauty I see the soul,—the soul that showed so much faith and heroism during that painful journey decreed by our Lord, not only as a punishment, but also to show of what kind of metal those converts were made. You see I know all about you, Sister Oreana ; and I hope you have quite recovered from the hardships."

By this time Oreana had regained her self-possession, and was able to answer without trepidation. The conversation became general. A brusque courtesy distinguished the chief. He appeared much pleased, and often rubbed his hands while he listened to Oreana, whose brilliancy astonished even her friends. The atmosphere of the being deified by her fancy seemed to give her inspiration. She spoke words that glittered and sparkled—bright gems of fantaisie.

At length the visitor rose to go ; but he promised to come again soon. He shook hands with the family. The touch of his fingers thrilled Oreana. The serpent watched the effect. Still holding her hand, he looked at her for a few moments, then said :

"Sister Oreana, I have seen you before ; the first time about a year ago. Since then, frequently. Have you ever seen me ?"

Oreana blushed. Could she tell him of her fancies, of her ideal worship ? No. She hesitated, and was silent.

He did not appear to notice her agitation, but continued, as if speaking to himself :

"Yes, in visions the Lord has shown you to me. A great destiny lies before you. Be faithful: listen not to the ungodly. How wonderful are the ways of the Lord!

"Good-bye, my friends; good-bye, Sister Oreana."

"That bait took finely," said the great man to himself. "A magnificent girl! What a bust, what arms, what lips! What devotion to the cause! You shall be mine, my beauty. Our bridal day is not far distant."

CHAPTER XX.

DELUSIVE HOPES.

HE left Julian hurrying away from the meeting, in order to conceal his emotion. He walked rapidly, without thought as to his destination, and soon found himself beyond the limits of the city, on the sage-brush plain. There he met with some acquaintances, fellow-pilgrims, who were equally disgusted with the big fraud.

These young men unfolded to him a scheme of escape. Escape seems a strange word to use in a free country, in a free age; but a glance at those mountains, a thought of their isolation, is sufficient to justify its use.

The plan appeared very feasible. Under a pretense of settling in the southern part of the territory, they would make their way to California. The route was pleasant and easy compared to that by which they had come.

Five contemplated going; two of the number

were women. They had health, strength, and money, and were, moreover, inured to hardship; so they did not fear.

Julian was delighted. This plan of escape made all his troubles seem light.

But he must manage to marry Oreana. She had avoided him of late. She appeared very much changed towards him. Then, like a true lover, he began to lay the blame upon himself. He had been churlish and too outspoken; he must flatter Oreana's prejudices. Yes, were it necessary, he would receive the Endowments,—anything to get her free from this delusion. To effect this, no sacrifice was too great.

Memory pictured to him those other days when they were so happy and hopeful,—yea, those days on board the "Eagle" had their delights. Oreana then promised to become his wife upon their arrival at Zion.

He would try to bring back those days; then perhaps she would fulfill her promise; and then to California, across the oceans home, to those dear ones so anxiously waiting.

These resolves cheered Julian. A settled plan of escape restored courage and hope. He turned his footsteps homewards feeling comparatively happy. For the first time he saw the city of the desert in all its solemn beauty.

He stopped to gaze upon the picture, when his curiosity was excited by the sight of a very little girl trudging through the sage-brush towards the mountains.

He looked from the distant, shimmering lake to the peaks towering above him, across the gray plain,

dotted here and there with verdure, over the infant city nestling among these solitudes, but that wee child figure was the only moving, breathing thing visible.

There was no house near, and Julian wondered what could have brought her so far from home. He hastened towards her. As he drew near he perceived that she carried something wrapped up in a cloak or shawl, and to which she seemed to speak every now and then. A few more steps and Julian stopped amazed. It was Elsie Lascelle, his little pet Elsie. A great friendship has always existed between the young man and the child, but of late he had somewhat forgotten her in his many troubles.

The child was getting tired; at last she sat down upon a rock half-hidden by a clump of brush. Julian approached, but the child did not perceive him, so intent was she in talking.

"Kitty dear, never mind (*sob*), we go to Papa. We won't be whipped (*sob*). Papa is good. Papa loves Elsie. Papa is other side of big hills. A long way; Kitty mustn't get tired. We'll find him and Downie. Nobody good here (*sob*); nobody loves us, not even Dudie. Don't cry, Kitty."

Dudie was a pet name Elsie had given to Julian.

"Elsie, darling, Dudie does care for you," cried Julian, coming forward and clasping the little waif in his arms. "Where are you going?"

"I and Kitty are going to papa. Nasty preather man ain't Papa, is he? He whipped me, kicked Kitty, and made Mamma cry. You whip him, Dudie, and I will give you my pretty beads and lots of kisses."

"But perhaps my little Elsie was naughty. No one would whip her if she were good."

"I wasn't naughty, was I, Kitty? Kitty doesn't like preather man. We want Papa."

"But you could not find Papa. He is ever so far away. Now, let me take you and Kitty home before it is dark."

"No, no, we won't go home. O, Dudie, take me to Papa!"

"Elsie must be good, and I will tell her something. Papa is coming to Elsie soon."

"And will Papa take me away from this ugly place. Will he bring Downie?" (Downie was Elsie's pet rabbit.) "When is he coming? He will give us pretty things."

"Yes, but my little Elsie must stay here so that Papa will know where to find her, and she must be a good little girl."

"Does Papa know where to find me? Can he find his way through those big hills?"

"Yes, Dudie told Papa where to find Elsie, and Elsie will be good."

"Oh! so good; won't you, Kitty? We will watch for him. Will he come to-night?"

"No, not to-night."

"To-morrow, then?"

"No, darling, nor to-morrow, nor the next day, nor next week,—but he will come."

The joy died out of Elsie's face; the tears flowed from her eyes as she said:

"Perhaps I and Kitty will be gone to Grandma in Heaven before that long time."

"It won't be long. Papa will be here this summer, when the leaves are on the trees."

"Won't Mamma be glad?"

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"You must not tell Mamma," said Julian, fearful lest he had been indiscreet.

If Silvertung should learn of Lascelle's expected arrival, Elsie would certainly never see her father.

"No, my pet, don't tell Mamma, nor Oreana, nor anyone; we must surprise them."

"Will they be gladder, if we surprise them?"

"Ever so much gladder."

"But Kitty knows."

"You must talk about it with Kitty only in a whisper."

"Like this," said Elsie, whispering softly.

"Yes, dear; and you will promise me to be good?"

"Ever so good! Won't we, Kitty? And we will watch for Papa——"

"When the leaves come?"

"Kitty, the leaves will bring Papa."

Julian took Elsie to her mother, and then hastened to the Delvilles, anxious to efface the bad impression he had made in the morning.

He found Oreana joyously excited: her favorite exhortations and denunciatory texts seemed forgotten; she smiled like her old self. Julian rejoiced.

Little did he suspect the real cause of the change.

They spent a pleasant evening, discussing the president's visit and plans for the future.

Julian hinted at their marriage, and Oreana did not repel him, as usual.

He was elated—overjoyed.

"Cousin Lucy, it will all come right yet."

"God grant it may, Julian."

A sigh accompanied the prayer. Her woman's intuition had rightly read the secret of the change.

Julian was too happy to go to his lonely room and forget his bliss in sleep. He lingered outside the Delvillle house, watching for a shadow on the blind.

Oreana also seemed restless. He saw her pass and repass, as she walked back and forth. At last she approached the window, the blind went up, and Oreana looked out into the night.

Her head rested against one of the panes as if it craved support. The dreamy rapture in her eyes lent a new charm to her beautiful face. A smile parted her lips; they moved slowly, softly, as if uttering sweet words of love. Her arms were slightly outstretched, and hands loosely clasped, saying, in their mute language, "Come, I am conquered."

The priestess had vanished, the woman only was there, wooing Eros from his home in the stars, opening her heart to give him welcome.

But alas for Oreana, it was not rose-wreathed, myrtle-crowned Eros, that she clasped to her bosom, but Anteros, "brow-bound" with cypress,—Anteros of the poison-tipped spear.

Julian saw her lips move. "She thinks of me," he whispered.

Alas! the words her lips murmured would have pierced his soul, could he have heard them.

She was adoring her idol, and pitying Julian, her true lover.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE INITIATION OF THE DANITES.

THE sun shone brilliantly, the air vibrated with sounds of life, the streets were full of busy people, when a number of influential Zionites directed their steps towards the Temple block. They laughed and talked among themselves and with the friends they met as if nothing unusual occupied their minds.

They entered the building called the Endowment House, the entrance of which resembled an ordinary bathing establishment more than a sacred temple. Those admitted spoke of making their toilette, and they disappeared behind the curtained partitions.

There was a noise of splashing water; then in a few minutes they emerged looking very much as if an earthquake had surprised them in the middle of the night.

A white, tunic-shaped garment covered the body and descended a little below the knee, white trousers, *à la Turque* (but these evidently were considered a luxury, as several were without them), and a white head-dress—a something between a night-cap and a baker's cap.

Such were the Endowment robes, made according to millennial fashions.

They entered a dimly-lighted, long room, its farthest side screened by a crimson curtain. Before this curtain sat the chief and the "twelve."

The white-robed ranged themselves in a semi-circle.

One of the twelve arose, and stretching forth his hands, said: "Welcome, brethren. Are ye ready to receive a new covenant from the Lord?"

"We are."

"Will you take the oath commanded by the Lord?"

"We will."

"Then bow your heads in reverence; hearken to the oath commanded by God."

They bowed their heads, and a voice strange to their ears uttered the awful command:

"Thus saith the Lord: 'Even as I made a covenant of everlasting priesthood with Phineas because he slew his brother Israelite, who had transgressed the law, even so will I make a covenant with you, my servants, if ye will swear to do my will.'"

The white-robed answered: "We swear."

"Those that I command you to destroy, ye shall destroy; even as Nephi killed Laban, even so shall ye destroy them."

"We swear to destroy them."

"Even though they be of thine own blood or kindred, yet must ye destroy them, that their souls may be purified in their blood."

"We swear."

"The transgressors of the law shalt thou destroy; even as Phineas slew Zimri, even so shall ye slay them."

"We will slay them."

"The children of Baal who putteth to death my saints, them shall ye exterminate, men, women, and children, even as the Israelites exterminated the Amalekites and the Canaanites; so shall they perish by your hands, and their riches ye shall divide among you. But they shall perish."

"They shall perish."

"And this shall be no murder. The shedding of innocent blood only maketh murder; but the slaying of the ungodly is as incense in my sight.

"And the word murder shall not be named among ye as servants of the Lord; neither shall ye reveal the secrets of this my covenant, or your place will be no more upon earth nor in my kingdom.

"And in the night shall ye do this thing; your faces hidden, that the wicked may not lay snares for ye. And if, according to this my law, you shed blood without command, and that blood be not innocent blood, ye shall make an offering of thy goods to my church, and I will accept the offering, and ye shall be clean; no sin will be found with you.

"And now let each one of the servants that I have chosen, take an oath that he will observe these, my commands. Let my servant whom I have placed over my people, record the oath, and I will receive it. Woe be unto him who shall break this my covenant: upon him will I visit my vengeance: upon him, and upon his children: but to them who observe my law and do my will, will I give the fruits of the earth, and wives; and his children shall be numerous as the sands of the sea, and his throne shall be exalted above the sons of men."

A few minutes' silence followed, then the chief spoke. His voice trembled as with emotion.

"This is a great and mighty covenant the Lord makes with us. Let each one think over these words, and these commands. The work must be done, and we will do it; and the proud nations of the earth shall tremble. Our knives shall avenge our dead." "Amen,"

responded the white-robed. "And now, brethren, you shall witness my oath: then I will witness yours."

The oaths were taken. Then officers were chosen; the Man of the Mountain being elected grand chief.

This business done, they consulted upon the best means of preserving the secrecy enjoined by the covenant.

It was not such a difficult matter. Two phrases were sufficient to express their designs: "To assure one's salvation." "The Indians." "Over the rim of the basin."

"'Tis well, brethren: we will pray to our Master and then depart to our duties." The initiated knelt in prayer. Suddenly a rolling noise was heard like distant thunder. It came nearer. Currents of air rushed through the room, then the curtain was rent, and in the midst of flashing light stood a transfigured form, a flaming sword in its hand.

"Lo, it is the angel of the Lord!"

"It is our prophet, Joseph Smith!"

The form waved the sword, as if to command silence,—then a voice like a silvery echo cried out:

"Destroying Angels ye shall be, scattering the wicked before my face.

"Ye shall be called Danites; for the tribe of Dan was a lion's whelp.

"And your watch-word shall be, 'Our swords are ready, our arms are strong.'

"The ungodly shall perish."

The vision vanished. The Danites were ready for work.

CHAPTER XXII.

JULIAN LEARNS HIS FATE.

THERE is a cruel kindness that showers favors upon a victim, simply because he is doomed. Such was the kindness that Oreana showed her lover.

Julian forced himself to please her, and matters went smoothly; although the terrors of the Reform increased.

But the smoothness concealed much inquietude, sorrow and weariness. It was a painful probation for Julian. His impatience to get away prevented him from taking an interest in Mr. Delville's schemes, and the role of devout proselyte he had assumed to win back Oreana was most repugnant to his feelings.

Nature had not fashioned him for a hypocrite. Just indignation often threatened to spoil all; but love gave him strength to control the impulses of his nature. He delighted Oreana by receiving baptism for the salvation of her father, grandfather, and great-uncles. He flattered her by listening to her explanations of the Mormon principles. Yet he seemed as far off as ever from winning her. Oreana was kind; but her kindness forbade love's expression. She received him graciously, but a private talk was an impossibility.

But the worst trial was the constant attendance of the chief upon Oreana.

The great man joked with Mr. Delville, courted Oreana, and patronized Julian; for all which Julian cordially detested him.

Our hero found the society of the Saints very irksome. Their coarse jokes, their brutal conduct, their avaricious dreams, disgusted him. If such constituted patriarchal simplicity he preferred modern civilization.

Time pressed. The party who wished to escape became anxious. It was necessary to bring matters to a crisis.

Julian tried to see Oreana alone; but chance was against him; and the young lady adroitly excused herself each time he asked for a private interview.

One day he caught her walking alone by the creek. The opportunity so long sought had come at last. He hastened to her side and took her hand.

"Oreana, at length I can speak to you. Nay, you must listen" (as she tried to give the conversation a turn), "neither will I let you go till my story is told."

Oreana's cheek flushed with mingled feelings of guilt and anger: then it paled; for she knew how this conversation must end, and she pitied Julian. Perhaps she might yet defer the fatal blow.

"Forgive me, Oreana, if I appear rude; desperation makes me so. But you know it arises not from want of love. I have assured you of that by proofs more powerful than words. For your sake I am here. But you know all, darling. I have not come to speak of this, but to decide our future. Let us come to the point. Upon what day this week will you fulfill your promise to be my wife?"

"This is very sudden, Julian!"

"Sudden! when we ought to have been married nearly a year ago!"

"But——"

"There are no buts. You promised that when we

reached Zion we should be united. We have been here now three months, and you hesitate. Surely you have not ceased to love me."

"Julian, you talk too much of love. Saints marry from principle."

"Principle! Oreana, have a care; some day perhaps you will repent these words." (Sorrow made Julian prophetic.) "But come, love, let us not evade the question, or trifle with it. What day shall it be? This is Tuesday; suppose, then, we say Thursday."

"I must consult the President."

"What in heaven's name for? What has he to do with us?"

"He is our chief. Through him God speaks."

"Say rather, the devil."

"Julian, I won't stand this insult. Brigham Young is a second Moses."

"He is a first-class fraud."

"How dare you speak so? Let me go, sir."

"Forgive me, darling, forgive me. I did not mean to offend. If I did, it was through madness,—the madness of love. My life depends upon you; not only my life, but others more precious than mine. Think of your mother, widowed, broken-hearted, and lonely; think of mine."

Oreana's lips quivered—yet she answered, calmly:

"And what difference will it make to them whether I marry you or not?"

"Why! every difference; it would restore you to them."

"Restore me to them! I begin to think you are really mad."

"Mad with grief because you frown. O, my love, my queen, have pity upon me."

"Julian, don't make a scene. I hate scenes; and here we are in the street."

"Where else can I speak with you? The trees and the brook are our only witnesses. For God's sake torture me no longer. Oreana, do not trifle with me—answer. Shall we be married on Thursday?"

"No."

"Then, upon what other day?"

"Upon no other."

"No other! Do I hear aright?"

"Julian, we are not fitted for each other. My husband must be a king, a god among men. Now, I have told you the truth. It has pained me exceedingly; but it was my duty. I must go. Brother Brigham will be awaiting me."

But Julian was really desperate. The strain of the last few weeks had weakened and irritated him; and now the annihilation of all his hopes goaded him to frenzy. Prudence, his promise of secrecy, were alike forgotten. His grasp on Oreana tightened.

"No. I will not let you go to that impostor—to that brother of the Father of Lies. You shall not stay in this infamous place. I will carry you off. I will save you or die. Ah! you need not laugh. You laugh, but it is all planned; next week we leave for California. Then from California, home!

"A determined will can overcome all obstacles. We *must*, we *will* get away from this blood-stained polygamy. For honor's sake, for virtue's sake, leave this place and come with us. It is a pleasant route, summer is before us, and if my presence annoys you

I will go another way or at some other time. There are two women of the party. Come, leave this city of iniquity."

"Hush! I will hear you no more. You are blaspheming; you are an apostate, a renegade—crimes that can only be effaced in your blood. You would leave Zion, leave the Saints. I renounce you!" With a vigorous effort she threw off his hand.

"Oreana, hear me! hear me!" But Julian spoke to vacancy. Oreana was gone.

In spite of herself the girl was troubled. Julian's entreaties found an echo in voices she thought were forever stilled. Her good angel whispered to her. Will she listen and be saved? Tears glistened in her eyes. Tears are of good omen.

She reached her house.

"My dear child, what is the matter?"

At the sound of that voice, at the touch of that hand, her struggle ceased. Parents, home, devotion fade from her mind. Her guardian spirit flies away affrighted.

"My dear Oreana, tell me all that troubles you,—all. What troubles you, pains me."

Oreana could not resist the will of her idol. She told him all: Julian's love for her, his detestation of the creed, the planned escape.

Quietly the man listened, his head turned away, so that she should not see the cruel smile that gave to the prophet's countenance a very tigerish resemblance.

When she had finished, he exclaimed, in a pathetic tone:

"It is this that saddens me: so many apostates, so many lost, eternally lost."

"But does not God say that blood is an atonement for sin?"

"Yes, God be praised! He permitteth an atonement. He forces me to preach it; but yet we shrink."

"Shrink! Do you also shrink?"

"Would you not do so? Take, for example, Julian, would you not do everything to save his life?"

"Not if his blood would atone for his sin. I would even give the blow, if God willed. What is this life compared to eternity? If blood effaces sin, let it flow. Does a mother hesitate at any operation that will save her child? No! Shall Saints see those they love sink into perdition and make no effort to save?"

Oreana uttered these words in a frenzy, her tall form straightened to its fullest height, her head thrown back, her eyes glowing, and her arms uplifted. She looked a pythoness. Her attitude brought out every beauty of her person. The chief gazed enraptured.

"God does not will *you* to do it, my brave, my beautiful one. But He accepts your noble devotion. He chooses you as a priestess, a queen. Be my bride, lovely Oreana. I will make you a sovereign queen, a goddess, in the celestial kingdom, and here upon earth you shall be the star of my life, my aid, my inspiration."

"Your bride, your inspiration," faltered Oreana.

"Even so. You are my queen, chosen by the Lord. Did he not reveal to me your face in a vision? Come, my beloved one. Come."

The lord of her will called her. She was powerless to resist.

Trembling with emotions of joy and awe, she placed her hand in his.

Did no thought of the many wives in his harem make her recoil? No. She thought only of the deified chief, whose sovereign queen she was to be.

"Oreana, you consent."

A glance, a whispered yes. His arms embraced her, his kisses are on her lips. Oreana is lost. Lost to honor, lost to happiness, save it be the fevered exaltation that now intoxicates her.

A step is heard at the gate. Oreana recognizes it. Julian must not enter now. She hastens out to meet him before he reaches the door. The young man has sobs in his voice.

"Oreana, do not be angry. Reflect before you refuse. I will give you a week. Then we shall be ready, and you will come."

"Never, Julian. I cannot, will not, be your wife: neither will I go with you."

The emphasis of her manner startled him. Looking keenly at her, he thought he perceived a deeper agitation. Just then Mr. Delville came up, and, with a hurried good-day, passed in.

The open door revealed the chief.

Julian looked from the man to the girl, whose face was now crimson. A sudden light broke in upon him. Approaching Oreana, he placed his hands upon her shoulders, agony written on his face:

"My God! Oreana, speak. It is not true—it can't be."

Slowly she lifted her eyes to his. The blushes were gone now, and her gaze was steady.

"It is true. I shall be his wife, a queen in Heaven."

The blow was struck. Julian reeled. He rested a

moment on the gate to recover strength. He heard the door shut. Oreana was gone — gone from him forever.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BROKEN HEARTS.

FROM the time Julian left Oreana at the gate, he wandered about bewildered, neither knowing nor caring whither. Wearied with fatigue, he at length sought his room, and fell asleep.

The morning's light brought comfort.

The events of the previous afternoon seemed like a hideous dream. It could not be true that the pure, lofty-minded Oreana would consent to become No. 13 in the harem of this Mohammed of the Desert.

It must be some horrible phantasm of his brain.

He would revisit the Delvilles. He started out with this purpose; but he had not gone far when he met Mrs. Delville. Julian sighed, she looked so thin and ill; her eyes, too, were red with weeping.

"O, Julian," she cried, "take me somewhere, where I can have a good cry; my heart is bursting. I didn't think I could ever feel so again."

Julian took her to his lodging.

"Cousin Lucy, what is the matter?"

"It is killing me, Julian: I wish I were dead. Why did we ever come to this horrible place? My beautiful home gone, gone forever. But that isn't all. To-morrow,—oh dear! if I only could die. Kill me, Julian, if you love me. Robert is going to take another

wife to-morrow, and they say I must go and give her to him. It will break my heart. After all the years we have lived together so happily. What a disgrace for my Stanly. Would to God I had died with my Lizzie! My heart feels heavy enough to sink me to the bottom of the lake. The teachers tell me it is because I am unregenerate; but I can't help it. And you, too, my dear boy, it is hard for you. How can Oreana do it?"

Julian gasped. It was true, then. Should he let the infamy be spoken? Yes, he must hear it, even if the hearing of it should kill him. Perhaps it was not true after all: it might be of Oreana's refusal that Mrs. D—— was thinking.

"Do what, Cousin Lucy?"

"Why, she has promised to marry the great priest, who has a dozen wives. Is it not horrible?"

Drops of agony stood on Julian's brow. Alas! it was then all true.

"Cousin Lucy, can we not save her from this infamy? Will you not help? We might carry her off. I had planned to leave next week."

"Carry her off! Why, you are mad to think of such a thing. Look at those mountains that hem us in. Think of that band who have sworn to kill apostates. Robert is one. Oh, God! that I have lived. No, we must submit till we die,—we women. As for the men, they seem to like it. No doubt you will comfort yourself for Oreana's loss with four or five wives."

Julian answered with such a look of scorn and anguish that Mrs. Delville cried out:

"Oh, dear! don't look at me like that. I'm wild to talk that way of you, Julian. But just look at my Robert. I have sworn upon his goodness,—see what

he is going to do. Pray to the Lord to take me. I bless Him that He took my Lizzie."

The wretched woman wept and moaned. Julian could not comfort her. Perhaps tears were her best consolation.

When she left, she begged Julian not to go to the house that day. But Julian was restless. He could not stay in his room. He wandered out and made his way mechanically to the Delvilles.

Mr. Delville was at the gate. He met Julian, took his arm, and led him into the garden.

As they passed the window, Julian saw his rival paying court to Oreana.

At the sight he clenched his hands: his blood boiled with rage.

"Be calm, be calm, Brother Julian," said Mr. Delville. "It is concerning this little matter that I wish to talk with you. It is pretty rough on you just now, but is a fine thing for Rena; in fact, it is a jolly good thing for all of us. I expect she will be the favorite, and good chances will be ours even without the asking; good thing, you know. Now don't look so glum; there are plenty of pretty girls here, and one woman is as good as another; their beauty don't last, you know. But the jolly thing is that here you can always keep the article fresh. Those are the very words of the president. To-morrow I'm going to try it. Fine stunning girl. Old lady feels rather blue about it: but she will soon get used to it. The word of God must be obeyed; and as for you, I will find you two nice wives to make up for Oreana. There, now, don't look so murderous."

In truth Julian did look dangerous; indignation

and horror gleamed from his eyes and distorted his features. He shook off Mr. Delville's hand, as if contagion were in the touch, recoiled a few paces, then, in a burst of passion exclaimed :

"Great God! have I lived to hear such blasphemies from the lips of a man, a loyal, God-fearing, Anglo-Saxon, a husband, a father. O! thrice-accursed creed, whose teachings thus destroy humanity! thrice-accursed place, whose influence changes men to beasts! Ah! you wince. Have I struck the right chord? Robert Delville, leave these crazy people ; flee from this infamous place before these horrible ideas become living acts ; leave it before your wife dies, crushed by your hand ; leave it before Oreana is dishonored, and I become a murderer, for think you I will calmly yield her to that demon of lust? She, the star of my life! See, here is her picture. It has lain next my heart for many a year, sacred as an angel's, reverenced as an image of all that is purest and holiest in womanhood ; it has been my shield in temptation, my inspiration in virtue. Can I cast it from me now? Can I stand meekly by and see my love the victim of that tigerish, blasphemous, polygamous hypocrite, to whom women are no more than cows? No! I have sworn to save her, and I will do it if I have to wade through blood. My wealth, my strength, my life, I consecrate to that purpose ; so help me the All-powerful God."

Julian walked rapidly away. Mr. Delville stood motionless, dazed apparently by what he had heard. He did not move even when the chief came out. The latter had heard, perforce, Julian's denunciations and oath, which had somewhat disturbed his wooing ; for the exalted passion of the young lover made the stereo-

typed phrases of the old polygamist appear vapid indeed. He felt this, and his usual mask of saintly patience failed to conceal the looks of sinister malice he gave the retreating form of his rival.

"Brother Delville, that young man is in a bad way. If he repent not, the vengeance of God will consume him in the midst of his days. It is not fit that an enemy of God, an apostate, should carry about him the picture of our beautiful Oreana. If you would do me a favor get it from him without delay."

The chief drove off. Mr. Delville bowed in answer; he still remained as if rooted to the spot.

"That young relation of yours will dance over the rim of the basin, if he doesn't take care, eh? brother Delville," remarked a neighbor, who had witnessed the scene. The words seemed to recall Mr. Delville to life. He repeated the words, "*Over the rim of the basin,*" laughed loud, then began to walk up and down the lot, humming and singing, the burden of his song ever the same: "*Over the rim of the basin.*"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TIGER AWAKENED.

THE doctrine of blood atonement caused a terrible struggle in Mr. Delville's mind. At first he recoiled in horror. "He to take life?" "Never!" But the idea was too ghastly to be dismissed at will; it pursued him—fascinated him.

He pondered over it, contemplated it, until the

phantasm became tangible. Its presence flashed lurid light into the lowest depths of his nature; instincts hitherto undreamed of awoke and cried out: "Blood! blood!" The man trembled at himself.

Then came his election to the ranks of the Destroying Angels, his oath to destroy the enemies of God, and the horror changed to mad enthusiasm. In imagination he re-enacted the Israelitish drama of extermination, he reveled in carnage, gory visions haunted his brain. He grew moody, restless, possessed with the desire to see the crimson life-stream flow. Beauty inflamed his secret madness. The sight of Oreana's throat, so round, full, and white, distracted him. He could scarcely restrain his hand from drawing a knife across it, that he might see the ruby drops gush forth. But there were moments when the vivid ghastliness appalled him, when he started back, affrighted, from his thoughts. He tried to throw off this nightmare; he devoted himself to business—to pleasure. He resolved to take other wives. Alas, for the resolve! The sacrifice of his honor, the profanation of his home, deadened still more his conscience. Daily the man grew weaker, the brute stronger. The savage animal nature, underlying humanity, that society has chained and the harmonies of civilization have lulled to sleep, was fully aroused. It shook itself free of its chains, and turned upon its master.

Julian's manly protest overpowered, for a moment, Delville's coarser nature. The little manhood still remaining bowed in shame before Julian's nobility; but animality quickly recovered strength, and the words, "*Over the rim of the basin*," reawakened his savage desires. He went into the house and began to

examine his stock of knives and razors. His son Stanly went to him with a request, but the child spoke to deaf ears.

"I can't think," said the boy, "what has come over father; he scarcely notices me, and talks all the time about killing and marrying. Mother, what is the matter with him?"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FIRST VICTIM.

"LOST, lost!" groaned Julian, as he hurried from Delville's hateful presence, "lost to honor—to manhood, and I—Oreana, will you force me to crime?" He stopped, aghast, at the dark abyss yawning at his feet, he saw nothing save its gloomy depths—heard nothing but Oreana's voice dooming him to its horrors.

A touch upon his arm recalled him to the outer world. He looked down and saw Elsie.

"Dudie, can't you hear? I called you ever, ever so much."

"Yes," replied Julian, mechanically.

"I've been so good, Dudie, but Papa doesn't come. Kitty and I watch for him all the time. The leaves are coming. Where's Papa? If he don't come, I and Kitty will run away."

"We will all run away, Elsie."

"O, will you, Dudie, and take me—take me to Papa? Dudie, isn't a basin what you put water into?"

"What a queer question. Yes, water is put into a basin. Why do you ask?"

"That wicked preather man said some day you will go into a basin."

"What?"

"Preather man said he'd put you into a basin; but he than't, he can't—can he? Mamma's calling me. Kiss me, Dudie. Don't forget to take me to Papa if he don't come."

Elsie was gone. Julian repeated her strange words. What could they mean? Danger, death—anything was possible in that isolated city. Dazed, bewildered, he walked on, on, from street to street, out towards the mountains. He must walk or go mad.

For a day or two heavy clouds had obscured the sunlight, and the weather-wise prophesied snow. Snow in Spring! The delicate blossoms shivered. To them snow was death, but Julian hailed the storm with delight. The discord of the elements found an echo in his heart. For once, an echo in his own heart. For once, nature sympathized with human woe.

At sundown the snow began to fall, silently, swiftly, enshrouding the beautiful blossoms with a weird vindictiveness as if it envied them their happiness.

The Zionites hastened to their homes, fastened tightly doors and windows, so as to shut out the untimely visitor. The city was silent as a city of the dead. At its best, Zion was a solitude. A few thousand occupied an area as great as that of some mighty city.

The rough adobe houses embosomed in trees, with their gardens, orchards, and fields, resembled small farms rather than town dwellings; and to complete

the isolation, some of the houses were screened by a dismal wall. Lonely, indeed, were the wide streets; and Julian shuddered as he traversed their long dreary stretch that no lamp brightened: whose stillness was unbroken by aught living. A prey to anguish, Julian had wandered mechanically without heed or care: suddenly he stopped bewildered. Where was he? On his left towered the trees, a spectral file; on his right, a dead wall. A shroud of snow enveloped all. An indefinable terror unnerved him: he tried to hasten, but his trembling limbs refused to obey his will.

Across the road a light glimmered through a window. It was an unsteady light, and moved restlessly about the house. Julian watched it nervously. Stories of "will o' the wisp, and goblin lights," forgotten nursery lore, flashed across his mind, and with the childish legends, came thoughts of Mother and of Home.

Tears fell from Julian's eyes—tears, not of weakness, but of power, the power of pure affection.

The flickering flame seemed more ghostly than the cold gleam of the snow, or the murky darkness; yet it drew him on, on. A dark shadow crept over the snow. A glittering something pierced the air. A stifled moan,—a dull thud. Julian's vow to save his love, or die, was accomplished. He was dead.

* * * * *

The chief holds in his hands the medallion picture of Oreana, which Delville has delivered unto him. A dark stain dims the brightness of the setting; but that renders it all the more precious. The chief contemplates it admiringly. "A very beautiful woman,

Delville, very beautiful. How does she feel about this young man whom the Lord has cut down in the midst of his days?"

"She thinks it a divine interposition. His apostasy had troubled her very much, but now she thinks he is saved. I hope he is."

"The ways of the Lord are inscrutable, His judgments just, and His mercy great. May this young man's fate be a warning to those who would deny the Lord's covenant. But let us speak of more cheerful subjects. Oreana is to be sealed to me next week, and as I wish to honor my wife's relations, I will give you the prettiest girl in Zion. Does that suit you, eh? Silvertung wants her, but you deserve the preference. You have shown yourself a zealous son of the church, and the Lord will bless you with abundance, and clothe you with honor. Prepare yourself to receive bishop's orders,—and this pretty girl shall be sealed to you with the other one of your choice. The more the merrier."

After the sealing Delville met Silvertung. "Got a-head of you this time, Brother Silvertung. None but the brave—you know the rest;" and Delville pointed to the blushing beauty leaning upon his arm.

Silvertung smiled in reply. If Delville had been less obtuse, that smile would have greatly disturbed his bliss.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CARAVAN.

ONE bright evening in August, 1857, a goodly caravan of Arkansas families bound for the Golden State descended the low hills to the north-east of the city of Zion.

It was a goodly sight, that rich, well-equipped train of stout-hearted, well-to-do colonists, taking civilization to the summer land of the west.

First, drawn by strong-limbed horses, came comfortable, covered vehicles, which might be termed the family wagons, for in them sat the mothers, surrounded by their children, whose bright faces peered out eager and jubilant. Here and there a pet kitten nestled in the arms of its child-mistress; merry dogs gamboled around the horses, or leaped up to kiss baby hands, and in one of the wagons hung a bird cage, whence issued sweet notes and trills that filled the air with melody.

These wagons also carried the clothing, camping necessaries and provisions required for daily use. Nothing was wanting, for the leaders knew well what was needful for the comfort of the travelers, and the emigrants fortunately possessed the means to procure those comforts.

After the family wagons came others, larger and stronger, drawn by long teams of sturdy oxen and laden with household goods, implements, and provisions for the future use of the colony.

Then followed some hundred head of cattle, kept from straying by trained dogs.

Horsemen galloped to and fro to maintain order. Youths and maidens walked along talking and laughing. Some couples absorbed in their own happiness sauntered behind the train.

All were happy! Ambitious youth dreamed golden dreams; men builded golden castles, and women wove chaplets of golden immortelles wherewith to crown their loved ones.

The captain of the band reined in his horse and gave a loud hurrah, then, pointing towards Zion, he said:

"Thank God, my friends, we are once more among our fellow men."

"Only they are Mormons, Cap."

"What does it matter? They are white men, their language is ours, they have been emigrants as we are now. A threefold tie binds us to them. It makes my heart glad to see that blue smoke curling up into the air; for it comes from a white man's home-like kitchen, not from the wigwam of a painted savage. Once more, hurrah!"

Men, women and children took up the cheer, the horses neighed, the dogs danced and barked, the bird carolled forth his gayest song.

But there was one whose voice did not shout hurrah,—one, whose brow grew dark at the sight of Zion,—a man who traveled with the train, but who was not one of them,—a moody, brooding man, whom they called "Stranger." The active youthful minds of the train, had imagined many a romance, having for its hero that gray-haired, care-worn man, aged by sorrow. But the stranger was reticent. He was going to Zion for his child; that was all they knew.

"Hi, Stranger, don't hurry off like that; stop for supper. There'll be plenty o' time to-morrow."

"Thank you, Captain, but I must go on," replied the strange man, hastily striding on even as he spoke.

Did he see a little face growing sad and pale watching for his coming? Did he hear a child's voice wearily sighing, "The leaves came long ago, and Papa's not here."

"And now, friends, to supper."

A hundred voices shouted, supper! At the word, Hero, Capt. Fancher's dog, started to make his evening tour of inspection, for Hero was the guardian in chief, the head sentinel of the train; eye and ear ever watchful, he kept a strict lookout, and never was known to give a false alarm.

Supper was a very important event in the lives of the emigrants, and soon all hands were busy. The men attended to the horses and cattle, milked the cows, and ranged the wagons, the boys gathered fuel, or fetched water from the creek. Some of the girls improvised tables upon which to spread the viands, others brought from the wagons coffee-pots, gridirons, baking pans, and waited upon the neat housewives who skillfully prepared the evening meal. A dozen fires flamed upon the hill-side. Snowy biscuits, baked in ovens hidden under the coals, huge, juicy beefsteaks broiled upon the gridirons, long, skewered rolls composed of layers of rabbit and bacon, roasted themselves to a turn on cunningly-devised spits, savory stews simmered in their bright pans, potatoes steamed into flakey balls or fried into crispy golden brown morsels, fragrant coffee emitted streams of vapor, and pails of milk, frothy and warm, stood temptingly around. The

air was redolent with appetizing odors, most grateful to the hungry travelers.

After supper our travelers turned their attention to the infant city, with its tree-fringed streets and rural dwellings. It all seemed so quiet and peaceful that the emigrants declared it was rightly called Zion.

Ah! little did they dream that in that city madness reigned supreme, that the homes they so much admired were the abodes of terror, of crimes born of fanaticism,—that brother there feared brother, parents dreaded their children, and children their parents, that the destroying angels were ever on the wing with swords unsheathed ready to immolate victims. The air was heavy with woe. Could it have uttered its terrible secrets society would have risen in horror; but the wind floated by and spoke not, the sun shone with unvailed radiance, the mountains trembled not, for nature works out her laws, heedless of the misery of the ephemeral being—man.

But no such thoughts marred the happiness of the emigrants. Gaily they chatted about present pleasures and future projects, Utopian, as are all the visions that allure man to distant wilds. A fierce growl from Hero interrupted their conversation. Looking around, they saw a Zionite approaching the camp. It was Robert Delville, anxious to learn the condition and intentions of this colony, whose rich equipment had excited Mormondom.

The emigrants were only too happy to have an attentive stranger to talk with, and Mr. Delville was soon acquainted with their history, condition and projects. Perhaps there was a little boastfulness in their manner when they emphatically declared:

"We ain't no needy adventurers, but honest folks from Arkansas going to California to make our everlasting fortunes. We want to show the world how this emigration business should be done. Just look at our train; nothing wanting there. Our flour and corn are getting rather low, for we didn't want to burden ourselves extra when we knew we could lay in a stock here in your country. That will make business lively for you, eh, stranger? But now, ain't we well fixed? Did you ever see anything completer?"

Delville gazed upon the heavily-laden wagons, upon the cattle and horses, as if he had never seen anything finer. He noted the comfortable appearance of the travelers, and their air of calm assurance which the sense of plenty gives. He compared the luxuries of these Gentiles with the poverty of the Saints, and his soul filled with wrath. Should this thing be? Should the children of Baal exult over the children of God? Should those revel in riches while these starved? Of what avail was the birthright of the Elect, to whom God had given the earth and the fullness thereof, if hirelings could thus rob them of the gift?

These thoughts so tormented Delville, that he was obliged to leave the camp in order to conceal his agitation. But again and again he paused to look back upon the caravan and curse it. Slowly a project took form in his brain; a project worthy of a Danite. He hastened back to counsel with his brethren.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DEAD! DEAD!

THE Zionites, who lived in daily expectation of an invading army, were much alarmed at the approach of the Arkansas train, and the leaders, objecting to the passage of Babylonish Gentiles through their sacred dominion, exerted all their influence to increase the general alarm.

Rumors were circulated that these emigrants were emmissaries of the army; that among them were the murderers of the prophets. This was enough to inflame, with hate and revenge, the half-crazed people. The Saints declared it would be a heinous crime to hold any communication with the enemies of God, and all, even the children, were strictly forbidden to speak with them.

Two days before the caravan encamped upon the hills of Zion, Danite scouts brought full particulars to the priestly council, and Silvertung well knew the name of that stranger who traveled with the train. He had expected him. Elsie's confidences to Kitty had not been whispered softly enough to escape Silvertung's quick ear. But the news did not disturb his equanimity; he made his plans and waited.

The stranger, who was no other than Edward Lascelle, soon reached Main street. The suspicious glances of the passers-by somewhat surprised him; still more the curt, "Don't know," with which they answered his inquiries about Julian. He walked about seeking, but not obtaining, information. A store, larger and finer

than the others, with a sign-board announcing that Robert Delville dealt in general merchandise, attracted his attention. Delville! that was the name of Oreana's relatives. He entered; a stout man received him.

"Can you tell me where to find Miss Brentford—Oreana Brentford?"

"Sister Young, she is now; and she lives in that fine house up there on the hill."

"And Julian Bellew?"

"Dead and buried."

"Dead?"

"Yes. Did you expect him to live forever?"

The rough tone jarred upon Lascelle. He must hide his sorrow from this cruel jester.

"And Oreana is married?"

"The thirteenth wife of our president. She is the favorite. No wonder; magnificent girl, my cousin."

The look of disgust with which this news was received delighted Delville, who knew full well who his questioner was, and framed his answers accordingly.

"Where is Elder Silvertung?"

Lascelle jerked out the name as if it tortured him to utter it.

"His house is two blocks round the corner. Anyone will show it to you. Where the elder is just now I can't say. And, now, who are you?"

"My name is Lascelle."

"Ah, yes; I have heard Oreana speak of you,—yes,—well,—come in again,—yes, the ways of the Lord are past finding out. When he speaks, we must obey; that's what our president says, and he is right. Yes, the Lord——"

Lascelle did not wait for the end of the phrase; he thanked Delville, and hurried out of the store. What did Delville mean by his strange, hesitating words? Julian was dead, Oreana in a harem. Had anything, more than he already knew of, happened to his Elsie? A dread suspense grew within him. He talked aloud to reassure himself.

"In a few minutes I shall see my Elsie; I shall clasp her in my arms. They can't hide her from me. My darling shall be saved."

He reached Silvertung's house. It was closed—deserted. He inquired of the neighbors, but they knew nothing. Sick with disappointment, he sought the house upon the hill.

Oreana was in the garden.

The sight of her maddened him. Her father's grave, those desolate homes, his own dishonored hearth, the dead Julian,—he saw them all, accusing her, crying out against her: and there she stood, so gloriously beautiful, calmly smiling at the misery she had wrought. His long pent-up agony and passion burst forth; he rushed towards her, he clutched her arm.

"Fiend, not woman, cruel daughter, false friend, murderess, parricide, how dare you live?"

For the first time, perhaps, in her life, Oreana screamed; she would have fallen but for Lascelle's terrible grasp.

"Ah! you may well tremble. I've come for my wife and child, the wife whom you enticed to dishonor, the child you so treacherously stole from me. Where are they? Give them up. Where's the false priest? Where? I will know."

Oreana was frightened into dumbness. She had expected Lascelle's arrival; but this fierce man, wrinkled and gray-haired, was not the Lascelle of her memory. His conversations disturbed her slumbering conscience. She could find no words to answer this awful accuser, before whom she quailed a thrice guilty woman.

"Speak, answer me. If this cursed creed has left you any spark of humanity, tell me where are my child, my lost wife?"

The insult to her creed nerved Oreana to action. She looked at Lascelle, and said: "Ask them of the Lord, not of me. He it is who giveth and taketh."

"Ask them of the Lord? What do you mean? I don't understand, can't,—are they living or——"

"Dead, yes, dead!" solemnly answered Oreana.

"Dead," repeated Lascelle dropping Oreana's arm, and retreating a few steps, "Dead—perhaps it is well, —she could not survive dishonor. But Elsie, is——"

"Dead. Seek them both in the grave."

"No, it cannot be. Elsie, my little flower!"

"Death loves to gather flowers. Mary prayed for you to the last, Edward, that the Lord would enlighten you to see the heroism of her conduct. She only obeyed the commands of God,—and He exalted her by celestial marriage."

A fierce gleam in Lascelle's eyes warned Oreana. She stopped suddenly, then added: "I have something to give you."

She entered the house, and soon returned with a small envelope. Inside were a bright curl, and a thick clustering ring of dark-brown hair. Oreana gave them to Lascelle. "I cut them off for you."

"Dead, dead," repeated Lascelle, mechanically. At that moment some people came into the garden. "Dead, dead," he repeated, too stunned to ask questions; then suddenly he turned upon Oreana: "It is your work! May their blood be upon your head." The next moment he was gone.

He staggered on his way as if drunk,—drunk with grief and misery. At length, a ray of hope illumined the darkness. Perhaps Oreana had deceived him, as she had done on that never-to-be-forgotten night, when he kissed his little ones for the last time. He stopped and looked around him; the camp was near, and a man was slowly coming from it. Although it was dusk, yet Lascelle recognized Delville.

Delville could tell him.

"Friend, you are a father, a husband?"

"I should say so. Two of the prettiest girls in Zion call me husband; am looking out for a third."

This speech grated on Lascelle. He could not bandy words with this coarse jester. He spoke sternly:

"Tell me, did Oreana deceive me? Are they dead?"

"Who are dead? Lots of people die."

"My little Elsie,—Elsie Lascelle and her mother."

"Yes, yes, poor little Elsie; yes, I remember it all. Oreana's words are the words of the gospel. It is pretty rough on you, but become a Saint, and I'll find you plenty of wives, and children will come as a matter of course. My wife died not long ago: bless you, I didn't miss her, the others were so affectionate."

"When was it?"

"About two months ago. Silvertung felt awfully cut up. He is South."

"South, is he? Thank you. Good night."

Delville looked back at Lascelle, who was slowly climbing the hill to the camp.

"Didn't he take that bait nicely? Only let us get you down South, my fierce fellow, and you won't care much who's dead or alive."

Delville laughed at his joke.

Lascelle reached the camp. Captain Fancher and Hero were taking a last look.

"Captain," said Lascelle, "you go South?"

"Yes."

"I go with you. My heart is dead. I live now but for vengeance."

That night, while the emigrants slumbered peacefully on the hills, the destroyers plotted in the city below.

* * * * * * * *

Early the next morning, Delville, mounted on a fleet-footed horse, took the road to the south-west, crying aloud, as he rode through farms and settlements:

"The murderers of our prophet approach. Sell them no grain, no food. Cursed be he who gives the stores of the Saints to the enemies of God."

To the right, the left, the watch-word flew, and the emigrants, as they passed along, wondered at the evil looks, the sullen answers they met with everywhere.

They had been disappointed in replenishing their stores in Salt Lake City. No one there had anything to sell them, but they hoped that in the country it would be different. A vain hope, as the result proved.

In the farm-yards they saw barns full to bursting, they passed through towns whose store-houses were overflowing, yet everywhere they met the same answer: "We have nothing to sell you." Double, triple prices were offered, but the Saints would not sell. This strange conduct made the emigrants uneasy; they felt themselves in an enemy's country, and longed for the wilderness.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MOUNTAIN MEADOWS.

A NARROW gap opened into a valley whose placid beauty and rich verdure contrasted strangely with the surrounding desert. There, the mountains lost their ruggedness, and descended in gentle rolling slopes, clothed with tall, luxuriant grass, somewhat yellowed on the upper slopes by the mid-summer sun; but on the bottom lands it was kept ever fresh and green by numerous crystal brooklets that flowed from two abundant springs, one near the northern, the other at the southern extremity of the meadows. The meandering courses of these streamlets were overarched by the wild cherry, around which twined the virgin's bower, a mass of creamy-white, feathery festoons. Scattered here and there were oaks, clumps of cedars, fantastic rocks, and, near the northern gap, two giant cedars, lightning-scathed, reared their withered branches.

A few tardy columbines nodded their bright heads as if in welcome to the emigrants, and myriads of blackbirds, disturbed by their approach, fluttered in

the air, their scarlet underwings aflame in the sunlight.

To the wearied travelers it seemed a paradise. The children ran delightedly through the grass; the animals sniffed the perfume-laden air, and greedily began to feast upon the herbage. Hero, alone, was restless and discontented; growling and whining he followed his master, his nose to the gronnd, his ears pricked up. Evidently he scented danger.

His conduct excited the suspicions of his master, who believed firmly in Hero's wisdom. He called to him some of the more experienced of his band; together they scanned the valley, but not a shadow of danger was visible.

"I tell you what, Cap, I don't like those hillocks over yonder; let us go and reconnoiter a little."

The speaker was a frontiersman, whose advice was of great weight in the councils of the emigrants. The men were on the point of starting when Hero barked fiercely and dashed towards the hillocks in question.

A whirring sound, a piteous cry, and the brave dog rolled over dead, one arrow in his brain, and another in his heart.

"Boys, to your arms!" cried the captain. Scarcely was the command given when a bullet whizzed through the air, pierced the frontiersman's hat, struck the bird-cage, killing the bird, and at last lodged in the frame of a wagon. Another one, aimed at the captain, grazed his shoulder and struck one of the horses.

The utmost consternation prevailed. Mothers ran madly about seeking their children, who had wandered off in quest of flowers. Men rushed for arms, and

shouted to those on the hills, "The Indians, the Indians." The bravest paled before this invisible foe. Balls rained around them: one of their number lay wounded unto death: not a moment must be lost. The women and children were placed in a protected spot, and the men prepared for the defense. They were skillful marksmen, many already accustomed to Indian warfare; and when a momentary swaying of the brush or grass revealed to their quick eyes the tawny forms crouching beneath, a well directed volley ushered many a savage into the happy hunting grounds.

Suddenly a band of red demons, hideous in war-paint and feathers, sprang out of the ground, the trees, and the rocks; a murderous swarm, yelling and whooping, flourishing aloft their tomahawks and guns. The contest waxed hot and furious: the air beeame murky with smoke, and rivulets of blood dyed the fair earth. Desperately fought the emigrants, never missing a mark; but the Indians were strong in numbers: instead of decreasing, their ranks seemed to increase, while the numbers of the emigrants rapidly diminished. In the heat of the battle, two savages dashed across the meadows and spoke to the warrior chief. Thereupon the latter signalled for the fight to cease; and in a few minutes the Indians retreated, driving off several head of cattle.

The emigrants saw this; it gave them hope. Yet not until the last savage was far beyond range did they breathe freely. The danger was past for a time; but they knew not how soon it might return, and they must be prepared.

They lifted the dead and wounded into the wagons and moved to an open spot on the hill-side, where

they would be safe from any hidden foe or sudden attack. Here they buried their dead in prayerful silence; and over the graves, despair and woe kept vigil.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SIEGE.

ALL through the night they listened and watched. As the hours flew by, and no sign of danger appeared, they began to hope. But the morning light brought despair; for it showed to them all the peril of their situation. They were corraled in a narrow valley, whose only outlets were two somber gaps, guarded by merciless savages. Even had the road permitted them to present a solid front to the enemy, to cut through the ranks of these war-breathing Indians would have been a daring imprudence; but for a long train, slowly filing through a narrow pass, to attempt it, was madness. Their only course was to entrench themselves on the hill, and prepare for a vigorous defense. They enclosed a square with the wagons, chaining the wheels together to make a solid barrier. In one corner they put the milch cows; and in the center a rifle pit was dug, sufficiently large to shelter the entire company in case of an attack. Out of this excavation the men could fire without being seen by the enemy. Sentinels, relieved every three hours, kept ceaseless watch.

Slowly passed the hours of anxious waiting. To while away the tedium, the emigrants related all the

Indian adventures they knew, and tried to make the experiences of the past yield guidance for the future.

Some of the more experienced declared that if no attack was made that night the danger would be over.

The dawn of the second day assured them in this belief; for the passes were free. The Indians had left the meadows. A few men were scattered here and there; but they were white men. Overjoyed at this discovery, the emigrants began their preparations for departure.

Some of the men left the camp to reconnoiter. Suddenly a sharp report was heard; another and another followed, bullets rained around them. The men hastened back to the camp. They reached it unhurt; but with hats pierced and hair singed by glancing balls.

The emigrants were crushed with despair; for they knew now it was a deadly siege. How would it end? A white flag was hoisted, and there it fluttered unnoticed save by the breeze. Were the white men blind, or (horrible thought!) were they in league with the Indians?

The water in the camp was wholly insufficient for their need; still they dared not risk the lives of the men. The women volunteered, but their enemies paid no respect to sex. The firing recommenced, and one woman fell wounded. They must go without water. But the peril made heroes of the children. Unknown to their parents, they crept out under the wagons and ran down to the creek. The firing ceased, for even the cruel besiegers respected childhood; and the brave

little band constituted themselves the water-carriers for the camp.

The emigrants talked and planned; for their position was fast becoming untenable. If help came not soon, they must all perish. Two brave young men—brothers—volunteered to go to Cedar City, and implore help of the Mormon militia. In the shadowy twilight, they started on foot, the easier to escape observation. The distance was thirty-six miles; but they were strong, and love of life lent wings to their feet.

Another day dawned, the third of the siege; a day of feverish excitement, when every eye and ear was strained to its utmost, to catch a glimpse or a sound of coming relief. Now hoping, now despairing, the emigrants watched and waited, neither speaking nor eating; shuddering, ever and again, when the report of guns fired in wanton sport startled the air. The sun slowly ascended the heavens, it passed the meridian, it sank towards the western horizon, and still no sign of aid.

A creeping motion in the tall grass arrested the attention of the sentinels. What could it be—an Indian ambuscade? A friend would not approach in that snake-like manner: it must be a foe. The sentinel was about to fire, when a man, pale and bleeding, struggled to his feet and staggered towards the camp. It was one of the volunteers—only one. Where was the other? The corral opened, loving arms received the wounded man, and anxious hearts stood still to hear the tidings. He saw the madness of suspense in their dilated eyes, and, rallying himself, he cried:

"The Mormons are against us: they killed my brother, and wounded me! No hope, no hope!" He fell back exhausted.

CHAPTER XXX.

TWO PICTURES AND TWO PRAYERS.

THE young moon shed a silvery radiance upon the green meadows, the crystal streamlets and the white-canopied wagons of the corral. Within, reigned the silence of sorrow and despair. There was nothing more to discuss, to plan, nothing to hope. Surrounded by fierce foes, none to help, no escape; nothing was left them but death. Oh! it was hard; young, strong, rich, loved and happy, to bid adieu to their dreams, their hopes.

But death was not the worst. Captivity and torture confronted them, and the bravest quailed. Tiny, innocent hands were raised towards heaven, and childish tongues lisped prayers for father and mother. Youths and maidens knelt in suppliance, and men with bowed heads silently repeated the earnest petitions of wives and mothers, who all through the night wept and prayed: "Father in Heaven, save us!"

* * * * * *

Under the withered trees at the northern extremity of the valley, a camp-fire glowed. Dusky, tattoed savages crouched around, or moved stealthily to and fro seeking food for the fire, whose flames leaped and writhed, now gleaming on the dusky faces and snaky locks of the red men, now lending a weird life to the mis-shapen rocks and gnarled cedars whose skeleton arms seemed eager to clutch the forms beneath.

At a little distance a band of pale-faces were exhorting and gesticulating. In their center was Delville.

"Saints of the Latter Days," he cried, "no more shrinking. The enemies of God must perish. The murderers of our prophet must die. Death to the murderers of the Saints! Let their riches be given to the children of God. Not a drop of innocent blood shall stain your hands. Our brethren, the Lamanites, will attend to that. Will you not, my children?" For answer, the savages flourished their tomahawks, leaped for joy, and were about to yell triumphantly, when Silvertung, always wary, said:

"Hush, my children; no noisy demonstrations. You will betray us to the Gentile. Be ready to-morrow."

"Yes, be ready to-morrow; you understand the plan," exclaimed one who seemed to be the leader. "At the cry, 'Do your duty,' remember. And now, brethren, let us pray to the Lord to guide and strengthen our arms, that His enemies may be all destroyed."

"Amen," responded the white saints. They knelt in prayer; the red savages looked on in wonder.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TREACHERY.

FRIDAY morning came, dark and ominous. But the clouds that obscured the sun were faint shadows of the black despair that brooded over the ill-fated camp.

A great commotion prevailed in the valley. A number of men, some on horseback, some on foot, moved to and fro, seemingly in eager consultation.

The emigrants thought they perceived a military uniform. At last, a man detached himself from the mass, and took the direction of the besieged. Soon the cry: "A white flag, a white flag!" resounded through the camp, and eyes, dim with hopeless watching, beamed with joy at the sight of a white man approaching, bearing in his hand the flag of peace.

A deputation went out of the corral to meet the welcome visitor, who, after the usual salutations, said:

"My friends, I come from the commander of the troops, to offer you protection. We did not know of your peril until last night. We immediately hastened to your assistance. The Indians are bent upon your destruction, and some of our own people aid and abet them, for they think you have entered our territory with evil intent. But we can save you, if you agree to our conditions, namely: to deliver up your arms. This is absolutely necessary to pacify our own people. However, we will not hold them; they shall be placed in the wagons you see yonder, and which we have brought for those unable to walk. Your wagons must remain here. We cannot guarantee them a safe passage to-day, but they shall be guarded."

The emigrants demurred to these terms; but they were not in a condition to refuse, surrounded as they were with enemies, and their ammunition nearly exhausted.

Life was dear. Even if they lost their goods, they still had health, strength, and some money. They consented.

"Lastly," said the negotiator, "the men will be under guard until they are out of the territory."

This clause was scarcely heeded. As long as

they and their families were safe, it mattered little whether or not a guard watched them.

But when the wagons, each under the charge of two sinister-looking men, drew up to receive the weapons, the emigrants repented of their consent. But there was no other alternative. The children over two and under five were placed in the wagons, also the wounded.

While this was being done, the emigrants secured about their persons their money and some portable valuables.

When all was ready, the order was given to march. The wagons took the lead, and the women and larger children were ordered to follow.

"Why separate us?" asked Captain Fancher, who seemed to distrust this manœuvre.

"It is necessary, if you wish protection," was the answer. The defenseless people were forced to submit.

About a mile from the Southern gap, the road made a sudden bend. Upon the right was a clump of cedars, on the left a ridge of hillocks covered with brush. The road skirted the cedars for some dozen yards, and then passed over a mound-like elevation. A few yards north of the bend, the troops were drawn up in double file, wide enough apart to admit of the passage of the wagons and the women. As soon as the latter reached the bend, the soldiers dropped into single file, their guns on the left arm, and marched to the right of the emigrants, a soldier to each man.

The emigrants marched in silence, depressed by a sense of coming evil. Mothers drew their children

closer. The once fearless, joyous youth tremblingly crept together. The men watched their guards, and chafed in helpless anger. Fear stalked by the side of all, and rang a death knell in their ears. The fluttering of a bird, the waving of the grass, the rustle of a leaf, the roll of a pebble startled them.

The wagons passed over the brow of the hill, out of sight: between the cedars and the chapparal walked the women—far behind, hidden by a bend in the road, came the men.

Little Amy Fancher crept to her mother's side and whispered: "Mother, look; there's something behind the trees."

Her mother looked; terror blanched her cheek, for there, behind the treacherous trunks, black savage orbs glared fiercely upon her. "Betrayed, betrayed."

She ran back towards her husband. The women, alarmed, turned to follow her, when loud and clear rang out the words, "Do your duty." All stopped, bewildered. What did it mean? Ere the thought took form, a volley shook the earth, and rocks and trees vomited forth hundreds of yelling savages. Well planned was the fiendish plot. An armed soldier to each unarmed man, a trio of savages to every defenseless woman and child. A moment changed the blooming, peaceful meadows into a field of carnage. The crashing of bones, the firing of guns, the clashing of knives as the savages disputed over their victims, groans, shrieks, yells and curses affrighted the air; birds dropped dead, and the cattle, frenzied by the roar, rushed madly bellowing over the hills.

The soldiers did their work well; yet, quick as they were to fire, Captain Fancher dashed aside his

murderer's arm and ran to save his wife and child, or to die with them. He saw savage hands clutch the loved tresses; he saw the tomahawk gleaming above them. Ere he could arrest its descent, a ball pierced him to the heart. He fell across two mangled bodies.

Four minutes had barely elapsed since the signal was given, yet the massacre was complete. Bright hopes, roseate visions, golden dreams, castles and chaplets were drowned in blood, and naught remained of the brave, the loving and the happy but inert, bleeding masses—dead—dead—dead. But a voice from the Beyond answers: "Nay, not dead, but living ever, to condemn, to avenge."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FIELD OF BLOOD.

T was the hour before dawn. The hour when darkness grows ashen and chill, quivering in the throes of death.

Upon the gore-matted grass lay the murdered victims; from their bodies gleamed a spectral light, its half-revealments adding fresh horror to the scene. Fetid exhalations arose from the reeking charnel-field, and hung over it in murky clouds, as if to hide the ghastly spectacle from the sight of heaven.

Upon the upper slopes glittered fiery eyes, and savage howlings broke the stillness of the night. The coyote and the wolf were there.

Three horsemen rode among the nude, mangled corses. They were Delville, Silvertung, and one other, upon whom the law has visited retribution.

The suggester, the planner, and the commander of the fiendish butchery came to contemplate their work. The sight appalled them. Even Delville's tigerish blood-thirstiness was glutted. These reeking shambles sickened him. Silvertung grew faint and dizzy. Cunning and cowardice had kept him away from the massacre; he only came when all was over, to assure himself that Edward Lascelle was among the victims, but he recoiled from the search; the ghastly stare of those sightless eyes burned into his brain.

"Come away, come away," he gasped, "they are all dead. Not one escaped? You are sure, not one?"

"Not one. The boys did their work well."

"Too well. Thank God, my hands had nothing to do with it."

"If your hands had nothing to do with it, your head had plenty to do with it."

"Oh! that's a very different thing. I had no idea there were so many. It will be a bad day's work for you, some time or other. I wouldn't have it on my conscience."

"You needn't try to cry quits; you are as guilty as anyone, and take care how you throw off on those who obeyed your commands."

"Didn't we obey the Lord?" cried Delville; "but let us get out of this. I can't breathe. I shall go mad. No more blood for me."

"Well, it's no use to be faint-hearted now the deed is done, but it *is* horrible."

The trio hastened along the road as fast as the stumbling and tripping of their horses permitted them. They had nearly passed the scene of carnage when they were startled by a groan. There was an unearth-

liness about the sound which caused the men to stop aghast. The horses commenced to rear and plunge. Delville lost his seat, and fell, and, after many vain efforts to control their steeds, the others dismounted. The animals rushed away, leaving the men on foot amongst the dead.

The unearthly groans were repeated; the blood of the conscience-stricken men curdled. Bolder than the others, Delville advanced to the spot from whence came the sounds. He found the body of a young and beautiful woman. The savages had spared the lovely features, and a mass of luxuriant, amber-tinted hair fell around her. A few crimson drops slowly trickled down her white cheeks. One arm, torn and mangled, had fallen by her side, the other pressed to her bosom a babe. Its head was cleft, and the weapon that had dealt death to the child had opened a ghastly wound in its mother's breast. Delville placed his hand upon her heart. The murderer's touch thrilled the dead. The woman rose, stared wildly around, then looked upon her babe. A fiery light, not of this earth, gleamed out of her stony eyes. She raised the bleeding arm, stretched forth the mutilated hand till it almost touched Delville, a voice dread and awful issued from the set lips. The three men, frozen with terror, speechless, motionless, gazed at this corpse, galvanized into life by the spirit of vengeance.

The voice pronounced their doom:

"As you have shed blood, so yours shall flow. Years may roll on, but vengeance is sure. And you, you" (the hand pointed to Silvertung and the third one) "shall meet me here. Here will I demand your lives, your souls. Here will I be avenged."

The light died out of the eyes. The spirit vanished. A corpse fell back; and, as the gray dawn crept over the hills of that valley of death, three panic-stricken men fled away, crime-haunted forevermore.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BY THE LAKE.

THE desert sea lay asleep in its mountain cradle, hushed to rest by the dreamy Indian summer. A sapphirine haze, flecked with gold, vailed the slumbering waves, vailed their cradle of rocks. Through its vapory sheen, sky, mountain, and lake, seemed to blend in soft tremulous tints, sweet, vague, changeful, harmonious. No resonant chords, no haunting undertones —none of these voices of life, voices of victory, joy, or sadness, broke the spell.

Nature dreamed, and nothing, not even a bird on restless wing, disturbed her revery.

Upon a rocky promontory a man stood gazing upon the vast expanse of shimmering lake, upon tinted mountain rising upon mountain till they dissolved into the ether. A shadow rested on his brow, but as he gazed it vanished.

"Yes, this is Zion," he exclaimed, "Zion, seated on the everlasting hills. I will not doubt,—man is ever inclined to evil, but God and His covenant are holy. They must be holy."

The man who thus tried to convince his doubting

mind, was the preacher Menly, with whom Julian and Lascelle once held prophetic converse.

He had reached Zion at last; but alas! he found discord, sorrow, grossness and despotism where he had hoped to find peace, love, spirituality and freedom. He heard whispered, hints of dark deeds done; those whom he had expected to see disgraced (such as Silvertung), were in high favor. Doubt assailed him. He thought of Lascelle's prophecy: "When you become acquainted with Zion and Zion's ruler, you will abjure Mormonism." Would the prophecy be realized? Menly trembled. He had sacrificed much for this creed, which seemed to him to contain truth and freedom. But that was not the worst: his conscience was uneasy, for if *he* was deceived, then he had been the means of deceiving thousands of others. The thought was torture. In his trouble he sought the wilds of the lake-shore to commune with himself and with God, whose voice is best heard in solitude. The charm of nature so peacefully dreaming, calmed him as by a spell, doubts vanished, peace returned; and Brother Menly dreamed glorious dreams of Zion, and the wonderful plan of salvation, revealed in the Latter Days. He lifted his voice and sang jubilant hymns, as he walked on the shore of the Desert Sea, when suddenly he stopped in amaze; there on the sand, partially sheltered by a bowlder, two children lay asleep.

The eldest, a fair-haired boy, might have seen ten summers; we say might, for he was one of those children whose well-developed frame and features make them appear older than they are. He evidently considered himself the protector of the wee maiden whose head lay pillowed upon his arm, for he had placed

himself so as to shield her from the fresh breeze of the lake, and had, moreover, wrapped his jacket around her. This little girl was a delicate, elf-like child, with glossy raven curls, among which gleamed a few half-withered mountain pinks. Her dress, once a pretty rose-color, was stained and torn, her shoes, cut and worn into holes, exposed her baby feet, all sore and bruised. The boy's clothes, being more substantial, were whole, but so dust-stained that color and texture were doubtful.

The children's faces were haggard and pinched, and their slumber seemed more like the stupor produced by hunger and fatigue than the smiling sleep of happy childhood.

The noise of Brother Menly's approach disturbed the sleepers. The little girl moved uneasily, opened her eyes, and, seeing Brother Menly, said:

"Are we in heaven? Please, Mr. Angel, take us to Papa; we are so hungry."

"Hush, Elsie, we ain't in heaven. That is a man, not an angel," whispered Stanly, who rose quickly to confront the stranger. "Please, sir, can you tell us where to get something to eat?"

"I think, my little friends, I have something in one of my pockets. Yes, here is some bread and meat and apples. But now, tell me how did you get here? Where is your home?"

The children eagerly took the food, but they remained silent and confused at these questions.

"What made you think you were in heaven just now, little one?" said Brother Menly, addressing the girl.

"Oh! 'cause me and Stanny were so hungry, so

tired, and we wanted to go to heaven, so we laid down, like the little boy and girl in my picture book, that the birds covered all up with leaves. Then we went to sleep like they did, and I thought we were in heaven."

"And would you leave your father and mother?"

"My papa's in heaven and Stanny's mother's there. All the nice people go to heaven. Grandma's there, and Dudie. Dudie said Papa would come, and I watched by the window every day, so long, so long, and he didn't come. He went to heaven, and I want to go to."

"Yes, but your mamma—is she in heaven, too? and Stanny's father?"

"My father has two wives; he don't care for me. Nobody cares for me, but Elsie."

"But Elsie's mamma!" inquired Menly, growing more and more surprised, and hoping by these indirect questions, to find out whence came the wanderers.

"She is Elder Silvertung's fourth wife," added Stanly.

"Yes, and he whips me, and Mamma scolds, and Mamma cries. I tried to run away long time ago, but Dudie took me home."

"He is a very naughty man to whip you. He shall not do it any more. And so Stanny and you ran away and got very hungry."

"It was great fun though, wasn't it, Stanny?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Stanly, won over by Brother Menly's sympathetic words. "It was grand fun. We've talked about it ever so long, that Zion's the hatefullest place. Well, just think, father went away, and the elder and Elsie's mamma went away, there was nobody to watch, so we ran away. If we didn't

get so hungry,—but there, I'm going to make lots of money like my father does, one of these days."

"How are you going to make it?" asked Menly, amused.

"That's a secret; but you seem good, perhaps I'll tell you some time."

"Thank you, my lad, I'll try and be very good. Now tell me, what is your name?"

"Stanly Delville, and this is Elsie Lascelle."

"Lascelle!" repeated Brother Menly.

"Yes, my name is Elsie Lascelle; that nasty elder ain't my papa. My papa is gone to heaven, and I want to go too," and the wee maiden began to cry.

Brother Menly walked away to hide his emotion. That name recalled painful thoughts. It brought back doubts and fears lulled to rest by nature's sweet lullaby. He stood some time, absorbed in these sad reflections. At length the sound of the children's voices aroused him. They must be taken home. He returned to them. "Elsie, dear, don't cry. Just think, I knew your papa, and also your mother, Stanly."

"Did you? How nice! Wasn't Papa nice?"

"He was very nice; but he would be very, very, sorry, and so would Stanly's mother, to see you children running away like this. You must let me take you home."

"No, we won't go," cried both the children.

"They will whip me," sobbed Elsie.

"They are wicked people; they killed mother and cousin Julian," exclaimed the boy. "No, I won't go; don't let him take you, Elsie. I can make lots of money getting the salt out of the lake, and selling it; everybody eats salt; we'll get along famously."

Brother Menly could not repress a smile at the boy's courage and enterprise.

"You are a brave lad, but you can't get the salt out of the lake without a bucket ; and a bucket costs money. Then, too, it will take a long time to get enough salt to sell ; in that time you will die of hunger and thirst. I must return to-night. I cannot stay with you. Then, when winter comes, with its snow and ice, where will you sleep? You had better put off this enterprise. I promise you that you shall not be whipped nor scolded. Come back with me."

Stanly looked thoughtful, and Elsie's tears flowed afresh. They still remained a little obstinate, but they could not long resist Brother Menly's persuasive tact. He knew how to act upon the childish mind and heart. In less than an hour Stanly and Elsie renounced (though with many a sigh), their mad project, promised to stay at home in the future, and allowed him to lead them back Zionward.

"Never mind, Elsie," said Stanly, choking down a sob ; "never mind ; wait till I'm a man,—you bet I'll get out of that hateful place, and I'll take you with me. Only wait."

END OF PART FIRST.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

SMITHVILLE.

TEN years have passed away. In the United States of America (for one seldom thinks of the other parts of the continent), ten years equal fifty elsewhere. In spite of its moral and social burdens, Utah is no exception. It lags not in the quick march. The desert is rapidly disappearing. Thriving farms and orchards cover the plain and clothe the mountain-side; and the lowing of cattle, the song of birds, and the hum of industry, give life to the once silent solitudes.

The Mormons have taught the world a great lesson. They have demonstrated the worth of co-operation and patient industry;—and, certainly, that which has been done by poor, shiftless emigrants, under the selfish, degrading rule of Mormonism, can be done, and better done, by skillful, energetic workers, guided by wise and elevating influences.

When judicious co-operation supersedes individual efforts, when migrant colonies forswear mining until the "earth be well tilled, and the barns well filled,"—when tree-culture becomes a religious duty—when intelligence weds the crystal stream to the thirsting plain—then the desert will become a fruitful paradise, its horrors a legend of the past. Then fields of golden

grain and feathery corn, vineyards and groves of luscious fruit, and the perfumed mulberry, will flourish where once was the desolation of desolation.

From the glorious Wasatch Mountains that extend through Utah from north to south, several dependent ranges jut out, forming numerous flowery canyons and fertile valleys. In one of these valleys was the town of Smithville.

The background of lofty peaks, ever changing in hue, the wealth of flowery vendure, the many streams rippling sweet music, lend a charm to Smithville—a charm increased by a glimpse of the gray arid plain stretching afar in the distance.

Smithville is the centre of a large tract of farming country. The farms of Utah are small ; consequently a farming-tract is well peopled. The farm-houses, consisting of adobe huts (one to each wife generally), built together in a rude fashion, are scattered over hillside and plain—very ugly spots on the fair landscape. Mormonism and the beautiful seldom combine. Whether it is that the Mormons despise beauty, or that beauty despises Mormonism, I leave the reader to decide.

A broad street, fringed with young trees, divides the village into East and West Smithville. In this street stood a one-story brick building, over the front of which glared an immense eye, supposed to be an exact likeness of the divine optic as revealed to the prophet. Under this visual organ is the motto: "Holiness to the Lord." This building is the one store of the village. Here the Smithville Saints bought and sold,—or, to be more correct, bartered, for money had not at that time become the common

medium of exchange. Here they supplied their wants, even to snuff and tobacco. Here they obtained their letters—here they gossiped—all under the supervision of that eye.

On the opposite side of the street was another brick building, a little raised from the ground, and approached by steps. This was the meeting-house, which also served as theater, dancing-hall, and school-house.

In the village were a few buildings somewhat pretentious, consisting of two stories : the upper story remarkable for its Liliputian windows placed about eight inches from the floor, so that a looker-out was forced to kneel.

These houses were all alike, individuality not being consistent with sanctity.

Smithville prided itself upon its holiness. The fullness of the Gospel reigned there triumphantly. No cursed Gentile, no bad spirits named Knowledge and Progress, had, as yet, dared to invade its sanctity.

If a brother fell from grace, or committed the unpardonable sin of doubting the Powers that were : if a sister, forgetful of her high prerogative of building up the kingdom : if, aweary of toil and misery, she became rebellious ; blood-atonement could efface the guilt, and the soul, washed and purified in the blood of its own sinful body, could wing its flight heavenward.

Blessed Smithville ! thus to be able to atone for sin, and no son of Babylon to cry murder ! In this holy settlement, the vain follies of a corrupted world were unknown. Modern improvements, that give time for the growth of foolish thoughts, were not dreamed of.

There superstition, ignorance, polygamy, and blood-

atonement flourished. Smithville, in fine, was a saintly Mormon village, — one in which Nephi or any of his brother patriarchs would have felt quite at home ; but a strange feature in this age, and in a land of enlightened freedom.

It was the season of blossoms, when apricot, peach, apple and cherry robed the country in a perfumed mantle of pink and white ; when the birds woo each other in glee, and all nature sings a joyful alleluia ; yet, amidst all this gladness, Smithville was not gay. The dazzling spring sun brought out in full relief the ugliness of the adobe houses, the untidy yards, where swarms of dirty children screamed and quarreled ; it flaunted in mockery upon the hopeless, forlorn looking women in dingy calico and shakers, who labored in the gardens, or worked in the squalid interiors, half seen through the open doors.

CHAPTER II.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

BROTHER SMITH merits an especial introduction on account of his originality.

The Smithvillites thought themselves very much favored when Brother S. consented to impart instruction to the juveniles whose parents could pay twenty-five cents per month, or its equivalent in butter, eggs, and vegetables. Brother S. wouldn't take cabbages. As coin became plentiful cabbages depreciated, and Brother S. said there must be a line drawn somewhere. He drew it through

cabbages. In person he resembled the missing link for which Darwinians are so anxiously searching. Heavy-jawed, chinless, short-necked, and flat-nosed, with a small amount of forehead, and a great deal of hair. His eyes, indistinct in hue, were so lost in mutual admiration that their glances upon other things were exceedingly crooked and uncertain.

Brother S. was a good Latter Day Saint, living in the fullness of the Gospel. As a reward for his zeal the Church had given him four wives to increase his power in the celestial kingdom. Before the revered chief and revelator arrogated to himself and council the sole right to visions and revelations, Brother S. had been often favored with these spiritual visitations; hence he boasted that he was well acquainted with the patriarchs of old, and that his school was governed by their directions.

Still he was not contented. The Smiths are all ambitious. Revelation had taught the Saints that in the grand millennium all zealous, polygamous, patriarchs should be gods, and create worlds to suit themselves.

Brother Smith's ambition was to be a big god, to make a big world, and have plenty of subjects to people it. At this time his family consisted of about twenty, with the possibility of a goodly addition. According to the law of Mormon increase, the next generation would give no doubt a couple of hundred; and the second ! !—but here lay his trouble. Would his grandsons or great-grandsons have the right to branch out as independent gods, or would they all be subject to him for aye?

The Urim and Thummim had never revealed the number of generations constituting a kingdom or a

godship in the heavenly Jerusalem. This cruel neglect upon such a vital question gave great anxiety to some of the brethren, especially Brother Smith. Had he been assured upon this point he might have consoled himself with the success of Adam and Eve. Still, this is doubtful, for Brother S. was ambitious, and ambition is impatient.

For some time past the good brother had resolved to add one or more to his harem. In this he was actuated by pure principle, for it cannot be supposed that a Saint who had received visions could possibly take pleasure in courting young silly girls; or that he was in any wise jealous of Brother Leeson's train of eight wives.

Most certainly not! The Mormon Saints and Gods *in possé* are far above any motives so earthly! Like their chief, they do all from principle; they marry, cheat, and kill, on principle.

We have mentioned the disinclination of Brother Smith's vision to take a straight line. Aware of this peculiarity, the good brother aimed to make his person, interior, as well as exterior, accord with it; and his nose, his legs, and his temper, were crosser than his eyes.

His pupils trembled in his presence.

If they did not respect the man, they did the man's crossness, and its interpreter—his cane. No amount of familiarity with this object could ever degenerate into contempt.

The spelling-class stood before the master. This class generally came to grief, owing to the originality of the master's method, which was a phonetic marvel. Brother Smith boasted very much of this method; in-

deed, he used to tell his friends, that if he only had the time he would make a grammar and a speller, that would "beat anything yet seen, and make the English easier than wink."

This genius rejoiced that he was born in the mightiest city of civilization, that the music of Bow Bells had been his lullaby; and one of his inherited peculiarities was his use of the aspirate, which he considered merely as a mark of emphasis. The degree of his mental excitement could be accurately ascertained by the number of 'H's,' scattered about his conversation.

"Now you spellers, prick up your hears. Spell as if you knowed something. Spell, Pertaters."

Smart boy. "P-o-po-t-a—"

B. S. "Wrong. I didn't say pota, I said perta."

Smart boy. "But the speller——"

B. S. "How dare you say speller?—they ain't worth a cent, any one of your spellers. Go hon."

Timid girl. "P-e-r-t-a-t-o."

B. S. "Stop, t-o indeed! I'm ashamed of you. Where's yer hears? Hain't ye got but four senses? Pertaters, once more." An ominous flourish of the cane accompanied the second giving out of the word.

Sly boy. "P-e-r-t-a-t-e-r-s."

B. S. "Right; go the head of the class; you will be a honor to your country, one of these days. Now attention, class. Spell herth."

A dead silence.

B. S. "Can't you spell the herth hon which you live?"

Smart boy. "E-a-r-t-h."

B. S. "Wrong. None but fools put a ha in herth."

Smart boy. "The speller says"——

B. S. "How dare you? That's the second time to-day you've said 'speller' to me. 'Tis of such has you that hapostates hare made. But hi will take the bad spirit hout of you; hi will teach you (*whack*) to (*whack*) dispute (*whack*) me."

The learned master continued to bruise the lad's body until his attention was called to another quarter, where some boys were indulging in a free fight on their own account. This outbreak demanded more cane exercise, until Brother S., panting and perspiring with his efforts to quell the bad spirits, thought it necessary to take a little recreation.

So, placing the sly boy in command, he strolled across the street to the store over which the Eye watched, to recuperate himself in saintly converse.

This store was the headquarters of the gossips of Smithville. Gossiping was a masculine privilege in Smithville; for the women worked too hard to have either the heart or the time to indulge in such pleasures—pleasures to which the future gods took very kindly, actuated always by principle.

CHAPTER III.

SCANDAL AMONG THE SMITHVILLE SAINTS.

WHEN the school-master entered the store, he found, besides the usual clique, Brother Leeson, of patriarchal fame, and Elder Silvertung, who looked as young and smiling as when he revealed the will of the Lord to Mary

Lascelle. They were all deeply absorbed in conversation, and the eager expression of the faces showed that something more than common was under discussion.

"What is it?" anxiously inquired Brother S.

"Brother Menly has fallen from grace."

The news revived the school-master.

"There, now, hain't I a prophet? I told you so, you know. I knowed he would come to the bad."

"So you always said, Brother Smith. Well, we all felt something was wrong when he refused to build up the kingdom."

"Satan clutched him some time ago. To think how he imposed upon the Church with that meek way of hisn!"

"What's disgraced him now in headquarters?"

"Preached against blood atonement and polygamy."

"The vile apostate!" in chorus.

"Says that men and women have a right to think for themselves, and should do it."

"Well, now, for the men, that wouldn't be so bad; but for the women, it wouldn't do nohow."

"I should say not. Just think of my eight women, each with a religion and opinions of her own. There would be some fine scratching. Why, such a doctrine would subvert all order, and anyone who dares preach it will go to hell, and I would like to give him a lift upon the road."

"So would I, Brother Leeson," chorused the Saints.

"I guess we'll have to do a little surgery to cure Menly's disease. We haven't had any of that work this long time. My hands are aching for want of use."

"Yes, Elder, tell us the orders. Any blood-letting?"

"My dear friends, you horrify me with your outspoken jokes. Why do you forget the Lord's injunction? I suppose you wish to know whether the Church intends to assure his salvation?"

"That's the question, Elder. We ain't got your soft way of putting it, you know."

"Are we to assure his salvation?" in chorus.

"I am sorry for his sake to be obliged to tell you —no. The Church considers his crime too great for salvation. He is to go to perdition without let or hindrance."

"Them's the orders?"

"They are."

"The Church drops him."

"Drops him completely. No one is to speak with him, notice him, or deal with him."

"Well, we can answer for Smithville doing her duty in that. He shall be let alone with a vengeance."

"A glorious punishment. The very best. His friends (there are plenty round about) would like nothing better than to make a martyr of him."

"That's so. But how about his wife, whom he pretends to love so much? Wouldn't it be a holy judgment upon this contemner of celestial marriage if the Lord would take his *one* wife to Himself?"

"It would indeed be a just judgment. She has always been rebellious."

"Rebellious! I should think so; doing all she could to prevent our girls going into polygamy; and then allowing that nephew of hers to insult authority —you remember?"

"We remember" (in chorus). "They actually gave a tea-party without permission ; yes, and drank tea,—yes, we remember."

"That is not all. When pardon for such conduct was asked in full meeting, I saw her smile."

"Such wickedness cannot be allowed in Smithville."

"There is no danger of any one making a holy martyr of Emily Menly."

"Poor thing ! she is misguided by her husband. It would be a great act of charity to send her to heaven."

"A charity, for which she ought to be grateful."

"Well, brethren, to-morrow evening we will have a special meeting. Do not fail to come."

Elder Silvertung passed out. The brethren formed themselves into groups of twos and threes, and began whispering. Brother Leeson went to the door, followed by Brother Smith.

"Bad case, this of Menly's."

"A warning, Brother Smith, a warning to those who are remiss in fulfilling the Everlasting Covenant."

Brother Leeson with eight wives gave himself airs.

"The Good Spirit speaks through you, Brothers. "My mind's been rather troubled of late about that very thing. It seems to me, I could and ought to do much more towards building up the kingdom."

"That's right, Brother, it cheers me to see you growing zealous." The many-wived man made this remark hurriedly : at the same time, he smoothed his moustache and beard, gave his hat a tip to one side *a la cavalier*, straightened himself, then walked up the street with a dandified step.

These proceedings aroused the curiosity of Brother Smith. Was it possible that Brother Leeson was not yet satisfied?

That the man of eight wives and forty-seven children still sighed for more?

Was his heart so large that this number could not fill it?

Now if Brother Smith had studied classic lore, it would have seemed to him only natural that Brother Leeson should desire to make his eight the "Sacred Nine." But such studies did not suit his practical mind, and Brother Leeson's manner worried him. However, if he knew nothing of legends, he knew enough about spying; and he posted himself so as to watch the gallant patriarch.

A few minutes' observation discovered to him the secret of the manœuvering. The discovery was a revelation that coincided exactly with his desires. This coincidence is a peculiarity of revelations. Brother Smith's heart overflowed with thanksgiving.

CHAPTER IV.

BROTHER SMITH'S REVELATION.

WHAT did Brother Smith see? Only two girls whom he had seen daily for years, but who now appeared to him in a different light, for Brother Leeson's gallantry told him these children were marriageable.

"I have it. There's that Helsie. She is too hugly for anyone to want to marry her; but she'll be pre-

cious useful to me, for if she ain't pretty she knows a lot; got quite a knack of teaching, too. Now I'll marry her for the school. Elder Silvertung ought to be glad to get her off his hands. She is such a homely thing. It will be no pleasure, but it will be money in the pocket. And then if I can get Kleena; she is a regular beauty. That old Leeson seems crazy over her. It is a glorious hidea: a revelation. There will be the income from the school without any trouble on my part. A man of my talent has hother things to think of besides school drudgery. A teacher and a wife hall for nothing but her board. Then, too, I can add to the dairy: that Kleena has a strong arm. Of course they will both jump at the chance—a young, good-looking man like me, with a good farm, dairy and school, and the largest house in the place."

Thus soliloquizing, Brother S. posed himself as gracefully as his legs allowed him, and smilingly awaited the arrival of the two girls.

The elder, who might have numbered seventeen summers, was a well-built, clear-skinned, rosy-cheeked Norwegian, whose muscular limbs an athlete might have envied; and the heavy bust, full, sleepy eye; the dull flaxen hair told of a mild, prolific temperament, untroubled by vagaries of the mind, or spiritual aspirations. A fine specimen of the human kine with whom polygamy agrees.

Such was Kleena, the belle of Smithville, the cynosure of all polygamous eyes.

Her companion was a slender girl of fifteen years, taller than Kleena, but wretchedly thin: only saved from gaunt angularity by symmetry and smallness of bone. Her features were fine and regular; but their

worn expression, and the dull, colorless skin marred their beauty. Even the eyes, dark and lustrous, shaded by curled, ebon lashes, increased the homeliness of the face by their size, and the restless, wistful, haunted look, that dwelt in their depths. Her hair, black and abundant, was twisted up in utter disregard of appearances.

Poor Elsie Lascelle! It was not strange that sensual minds considered her plain. Yet an artist would have said:

"What a beautiful girl if—yes, if happiness could wave its magic wand over her; then, indeed, she would be beautiful."

Brother Smith received the girls with bows and smiles. He prided himself upon his politeness, and he was desirous of eclipsing Brother Leeson.

Kleena appeared delighted with his attentions, but Elsie felt annoyed, and as soon as she made her purchases she ran home, leaving Kleena and Brother Smith to captivate each other.

CHAPTER V.

A MORMON WOMAN'S WORK.

ELDER SILVERTUNG was a wealthy man. He owned a large farm, numerous herds of cattle, five wives, well stocked orchards, and gardens, a town house, several city lots, besides being interested, *sub rosa*, in mines—paying ones, be it well understood.

But with all this wealth the elder's house at Smith-

ville was a model of primitive simplicity. It consisted of a two-story center building, with a wing on each side. These wings were miserable huts with no other floor than the soil.

The main building was very little better; and an uglier, more forlorn dwelling could with difficulty be imagined. Within its walls four wives and seventeen children ate, slept, drudged—we dare not say lived, for life implies something better.

The elder preached industry, and these wretched women doubly earned their miserable subsistence and that of their families, while making believe that they were happy and doing the will of God. Faint traces of beauty still remained to show that the elder was a connoisseur in good looks, but misery and toil had effaced all charms.

The master of these women (husband is too sacred a name) seldom honored Smithville with his presence except on business. The time not employed traveling on church affairs, he spent in his house at Salt Lake City, where dwelt No. 5, the favorite, because the last.

There was a tradition that this house had been built for No. 3, then Mrs. Lascelle had reigned there a short time, and now another lived out her day of triumph.

As Elsie approached the gate she made an effort to shake off her gloomy feelings, but the wan smile only made more evident the sadness of her crushed youth. She looked in at the open door of the right wing. A group of dirty children were there playing, but the one she sought was absent.

Laying down her packages she went to the garden.

A sound of wood-chopping, the strokes feeble and unsteady, arrested her attention.

An angry flush crimsoned her cheek as she darted across the garden into the orchard, where she found a woman trying to fell a withered tree.

"Mother, mother, stop! Let me do that; you will kill yourself."

"So much the better, Elsie, if I do, for I only cumber the ground."

"Hush, mother, you must not talk so," replied Elsie, as she took the axe from her mother and commenced a vigorous attack. The quivering of her delicate frame told how painful was the effort. Her mother leaned against a tree, and, taking off her immense sun-bonnet, wiped from her brow the sweat of labor.

How changed is that face since we last gazed upon it! The eye of love could scarcely recognize in this gray-haired, wrinkled, tanned, hollow-eyed woman, of shrunken form and wasted features, the once lovely Mary Lascelle.

Hopeless endurance had placed its seal upon her brow, baffling all scrutiny.

Did she battle with despair?

No; for despair implies doubt, and this woman had never doubted, but accepted her condition as the will of God.

Did she suffer from remorse—remorse for sacrificing her child, remorse for wrecking her fond husband's happiness, yea, his life?

No. Remorse is the consciousness of evil doing, and the credulous woman firmly believed she had done right.

Was she happy?

No—a thousand times no. Happy! She had almost forgotten the meaning of the word happiness. Each day brought some new misery to crush still more her woman's nature. Yet she knew neither despair nor remorse, only hopeless endurance.

"Oh, dear! I hate to see you work so, Elsie; but to-morrow is wash-day and we must have the wood—there isn't a speck in the house."

"Never mind, mother, we shall soon have some. It is hard, though. I don't see why women have such a terribly hard life. I wish I were a man."

"Hush, Elsie, you must repress that rebellious spirit. The Lord has placed a heavy cross upon our shoulders; but it is His will, and He fits the back to the burden. Pray to the Lord, Elsie." Then the miserable woman and mother turned and entered the house.

Elsie paused and gazed at the retreating form. The child's eyes were flashing, and her lips compressed. "I don't believe the Lord has anything to do with it. If He has, He is wicked, and I don't like Him." Having relieved her mind by this emphatic declaration, Elsie returned to her labor of felling the tree.

It was a strange occupation for this child, whose ancestral civilization showed itself clearly in the gracefully-poised head, with its thoughtful brow, and delicate face, and the small shapely hands, albeit they were callous from toil. The tree was very hard. Her strokes scarcely made any impression. Her hands grew hot and blistered: her body ached: the tears welled up in her eyes.

"God does not care any more for His children,

than our men do for theirs," muttered Elsie, as she rested a moment to recover breath. "Heaven, and the world, and everything is just as hard as that tree. But it shall come down."

She renewed her efforts. But tears and pains made her strokes inefficient.

"Good girl, Elsie; you are growing quite smart. I'm glad to see it. Girls must be industrious," said the oily voice of Elder Silvertung, who was leisurely making a tour of inspection. "You should aim your strokes better, my girl; industry is nothing without skill." With this admonition he strolled away.

CHAPTER VI.

THE APOSTATE.

THE tree was certainly very hard. Elsie began to despair. It was not the first time that she had done such work; but somehow she could not succeed to-day.

"My dear child," said a kind voice near her, "that is rough work for you. Give me that axe."

A strong hand seized the implement, and by the time the blurr passed from Elsie's eyes, so that she could see her helper, the tree was down.

"Thank you, Brother Menly," said Elsie, "thank you."

"Tut, tut, child, no thanks, it is nothing more than my duty. This is man's work, not fit for a slim girl like you. Now we will soon have this in firewood. Is this other one to come down as well?"

Elsie nodded assent. A few vigorous strokes and the work was done, to Elsie's great satisfaction.

"I wish God were as kind as you are, Brother Menly, then He wouldn't make women carry such heavy crosses as He does."

"Hush, dear. God is kind—it is men who are cruel. But it will all come out right in the end."

The good man was gone. Elsie began to gather up the wood, when she was again accosted by the elder.

"Girl, who was that man you were speaking with?"

"You must have seen him plainly enough to know without asking."

It was not a gracious reply; but graciousness is not much known in Mormon settlements.

"I wish you to tell me who that man was—a lover of yours, perhaps?"

At this taunt Elsie's eyes flashed scorn, and her nostril and lip quivered with indignation. This little pantomime greatly amused the elder, who loved to see this high spirit beat itself impotently against its prison bars. But the menaced storm did not burst, and the girl answered, with only a slight shade of defiance:

"It was Brother Menly."

"I thought as much. It is time you knew that this *good, dear Brother Menly* is an apostate. The church drops him; the Saints break off all association with him. If you speak with him again you will be accursed."

The elder rolled out the last word as if it made sweet music.

"Yes, accursed," he repeated, and turned away; but a second thought brought him back to his victim. Elsie stood as if transfixed. She had taken off her

huge bonnet, that the air might cool her fevered brow. No longer disfigured, she made a pretty picture, with the sunlight gleaming on her wavy, glossy hair, her cheek flushed, and her bosom heaving with emotion. The elder stopped, surprised. For the first time he saw that she was beautiful. "You hear me? You are not to speak with him again."

Elsie turned upon him, her eyes now swimming in tears.

"Yes, I hear you."

"But you must not spoil those pretty eyes with tears. Why, I declare, you are growing quite handsome;" and he patted her under the chin. Elsie shrank from his touch. The elder smiled. It was a cruel smile. He put his arm around the child, and drew her towards him in spite of her struggles, which seemed to amuse him.

"The little dear must not cry because her pet turns apostate. We will find her some one else to love. Now give me a kiss and don't cry."

"Leave me alone," cried the girl, almost beside herself, wishing, at the same time, that she were a snake, so that she might sting him to death. Her vehemence and evident dislike had no effect upon her tormentor. He stroked her hair, kissed her, and with a parting injunction "not to cry," sauntered away, chuckling to himself.

"That girl is actually growing pretty," thought he. "I believe were she well dressed she would be beautiful—beautiful enough to suit me. That gives me an idea."

The elder, seemingly preoccupied with this idea, entered his harem.

As soon as she was released poor Elsie ran to a favorite retreat hidden from the house by the barns. Here the mountain torrent formed a succession of tiny cascades, whose laughing songs had often soothed her out of her sorrows.

But never before had she lain down on the moss-covered rocks with a heart so heavy with woe. Her soul was torn with rage against the elder, whom she hated, with grief about her friend—the only true friend she had ever known—her teacher, her counselor, her second father, dear Brother Menly. But worse than all was the despair at her helplessness.

It was pitiful to hear those agonized sobs, to see that child-like form prone to the earth with anguish.

Elsie had inherited the strong passions and powerful reasoning faculties of her father, whose superior mentality had absolutely psychologized the very negative highly impressionable mother. Hence the girl could not help rebelling against her unnatural surroundings.

To think was as natural to Elsie as to eat. Her active mind detected weak points, compared contradictions, sought causes, and drew inferences. She reasoned, in a disorderly way, for thought requires training more than any other faculty.

Her creed did not satisfy her. An indefinable something in her soul repelled it, although she knew no other.

Vague memories of a beautiful home, of a tender father, whose coming she had watched with loving delight, of flowers, music, birds, and happiness haunted her in dreams. But she dreaded to speak with her mother upon this subject, it seemed to inflict so much pain. Once the elder overheard Elsie's questions

about their former home, and the memory of the punishment it drew upon her mother and herself prevented her from ever repeating them.

But memory did not die; and in dreams, both waking and sleeping, came the sounds of the Long Ago, vague as the sounds of an Æolian harp,—as sweet and sad.

They floated to her with the streamlet's song as she crouched on its mossy bank; and with them came words oft uttered by Brother Menly: "Pray to God. He will help you."

And she prayed,—prayed that she might escape.

"God will help me, for Brother Menly says so. He will let me get away from this, some way or other."

Then, somewhat calmer, she knelt and vowed that no one, nor anything, should ever make her give up Brother Menly.

This pious act relieved her mind. She then bathed her face, put on her sun-bonnet to hide her tear-stained eyes, and ran home to work.

CHAPTER VII.

MARRIAGE PROPOSALS.

THAT day was destined to be an eventful one in Elsie's life.

In the evening, after the children had been put to bed, and the chores were done, Elsie coaxed her mother to take a walk.

That poor wreck of womanhood was her mother;

and to her Elsie turned for sympathy. Advice or guidance she did not expect—only sympathy.

As soon as they were out of hearing, Elsie began an indignant protest against the "dropping" of Brother Menly.

Mrs. Silvertung became alarmed.

"For God's sake, Elsie, be quiet. Don't let the trees hear you. I can scarcely move for fear. Did you not hear some one?"

The woman trembled violently. Her great dread silenced Elsie; but the girl's mind was too full to be thus easily repressed. Disappointed in her hope to gain sympathy, she tried to obtain information.

"All the world is not like this place, is it?"

"Why, no, Elsie. What a foolish question."

"And the people don't think as the Latter Day Saints do."

"No, child; are not missionaries continually going among them to convert them?"

"Well, if they are any worse off than we are it must be a horrid world. Were you a Gentile once?"

"Don't talk of these things, Elsie: you must like to torture me."

Elsie was too much absorbed in her thoughts to notice her mother's appeal.

"Yes," she continued, "that was before we entered that big ship—before that long journey that puts everything that went before out of my mind. Yet I remember sometimes. Mother, don't the Gentiles have beautiful houses, and gardens full of flowers, and all kinds of other lovely things? Have not the women white delicate hands? Don't they wear shining dresses, and the men seem kind and gentle? The

books Brother Menly lent me say so. But he told me not to believe all the books said. Is it really so, Mother?"

"Yes, Elsie, some of them have these things."

"Didn't we, Mother?"

"Yes; dear but these are foolish vanities that God condemns, and the Saints renounce."

"I don't see why. It seems to me that these vanities are very nice and pleasant. I wish I were a Gentile."

"Oh! my child, would you lose your part in the kingdom, and be lost with the Gentiles, whose days are numbered? Soon the wicked Gentiles will be swept from off the earth. Only last Sunday, Elsie, you heard those very words from the bishop."

"Mother, did God make the Gentiles?"

"Certainly, dear."

"Then it is very cruel in Him to destroy them."

"But if He sees that they are not good?"

"Why, if He made them, He should have made them good. Don't you think so, Mother?"

"I don't think at all, Elsie, and it frightens me to hear you talk so about thinking. People who think for themselves always apostatize, like Brother Menly: then they are lost."

"Will Elder Silvertung go to heaven?"

"Of course, Elsie; the elder is one of the chosen of the Lord."

"Then I don't want to go to heaven. I'd rather be lost in company with Brother Menly."

"Elsie!"

"Don't be frightened, mother, dear: we won't say

any more about it. But tell me, was my father a Mormon ?"

"Oh, Elsie ! why all these questions ?"

"Because I want to know about my father. Elder Silvertung is not my father. But why do you always seem so frightened when I speak of Father ?"

"The elder does not like me to talk of the past."

"Well, he can't hear you know ; so dear little mother, tell me all about him. I want to know if he had many wives, and made you cut wood, and work all day, while he did nothing. But there ! I am sure he was not like that. No ! I dream of him sometimes, and I see him kind, like Brother Menly. Young, handsome, dark, like I am,—full of fun,—didn't he sing ? It is indistinct, but it is such a pleasant image. Come, mother, tell me why you shake. Are you ill ?"

"Yes, yes,—let me go home. I hear the baby crying."

"Mother, do tell me."

"I can't,—I can't. You kill me with your questions ;" and the poor woman, almost desperate, broke away from her daughter, and ran back to the house with her fingers in her ears, lest she should hear Elsie's voice.

Keenly disappointed, Elsie walked on, meditating upon the contrariness of all things, human and divine ; when her attention was arrested by the sound of voices on the other side of the fence. These voices pronounced her name. She had a faint idea that listening was not quite the thing ; but the idea was not strong enough to make her resist the temptation of hearing what Elder Silvertung and Brother Smith had to say about her.

"But Elsie is nothing more than a child," remarked the smooth voice of Silvertung.

"I know that; but does not the Lord command that the youthful maidens be married? Now the Spirit clearly spoke to me when he pointed out Elsie as the wife I should choose."

"Brother Smith, I am glad to find you are obedient to the dictates of the Spirit, and that you are zealous in the faith. Of course, your wives have given their consent?"

Elsie trembled.

"Yes, certainly, Mary Hann, she's glad to 'ave some one to 'elp, and her consent, you know, being has she's the first, his the honly consent needed."

"Of course, of course. However, in courtesy, you know."

"Hexactly so; I prides myself on courtesy, so I asked the hothers. They don't care one way or t'other, hexcept Lucy, hand she his contrary by natur. Yet hi'm sure she has hall hay woman can possibly want. I 'ad the hold barn fixed hup splendid for her, just because she didn't want to live with the hother women. Fine straw beds, and plenty hof milk, bread, potatoes and carrots. Can anything be 'elthier? Then she 'as heleven children to be proud on; hand I go to see 'er regular once or twice a month. But there, some women never are satisfied. I don't see 'ow you manage, helder, to keep your women so quiet."

"It certainly does require tact; but I have a faculty for training, as you know. Now, to return to business. You are thinking of marrying Kleena as well as Elsie?"

"Yes; you see Kleena will be mighty useful as a

wife. She delights in work, is has strong as a hox. She will be no end of 'elp to the women. They are all pleased, but Lucy. She will be a little cantankerous, as she halways was. But the girls mustn't mind 'er. Before the cold weather comes on I hintend to put up two hextra rooms for the girls. As for Helsie, she hain't strong, and I don't want 'er to work. She can see to the school a little; that will be play. Hand she can live quite like a lady."

"Very considerate of you, Brother Smith."

"Hand now, helder, we comes to the point. Will ye consent that Helsie be sealed to me?"

Elsie could hardly repress a scream; and if the men had not been so engrossed in their conversation they might have heard the beatings of her heart.

"Come, now, Brother Silvertung, what d'ye say?"

"Give me a little time to reflect upon it, Brother. You are just the man of my choice. But, to be candid with you, I have been deeply impressed that it is *my* duty to make Elsie's salvation sure. You see, I feel somewhat responsible for the girl; and if she had been of proper age, I would have married her at the same time I did her mother.

"This seems to me the will of the Lord. However, I will consult further the Holy Spirit in this matter."

"Ho, in that case I have nothing more to say. Hon second thought, it is more in haccordance with the law that you should marry Helsie. But we won't say hany more about it. Now——"

The rest of the conversation was lost in the distance, as the speakers moved on, leaving Elsie transfixed with horror at the revelation.

In the last few moments she had lived a lifetime.

Her childhood was buried. The idea of marrying that squint-eyed, monkey-headed Smith, to become No. 5 in his harem, was sufficiently repulsive; but to marry the husband of her mother—that cruel, detested man! O God! death would be preferable. The thought froze her blood—paralyzed her limbs. She fell to the earth unconscious.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELSIE'S DESPERATE RESOLVE.

THE touch of the chilly night-air recalled Elsie to consciousness. It was quite dark, and she felt a secret terror, lest, her absence being noticed, the elder might come to seek her, and thus get a clue to her knowledge. The terror nerved her to return.

Fortunately, the women had not all retired, and they were too wearied and busy to notice her looks. The elder had not returned. A fire was burning upon the hearth. Elsie crouched over it, hoping its warmth would dissipate the chill that numbed her; but the material warmth and light made her still more sensitive to the horror of the future.

Soon she heard the elder's footsteps. Shrinking from the sight of him, Elsie ran to her room, and tried to forget her troubles in sleep, but her secret frightened away slumber. Her mind was busy trying to form some plan of escape; but the more she thought over the means of getting away, the more difficult became the problem. The mountains had no caves, the

plain offered no hiding-place—not even a tree, whose branches could shelter her.

Should she slip away in the night, and walk on winged feet? Yet she would soon be discovered and brought back to her fate.

How she longed for those pathless forests of which she had read! With what delight would she have flown to their darkest depths,—deterred by no fear of bear, wolf, or panther enemies, far less terrible to her imagination than the human foes from whom she longed to flee.

Heart and brain ached and throbbed, in the vain effort to devise some means of escape. Nothing but self-destruction; and from this the young, glowing, vitality shrank. A fitful sleep at last overcame her; but it brought dreams more appalling than the reality. Menacing shadows surrounded her. She walked in a land of filmy terrors, where every sound was a death-knell to hope.

Just before dropping to sleep, a moonbeam had shown to her the web of a small spider. It was a pretty white spider, no doubt a great belle in spider-land, and endowed by vulgar superstition with the power of bringing good-luck. Elsie had begged its life of her mother and watched over it with jealous care.

Now her dreams metamorphosed the harmless creature into a frightful monster. It grew larger, larger. Its head took on a human form—the elder's form. Yes, he it was with his cruel smile, changed into a gigantic spider ready to devour her. Roused by the horror of the dream, she awoke. The dawn was gently stealing in upon the night, bringing hope

and courage to the despairing child. The buoyancy of youth asserted itself: it whispered to Elsie an idea that brought a smile to her lips and brightness to her eyes. It was a strange idea, possible only to a girl reared in Mormondom. But it seemed to Elsie a solution of all her difficulties. She hugged it delightedly. Not only was the idea exceedingly unique,—it was impossible of realization in the existing circumstances. But youth ignores the impossible; and Elsie was young, ignorant, and desperate. As soon as the light permitted, the girl left the house, and quickly sought her favorite retreat, so that she could have a little talk with the new idea.

This retreat was a narrow ravine, the bed of the mountain torrent that nearer the settlement formed the Cascades. It was the home of the larkspur, the columbine, the mountain pink, the delicate lily, and a host of other mountain beauties.

Here Elsie used to come to study under Brother Menly, who took delight in teaching this eager mind. Brother Menly was not an educated man in the usual sense of the term, but he loved to converse with the great minds of the past and present, who, thanks to printing, are ever ready to talk with us. He lent his books to Elsie. Perhaps they were not the best calculated to give her contentment, but they certainly gave her thoughts. They pictured that world of which she knew so little, and opened up a realm of enchantment to the unsophisticated child, whose conceptions, derived solely from books, were very visionary.

If Rasselas, in the Happy Valley, surrounded by all that was lovely, still sighed for the world beyond,

how natural it was that Elsie, surrounded by misery and ugliness, should yearn for that wonderful world shut out from her by those giant mountains.

"Ah!" sighed Elsie, "that I were a bird, how quickly would I scale those dizzy heights."

If she had known of fairies, she would have invoked the queen and all her host to grant her request. Perhaps they did look kindly upon, for as she sighed the rocky sentinels lost their grimness, and appeared in dazzling splendor, crowned with the rays of the rising sun.

Elsie's heart beat with re-awakened courage. All was not yet lost. Heaven smiled upon her.

But it was a weary, weary world after all. Her friends, the flowers, had lost their charms. She scarcely glanced upon them, as she threw herself down upon her accustomed seat, and pondered over her new idea. Suddenly a voice aroused her. It was the voice of her old friend.

"My child, what brings you out so early? Why, are you ill?"

"No, but I wish I was ill—ill enough to die!"

"My little Elsie, do not talk that way; youth recoils from death."

"Well, I don't. I must die, or run away, which will be certain death, if you——"

Here Elsie stammered and blushed.

"How does this desperate resolve depend upon me?" said Brother Menly, with a forced attempt at gaiety. "You are going to die or run away if I——"

"Yes, I must do one or the other unless——" Here Elsie stopped; but she did not blush this time. With eyes and face pale and set she looked at Brother Men-

ly, and in a voice forced and unnatural finished the sentence: "*Unless you marry me.*"

"I marry you!" exclaimed Brother Menly, in a tone that expressed a doubt of the child's sanity. "I marry you! What does it mean."

"It means," said Elsie, who was now desperate, "that I am in awful trouble. My step-father says he is going to marry me; and I would die rather. Yes, you may well stare. It is all true. I found it out last night. I heard them talking—the elder, and Brother Smith, who wants to make me No. 5. Oh! it nearly kills me. I hate them both; and I don't know where I could run to. I like you—you are so good, and I thought you might save me."

Here the girl broke down. She had been talking loud and fast, as though she were forcing herself to speak by some desperate effort. The tension gave way, and the burdened heart relieved itself in tears.

Brother Menly felt shocked and grieved. He seated himself by the side of the weeping child, and tenderly soothed her. Elsie did not shrink, for he touched her reverentially. To him she was sacred.

"My poor little wild blossom," sighed the gray-haired mentor, as he thought of the many victims he had seen sacrificed. But now it was his little Elsie; and the tears of this man, himself a martyr, mingled with those of the child victim.

When her grief had spent itself, Brother Menly questioned Elsie to find out more concerning Silvertung's designs.

"Elsie, my child, take courage; something tells me that this scheme will never be realized. Our Father in Heaven will watch over you, and save you from

this fate. I cannot say how it is to be done, but I am confident of it, and that without my marrying you. Such an act would be a grievous wrong; a blight on your youth, a blot on my conscience. But of what am I talking? Don't you know, Elsie, that even if I would marry you I could not? The Church would not give you to me. According to the Church, my own dear, faithful wife is divorced from me."

"Forgive me," cried Elsie, "in my misery I had forgotten. Yes, they told me you are cut off from the Church. What is it for? What have you done? I'm sure it is nothing but good."

Brother Menly smiled at the child's earnestness.

"What else did they tell you?"

"That I was never to speak to you again, or I should be accursed. But let me be accursed. I will speak to you—yes, I will, even if they do keep me out of heaven. Anyway, you did right to leave this Church, which teaches such wicked things."

"Yes, it is not the Church I joined. That gave us liberty; this makes us slaves."

"And polygamy is wrong, isn't it?"

"That which brutalizes man cannot be right."

"You will go forth, now, and show the people their errors, expose all this wickedness, won't you?"

"Alas, my child, that is impossible; they would not believe me. It is much easier to mislead people than to enlighten them. No, no, it is all over with me. I have been deceived, I may be deceived again. Let me not deceive others. You must leave me, my child. If anyone should find us talking, it would bring trouble to you. Cheer up, my poor child.

Trust in yourself, be true, and God will help you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. But I will see you again somehow; yes, I will," said Elsie, smiling. "I must run home now. Mother will want me."

Away she ran, with a much lighter heart, although her offer of marriage had been refused.

CHAPTER IX.

KLEENA ON PRINCIPLE.

WHEN Elsie reached home, she found the women all ready to commence the day's labors. The cows waited to be milked; children and chickens demanded their breakfast, and other household duties that are never done, because every day brings a repetition.

There is a monotony about household and farm work, as generally performed, which is directly at variance with the human mind; and here, no doubt, lies the secret of the dislike that many of active mentality have to this kind of labor. The house drudge or the farm laborer becomes a mere machine, automatically going round in the same narrow circle. All pleasure, all charm, all beauty is excluded; and the mind atrophies or rebels according to its force.

Elsie rebelled. Her spirit protested. Now for the first time she blessed labor, for it prevented her from thinking.

In the afternoon Kleena ran in, all smiles.

"Elsie, come into the orchard; I'm dying for a talk."

"I will, Kleena, as soon as I can get this baby to sleep. I have been trying to get him off for the last half hour."

"Well, I don't wonder. You look so awful glum you would scare any baby. Give him to me. I'll get him to sleep in a minute. I'm just bursting with news. Now, little screecher, just you go to sleep."

Babies always did as Kleena told them, and this one was soon asleep.

"Now, Elsie, come along where no one can hear us, because it is secrets, you know."

The girls stole away in the orchard, Elsie trembling all the while, afraid to speak lest her secret should escape.

"Well," grumbled Kleena, "you're the queerest girl. You don't even look curious, nor ask me what it is. If it wasn't that I am good, I wouldn't tell you. Can you guess?"

"Going to be married?"

"Well now, you did come pretty near it. But 'taint that exactly. But I have a beau. Just guess who. A real serious beau."

"Tell me, Kleena" (pronounced Kleenay). "I'm not good at guessing."

"Oh! he is a grand beau—way up—quite high-toned. Just think. Brother Smith."

"Oh, Kleena! that horrid thing."

"Well, he ain't so very handsome; but who cares for beauty in a man? He is better'n handsome, he's rich; and they say he will be a bishop 'fore he dies. Now, mother says that in our country a bishop is a mighty great man, who would never even look at the

likes of me ; and just think, me being the wife of a bishop."

"But he has four wives !"

"All the better. Don't you see he will be ever such a grand man in the other world, and wives come in there for a share of the grandeur."

"Then you are going to marry him."

"Well, now, that isn't certain. He hasn't asked me yet ; but he will, for he is so awful polite, and talks so beautifully about the salvation of my soul—and of my pretty eyes, and teeth—them's sure symptoms of a proposal. But now I want to talk over matters. You have an awful lot of ideas, and I'm rather jumbled atween the wish to get up in the world, and principle."

"You should choose principle, Kleena. But I did not know you bothered yourself about principles."

"Well, I don't generally. Let those who make 'em do that. Howsumever, I do think that families shouldn't be broken up ; that you should stick to yer own. Now, you see my sister and cousin are both married to a pretty nice man. They are as happy as birds. He's pretty well-to-do, and he is going to build another house so that they may each have one for their very own ; not that they want to live apart, for they are just so happy. Well, sister and cousin think that I ought to be the third wife, and I think so too. It would be such a pity to let such a nice man as Brother Gibson go out of the family. Now, that's my principle, Elsie, and you see it goes right agin my prospects. There's Brother Leeson, too, an actual bishop, he's rather sweet, but not quite so far gone as Brother Smith. Now, give us your opinion ; don't forget the principle. Come now, speak out."

"Oh, don't ask me, Kleena. I hate it all. I don't think there should be any plural marriage."

"Why, you little apostate, you're going right agin God's revelation."

"Can't help it. There's brother Menly, he never had but one wife."

"He is an apostate."

"Well, there are several more we know of."

"Yes, but they won't have no glory in the next world; besides, it's a commandment."

"Well, if it is right, why should it be so hard upon the women? They are God's children as well as the men."

"Sister Leeson says it is hard on women everywhere, and that we are much happier than the Gentiles, who will be all swept off the earth in a few years. Them's her very words, and she knows, for the President says she's a good saint—a mother in Israel. But now, tell me what to do. There's Brother Leeson, great glory, but not quite sure; Brother Smith, less glory, but sure; and Sister's husband, on principle."

"If I were you, Kleena, I would stick to principle. There's mother calling me; I must go in."

"Thank you for your advice, Elsie, and in return I will speak to Sister Leeson about you. That's a bad spirit you've got."

Elsie tossed her head defiantly and told Kleena to mind her own business.

CHAPTER X.

THE ELDER MAKES A MOVE.

ELSIE was slow in obeying her mother's call. Instinct warned her of coming evil; and when she reached her mother's apartment her fears were realized.

In the only arm-chair sat the elder, smiling more blandly than usual. This smile is a distinctive trait, characterizing the future gods. It might be called the polygamous smile, for its blandness increases at every sealing.

"Come, come, Elsie, Elder Silvertung is waiting to speak with you."

Elsie's heart stood still. Had it come so soon? Mrs. S. seemed agitated. Tears filled her eyes; yet she smiled as she drew Elsie into the house. Could she smile, thought Elsie, if he had spoken?

"Mary, tell the child our decision."

The elder spoke in a tone that none of his household ever dreamed of disobeying.

"Elsie, dear, the elder and I think it best that you go to town for a little while."

"And leave you, Mother?"

"Oh! I know I shall miss you terribly, but it is for your good." Here the mother burst into tears.

"I cannot imagine why women must always cry just as if they were babies. Of course it is for the girl's good. She is running wild here; in town she will learn something. Besides, at Lucy's she will be removed from all bad influences; and *I* can look after her myself."

The tone in which the elder said this revived the horrors of the preceding night. Elsie felt certain that he was taking her to town in order to marry her. What could she do?

"I don't want to go without Mother."

"What you want is not the point in consideration. We know what is the best for you. You will be ready to start with me to-morrow morning. No more nonsense, if you please. As for you, Mrs. Silvertung, you do very wrong to allow your daughter to be so self-willed. Obedience is the only virtue a woman needs. You must answer for this to the Lord; but we will speak of it at a more convenient time. Do not forget to-morrow morning."

The elder said this in a no-appeal manner, and then walked out.

"See, Elsie," pleaded Mrs. S., "how you get me into trouble with your self-will! The elder will not forget, and it is I who must suffer. Ah! but it is a heavy cross. And Elsie, I want you to go to town; it will do you so much good."

"Then, Mother, I will not say another word against it. But"——

"No buts, Elsie; I know what you would say—that I shall miss you. Indeed I shall. Still, dear, I must make the sacrifice for your good. It is a kindness on the elder's part."

"Kindness! It is not kindness."

"Then what else is it, you strange girl?"

Elsie longed to tell her mother all; but she felt that even a hint of such infamy must never come first from her lips.

"Answer me, Elsie; what other motive can he have?"

Elsie knew not what to say. Then a bright thought came to her. She answered:

"To take me away from my only friend, my dear Brother Menly. But we won't say anything more about it. What shall I do to get ready?"

There was but little preparation to make, yet that little kept Elsie very busy. Whenever she tried to steal away to say good-bye to her mentor, she was always recalled by her mother or by the elder, who seemed to be continually watching her movements.

Another sleepless night. Black circles formed under Elsie's eyes.

She rose at the first glimpse of dawn, in the hope of finding Brother M. at the Retreat; but early as it was she found her mother up and the breakfast in preparation. Elsie's assistance was required for numberless services, then the elder came in, and Elsie was forced to abandon all hopes of seeing her friend.

As the moment of separation drew near, the hearts of mother and child grew heavy; yet it was not so much the parting as the terror of the future that made Elsie cling to her mother in tearful agony.

The sound of wagon-wheels told them that the last moment had arrived.

"My child, what shall I do without you?" cried the mother, as she clasped Elsie in her arms.

"Come, come, you women; don't make fools of yourselves. I have no time to waste in silliness."

The sound of the elder's voice iced all Elsie's affection. She drew away from her mother, and, immobile as a statue, awaited the next order.

"Now, then, jump in, Elsie. You will soon see

your mother; so there's no use to spoil your eyes with crying about her."

Elsie obeyed. The horses started—the girl turned to take one last look. As she did so, she caught sight of a dust-stained, rough-looking tramp, who seemed to be watching the departure with uncommon interest. Elsie started involuntarily.

The elder's family of four wives and seventeen children were assembled to see Elsie start. The good-byes were prolonged till the sound of the voices died away in the distance. Still Elsie gazed. One spot especially attracted her. It was the ravine of the torrent—the sacred retreat in her memory,—and near the retreat, standing out in bold relief against the gray rocks, was the solitary figure of a man. It was Brother Menly.

Elsie waved him a farewell.

Often in after years the scene would burst upon her with the vividness of reality. Again she would see every detail of that picture—the mountains, so grim and stern—the gray, desolate plain—the isolated, sorrowful figure of Brother Menly—the forlorn adobe house before which stood her weeping mother—the crowd of white-faced, dirty children—the ragged, desperate-looking tramp—the living misery intensified by the mocking garish sunlight, by the verdure and bloom of orchard and meadows.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRAMP.

"SAY, friend, is that Brother Hebson?"

The speaker was the tramp we have already noticed.

"That? No. It is Elder Silvertung," answered the person addressed.

"A pretty gal that he has with him. Wife or daughter?"

The tramp was inquisitive. Many of the Saints would have quickly informed him of the fact; but as it happened, the brother he addressed was very fond of talking.

"It just happens she ain't neither. She is a step-daughter; and you are the first one who ever called Elsie Lascelle pretty."

"Don't admire your taste, myself."

"That's nothing, Brother; there's no accounting for taste. I suppose that was the mother saying good-bye."

"Yes, that is her mother. She used to be pretty, and no mistake, just as pretty as a doll. But that's years ago. She came over about the time of the hand-cart expedition. Good-day, Brother."

The tramp appeared to be lost in thought, so much so that he did not return the parting salute of the gossipy brother.

The next movement of the tramp looked supicious. He walked up to the door of Mrs. Mary Silvertung's apartment, and knocked.

"My good lady, will you give me a drink of water?"

Mrs. Silvertung, instead of replying, dropped into a chair, trembling from head to foot, just as if she had heard or seen a ghost. Perhaps she had. Many, many ghosts confront us during life—ghosts of dead hopes, dead aspirations, dead loves, and dead happiness.

"I'm feared I skeered ye, lady."

The tramp now spoke in a gruff voice, very different to the tone of his first speech. The gruffness seemed to reassure the frightened woman. She looked up and saw a rough-looking man, gray, grim, travel-stained, a battered hat was drawn over his eyes, a thick unkempt beard concealed mouth and chin, his face (all that remained visible) bore deep, terrible scars. He must have held a charmed life to have survived such wounds.

"I didn't mean to skeer ye. I know I ain't very handsome. The Indians spoiled my beauty long ago."

"Poor man. No, your looks didn't frighten me; but that voice," she continued as if speaking to herself, "that voice, but then he is dead, yes, dead." Then she said aloud, "I feel rather weak and fanciful this morning. You asked me for some water; I have never refused that yet—I will get some." Saying this, Mrs. Silvertung took up an empty pail.

"Just give me that ere bucket. No woman draws water for Jim Tracy while he has the use of his arms. Show me where to get it, I'll fill that there pail too" (pointing to another empty one), "cause ye'll want it all when ye come to do up the chores."

The tramp, directed by Mrs. Silvertung, returned with two pails of water brimming full. This kind act

won the woman's heart. She placed on the table a bowl of milk, with some fresh-made bread and butter, for the man's breakfast.

"Hard country this ere for women."

"Yes, it is hard for all; but I suppose the Lord knows what is best for us."

"Don't ye wish to get back to yer old home?"

"Go back to Babylon and be lost! That would be terrible," said the woman, shuddering.

"Excuse me, ma'am, I didn't know that ye belonged to the Church of these parts. No offense, I hope, ma'am."

"None at all."

"That were yer darter that went away just now?"

"Yes; her step-father has taken her to town."

"Is she a Mormon?"

"Yes, and I hope she will be a good Saint. Her step-father wants to put her to school. Is he not good? She was not learning anything here, and then, too, there were bad influences."

Mrs. Silvertung felt she was doing wrong to talk this way with a stranger, but she felt powerless to resist. A group of children came in, and eyed the tramp curiously.

"These yer children, ma'am?"

"Only two; the others belong to the other wives."

"My father has five wives," said a boy of ten, in a boastful tone, as if he had said five houses, "and," he continued, "Aunt Mary is the fourth, ain't you, Aunt Mary?"

The woman turned away and the tramp fancied he saw her wiping off a tear. It was all fancy, no doubt. This tramp was given to fancies; for as he looked at

the worn figure in its ill-made, dingy calico, looking as degraded as the bare, dirty walls and earth floor of the room, there rose before him a vision of a dainty parlor framing a graceful figure of a lovely woman, clad in trailing robes of shimmering blue, perfumed roses nestling in her hair and on her snowy bosom, by her side a bright-eyed, white-robed, laughing sprite, the sun and the sunbeam of a happy home.

A strange vision for a tramp; but he was a queer tramp, without even an appetite.

"Wall, I must be off on my journey. Many thanks, my good lady."

Yet the man lingered at the door as if loth to go. Again he spoke to Mrs. Silvertung:

"Excuse me speaking so; but wouldn't ye like to get out of this ere place, if ye had a good chance?"

"No, no. I am dead to the past—dead—dead," murmured Mrs. S., more to herself than to the man, who moved off slowly, muttering as he went, "Dead, dead!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE PISTOL.

THE tramp followed the direction taken by the elder. He soon arrived at a point where a road, or rather a wagon trail leading to some mines, connected with the main road, and a few yards beyond a narrow path led up the mountain to a small canyon.

There he found the elder engaged in very earnest conversation with some mining men.

"I cannot stay any longer," said the elder. "I have already delayed nearly an hour; but I will return to-morrow night."

"For certain, to-morrow night."

"Yes. Be at my house in the village to-morrow night about eight o'clock."

"All right," replied the men. "To-morrow night."

The wind shrieked the words in the tramp's ear—to-morrow night!

He hissed back, to-morrow night!

He then looked at the fast disappearing vehicle, then at the trail, by following which he might meet the travelers on the main road, as the latter made a long detour round a spur of the mountain.

The tramp looked but once, then ran up the mountain path, repeating ever, as he hurried along: "To-morrow night, to-morrow night." Then he drew forth from an inner pocket, a small, beautifully wrought pistol, which glistened in the sunlight as though it were a thing of life, and not an instrument of death.

The tramp gazed at it lovingly, tenderly. "Art thou tired of waiting, little friend? Well, only one day more, and then thy destiny shall be fulfilled. Only a few hours,—until to-morrow night. But why not to-day?—yes, why not now? To-morrow night may never come."

The thought lent fresh speed to his steps; he seemed to fly, his gaze riveted on the pistol.

"Yes, all is ready: then to-day my revenge."

The deadly toy seemed to smile in answer; but it was only the glint of the sunbeams as they danced over the shining metal. Attracted by the sparkle, a

butterfly lit upon the pistol's mouth,—joyous life playing in the jaws of death.

It was a very trifling incident; but trifles are the axles upon which turn the wheels of destiny. This caprice of the butterfly awoke a dormant conscience.

The tramp stopped. A smile lit up his face and chased away the cruel shadows lurking there; for the sight of the pretty insect brought vividly to his mind a legend that once charmed him,—in the days of his youth—in the long ago. "The butterfly! 'tis the emblem of the soul," he murmured. "Has then, some friendly spirit left its home to watch over me?" He sighed, the smile vanished; but the pistol was returned to its hiding-place. The disturbed butterfly hovered around the man, poising itself here and there on his arms and shoulders, then finally rested upon his hat. Over the gray mountain trail hurried the man. Along the road came the light wagon wherein sat Elsie and the elder. The latter hummed a tune. When the tramp's ear caught the sound, his eyes flashed, he leaped along the trail, he gained the road; the light wagon came in sight and the tramp's right hand sought "that friend" lying close to his breast. "Revenge at last!" he cried; but again the butterfly diverted his attention. The pale-winged insect fascinated the rough, scarred man, who, forgetting his revenge, watched its movements as it circled round him twice, then winging its flight towards the wagon, it alighted on Elsie's shoulder.

The man started, as the girl's pale, troubled face turned towards him; and the mute appeal of her sad eyes thrilled his soul. That look cried out unto him, "I'm in the toils; help me!" and the man's awakened

soul answered, "I will help you." His right hand dropped empty by his side. "I must help her," he murmured, "and a blood-stained hand can not give help."

The wagon passed on,—the elder still hummed merrily, the butterfly flitted from Elsie back to its first friend, the tramp. The latter stood gazing upon the vehicle till it was out of sight, then he took the trail. His head was bent, seemingly in deep thought; and a word his lips muttered ever and again, suggested a predominating idea. That word was "money," —money, the potent talisman, the all-conquering sword of the nineteenth century.

At length the tramp found himself upon the spot where he had heard the words, "to-morrow night," and once again commenced the struggle.

Revenge regained the ascendency; he muttered, "Why not to-morrow?"

His brain seemed on fire,—he took off his hat to wipe his brow; this movement disturbed the butterfly. It stretched its wings, fluttered about the man, then flew down the road leading to the mines. The man looked fondly after the insect, to him, a wanderer, it was a friend. Perhaps the butterfly also felt lonely upon the desert, and wanted a companion; for it soon returned, hovered round the man, then flew off again in the same direction, then back and forth, as if it would say, "Come, friend, follow me."

"And I will follow thee, strange butterfly," cried the man; "once this morning thou hast brought me good, now, perhaps, thou wilt bring me fortune."

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNEYING TO TOWN.

FTEN had Elsie pictured to herself a trip to town. Next to escape, it was her most cherished desire, and many an hour had she spent painting every detail of the trip in the most brilliant hues of youthful imagination.

How different was the reality! Separated from her mother, in the power of the man she hated, knowing his secret designs, and dreading that this trip was only a pretext for the better furtherance of his scheme,—the girl suffered tortures. How she envied the birds, and the lizards! they all seemed so free and happy.

There was no hope, unless Brother Menly was a true prophet and God would help her.

It was a most miserable journey. The only relief was the memory of the tramp. Of him Elsie thought often, and always as a friend. From the moment she started at seeing him watching her departure, her mind interested itself in him. This interest was very much intensified by his second appearance upon the road. Evidently he had awaited them. For what purpose? Why had he gazed upon her so intently? Would he meet her again?

These problems excited Elsie's natural curiosity; her thoughts became less somber, less concentrated upon self.

The elder was in a very happy mood. At first he tried to conciliate Elsie by polite attentions, but her *gloom*y sadness repelled him. He very naturally at-

tributed this sadness to the separation from her mother —a sorrow that would soon wear off, if let alone ; and, as he disliked the role of sympathizer, he soon left Elsie to her own thoughts, and amused himself with reflections upon his actual prosperity and in projecting schemes for its increase.

Everything went well with this zealous servant of the Lord. If sometimes the doom pronounced against him on Mountain Meadows affrighted his memory, he soon laughed away the superstitious dread, for blessings, not curses, seemed to be his portion. Riches, power, and a numerous progeny, were his. What more could a Saint desire?

The idea that now possessed him in regard to Elsie promised to afford him much amusement and pleasure.

To own her in spite of her dislike, to break that proud spirit, would indeed be delightful. However, he was in no hurry. He would wait to see whether her beauty would be worth the trouble. Then, too, she must receive some little accomplishment. He could afford an ornamental wife.

So in silence they rode along, the man laughing, the girl sighing,—on towards Zion ; both indifferent to the grand beauties of the mountain scenery through which they passed ; one blinded by sensual egotism, the other by sorrow.

But when they emerged from the mountain-pass on to the plain where stands the city of Zion, Elsie forgot all in ecstasy as she gazed upon the glorious scene before her.

At her feet lay the city, the oasis in the desert ; its tree-lined streets, its blooming orchards, looked in the distance, like a fairy lake of amber-tinted green and

silvery gray ; upon it floated masses of purple, pink, and white foam, out of which rose the buildings, like so many islets. A gray belt of desert encircled the city, enhancing, by contrast, its beauteous verdure. Away in the distance, the waters of the great Salt Lake gleamed in the sunlight like a golden mirror, reflecting the savage beauty of the cedar heights; while around on every side, arose, in silent majesty, the snow-clad peaks of the Wasatch.

The traveler, satiated with nature's loveliness, would have declared it a scene of surpassing beauty. To unsophisticated Elsie, it was one of heavenly splendor. Words died on her lips ; a gentle sadness, akin to heavenly joy, took the place of despair.

But the beauteous scene began to fade. Mrs. Lucy Silvertung received Elsie somewhat ungraciously; and the first night spent in town was as miserable as the preceding ones.

But the next morning Mrs. Oreana, the reigning favorite, called to see the child of her old friend. She was so much pleased with Elsie that she carried her off to the Beehive House for a few days, and then insisted that Elsie should take lessons with the "royal" children. When Mrs. Lucy saw how attentive the powers were to Elsie, she deemed it best to be gracious ; and when Elsie returned from the "royal" house, Aunt Lucy met her in the most affectionate manner, and Elsie suddenly found herself of very great importance.

The elder came and went, without hinting his intentions by either word or sign. Elsie began to think she must have been mistaken. Perhaps it was a feint on the part of the elder to save her from

Brother Smith, without giving that worthy direct offense. The more Elsie thought of this the more she felt certain it was so. How easy it is to believe any thing that we earnestly desire!

Once persuaded of her mistake, Elsie commenced to enjoy the pleasant life opening to her.

In her new home she saw none of the horrors of Mormonism. The house was pretty and nicely furnished, the table well supplied, and Mrs. Lucy elegantly dressed.

Elsie's wardrobe underwent a great change. The sun-bonnet disappeared altogether, much to Elsie's delight. Her new dresses were various and tasteful; her friends gave her numerous presents, and for the first time she knew the pleasure of possessing ribbons, trinkets, and pretty things.

Then her lessons delighted her. She was freed from toil, and could walk when she pleased, read, study, or play.

Often, indeed, the tears would flow at the thought of her mother, and her cheek would flush at the cruel injustice of polygamy. He heart would yearn for her old friend Brother Menly, whose wise counsels had so often befriended her, the friend whom no one could replace, not even Mrs. Oreana, who had inspired Elsie with the most enthusiastic devotion. Still Elsie was young, her heart was buoyant, her life pleasant. Therefore it was impossible to be unhappy.

CHAPTER XIV.

SISTER SARAH DINLY.

THE next event in this drama was Sister Dinly's party. Not that the party was one like those recorded in the annals of fashion. Indeed, as a party it was scarcely worth mentioning. But if this social gathering was commonplace in itself, the hostess, the occasion of the party, and its results, were unique and extraordinary. Sister Sarah Dinly was decidedly peculiar according to received ideas; but holy in repute was she among the Saints. Apostles pointed her out as a shining light, and bade the lukewarm follow her glorious example. She was president of the Relief Society of Josephville, secretary of the Woman's Co-operative Society, and chief spokeswoman of the Saintesses. Her portly figure, bright eyes, and dictatorial manner appeared delightfully refreshing among the sad, pinched, wan faces of our previous acquaintances.

Sister Sarah was not a beauty. A sharp nose, large features, sallow complexion and loud voice are not attributes of beauty. But she was a go-ahead woman and a Saint. Sanctity and go-aheaditiveness can dispense with beauty, and they generally do.

Sister Dinly was an apostle of marriage—plural marriage. She had commenced at the early age of eighteen by marrying John Dinly, a bashful, timid young man. Next, she tried to marry off her acquaintances. The moment she heard of a religion whose great feature was much marrying, she hastened to embrace it; and, with her husband, came to Zion.

Her dream was to reign queen over a harem. But here she was balked by her husband's perverseness. To please her he had been baptized—he had come to Zion. But another wife—when he found one altogether too much—frightened him into firmness; and he said no, for the first time in his life. In vain she urged upon him the necessity of building up the kingdom, and brought counsel to bear upon him. He was deaf and blind. Then she represented to him the labor that devolved upon her, the only wife.

"Hire another gal," was the imperturbable answer.

She then talked to him of the humiliation awaiting them in the next world.

"Peace in this is all I ask." Poor Dinly! It was a vain asking, as long as there was an unmarried girl that pleased Sister Sarah's fancy.

Many a time, returning from his work, he would take a furtive glance through the window to see if any of the fair sex kept his wife company; in which case he would slink away unperceived, and trust to chance to supply his evening meal.

Once only did he have a respite. This was when Sister Sarah was marrying off her children. The matrimonial business of her neighbors not being of such vital importance, allowed her plenty of time to plan and make attacks upon Brother Dinly's peace.

She never wearied of her labors; and how much she did labor to find wives for her husband, none but the angels knew. Blondes and brunettes; shrinking, violet-eyed nymphs, and laughing, brown-eyed houris; sisters grown wise in experience, and innocent darlings; prayerful maidens, and mischief-loving sprites; good girls, naughty girls, smart girls, silly girls; little

and big, plump and slender, she had found and offered to her husband, as of old Sara offered Hagar to Abraham.

Suddenly Sister Sarah left off struggling with her husband. She let him go his own way. She grew silent. Brother Dinly rejoiced. Foolish Dinly; he had never studied human nature, or he would have quaked; for, in women and children, silence means mischief.

Sister Dinly, finding it impossible to marry off her husband, was meditating marrying herself to some one else, high up in the kingdom.

But there were several things to consider. She wished to be made joint queen with the first wife: the idea of being sixth or seventh did not suit her. Neither did she wish to relinquish her position, for Brother Dinly was well-to-do in the world, and the luxuries of this life are not to be despised.

A luminous idea gradually dawned upon her. One day she informed her husband that she wished to go to town to visit her daughter. She could not have had a wish more delightful to Brother John, who did all he could to facilitate her departure. The only question he asked was, "How long she would be gone?"

"Two months; perhaps longer. I have a great deal of Church business to attend to, several friends to visit, and I shall be baptized for Queen Elizabeth and a few others. So you see I have a great deal to do. I am not a do-nothing like you."

With this parting thrust she left.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LOVERS' WALK.

THE Temple Block in Salt Lake City is a very pleasant promenade. The sidewalks are always in good order. The stream running by is ever clear and pure, and the lofty trees make refreshing shade, even in a July midday. It is often called "The Lovers' Walk;" and on a moonlight evening numerous couples may be seen, attentive only to each other; for although polygamy excludes real love, it includes courting, and very much of it. Hence, the "Lovers' Walk" is quite necessary.

A week or so after Sister Dinly's arrival in town, one bright, moonlight evening, a couple were promenading the "Lover's Walk." The lady appeared more advanced in years and experience than the usual class of wooed damsels; moreover, she seemed in distress of mind, for she held a handkerchief to her eyes. The gentleman seemed to be endeavoring to comfort her. In this effort he was quite successful, for soon the lady restored the handkerchief to her pocket, and took the gentleman's arm. The conversation became absorbing, and when the twain parted, under the shade of the spreading locust, their parting embrace was a little too warm for purely fraternal affection. The lady was Sister Dinly; the gentleman, one Brother Simpson, the proud possessor of four wives and numerous children.

The next day Sister Dinly arrayed herself in her very best, a bright red dress, crimson shawl, and a hat trimmed with white ribbons, an orange feather, and

bunches of cherries and grapes. She made a very imposing figure, her huge crinoline taking up most of the sidewalk.

As she walked up Main street her smiles faded and a look of trouble darkened her face. The climax had arrived.

Sister Dinley had found the man who could exalt her in the kingdom—a man also rather pleasant to look upon—an important factor when eternity is in consideration. The man was willing; but Sister Dinly had principles—principles that must be scrupulously observed.

She had constituted herself a judge, an authority in all the intricacies and etiquette of plural marriage; she had drawn up a code for the benefit of her sisters, and she felt in honor bound to scrupulously obey its statutes.

Now, according to this code, wife number one had the right to choose her husband's subsequent wives. Therefore, she could not be sealed to Brother Simpson without the consent and approbation of his wife number one. Fortunately, this lady was a particular friend and pupil of Sister Dinly. Still it was a trying matter to broach the subject; it filled her mind with a vague unpleasantness. While pondering over the ways and means to introduce the subject to Mrs. S., she suddenly met the very person.

"Why, Sister Dinly, you in town, and not called upon us!"

"Ah, Sister Simpson, it was just because I have been thinking about you so much that I did not call."

"Well, that is a queer excuse."

"Yes, dear, things are queer now; and I was

a-coming to consult with you when you found me." Sister Dinly sighed.

"I do hope you ain't in trouble."

"That's it, dear; I am in trouble."

"Well, then, tell me all about it, and if I can help, rely upon me."

"That is just like you, Sister Simpson. I knew your great heart. But we can't discuss the matter here on the streets."

"No, certainly. You will come with me home."

Discoursing upon less important subjects they soon reached the house of Sister Simpson.

Sister Simpson No. 4 lived under the careful eye of No. 1, who thus kept the powers of priority and novelty in her own hands.

For this secret, so useful in polygamous households, she was indebted to Sister Dinly.

"You see, Sister Dinly, your instructions are good. Brother Simpson makes this his home. He only visits the others, and his visits are short. We get along famously."

"Ah! Sister Simpson, how I envy you."

"Envy me! la, now, you are joking."

"No, indeed, I envy you. Think what you will be in the Celestial Kingdom! Then think of me after all my labors,—nowhere! all on account of man's perversity. The thought of it is killing me. I can't sleep for worrying about it. Then too, you are quite a lady, waited on by so many sister wives, while I have to do everything."

"It is hard, certainly; still perhaps it would be worse: 'tain't very comfortable always; some don't get along at all."

"That is because they don't know how to manage: with us it is very different. As for me, I am actually ashamed of Dinly's remissness. But that ain't all, dear: lately I have had strange dreams, I might even say revelations, that trouble me greatly."

"Why, Sister Dinly, I should be delighted to have a revelation."

"But if it told you to do something almost impossible,—something very difficult to do."

"Difficult! Don't the Lord always make it easy? I thought, dear sister, you were brave?"

"Yes, dear, I'd do it immediately, if it rested with me; but this will of the Lord can only be done with your consent."

"With my consent! You surprise me more and more; but rest assured, I shall never oppose a revelation. What is it, dear?"

"Ah," replied Sister Dinly, excitedly seizing the hand of Sister Simpson, "it has been made clear to me that my exaltation in the kingdom entirely depends upon my being sealed to Brother Simpson."

"Sealed to Brother Simpson?" Sister Simpson looked blank. Sister Sarah Dinly for a friend was very nice; but for a sister wife—it was altogether different.

Mrs. Dinly read her friend's thoughts.

"You see, dear, I wouldn't leave Brother Dinly; it would break his heart; he thinks the world on me; and I might be the means of saving him yet. No, I never will leave Brother Dinly. But——"

Sister Simpson's brow cleared.

"But," continued Sister Dinly, "don't you remember the case of Sister B——, who was sealed to Bishop

W——, and yet remained with her husband? Now why couldn't I, without leaving Brother Dinly, be sealed to your husband for eternity? If I could be made a joint queen with you in Bishop Simpson's kingdom (think of my exaltation in eternity), I should then worry no more."

Sister Simpson was smiling now. A sealing for eternity was very different from a sealing for time.

"Well, dear Sister, I don't see why you shouldn't be sealed to Husband for *eternity*" (a great stress on the eternity). "If every one is willing, I'm sure I am; and what Sister B—— did, certainly you can do."

"God bless you, dear Sister, I knew you would help me. Will you break it to Brother Simpson? You know, dear, that it is your right; and I wouldn't, for worlds, encroach upon your rights, which are our rights."

"Just like you, Sister Dinly, always upholding our rights. I'll speak to the bishop this very day."

"Another thing, dear; I don't want this matter spoken of. If Brother Dinly should hear of it, his feelings might be hurt, and I want peace and good-will around me; so please don't mention it to the other wives."

"Not a word, dear; rely upon me."

Thus it was all arranged for Sister Dinly's happiness. The sealing took place, and Bishop S. did not look any way oppressed by it. Sister Simpson No. 1 never knew of the moonlight stroll around "Lover's Walk;" and Brother Dinly remained in blissful ignorance of his wife's sealing operation. So all were happy. Neither did Sister Dinly dread any

exposure; for the Saints can keep secrets. Secresy ranks next after tithing among the virtues of Mormon Saints.

CHAPTER XVI.

SISTER DINLY'S PARTY.

"MY dear Lucy," said Mrs. Dinly to her daughter, Mrs. Silvertung No. 5, "I do feel so happy. I have managed to make my eternal exaltation sure."

"Glad to hear it."

"I know you are, my dear, and we really should give a little party. Let me see, we will have that dear Brother Simpson and his wives——"

"Not all, Mother?"

"Oh, no, dear, only Emily and Alice; they live together, you know; then Brother Delville and my adopted daughter, his number three."

"If you invite her, the others in town must come, or Brother Delville will have to get a wig. His wives keep him in order, I can tell you."

"Well, let them all come. There's Stanly Delville; he will be a nice beau for Elsie. There, child, you needn't blush, it is time you had a beau; and Stanly is a nice young man, a little serious and peculiar, but then you are peculiar too, Elsie; and bless me, why I had forgotten, didn't you and he run away together some ten years ago. Quite a little romance. Won't it be nice? You shall be a queen, my little Elsie, and I will teach you how to manage the other wives, for Stanly will make an excellent provider, he

ought at least to have six wives. So put down Stanly's name. There, never mind me, Elsie, it is only a joke; he won't so much as look at you—more's the pity; for this Stanly hates all our sex, especially girls. Doesn't he, Lucy?"

The match-maker gave a sly look at her daughter, as much as to say:

"Don't you see my trick?"

Mrs. Lucy understood, and was silent. She did not sympathize with her mother's mania.

"And Sister Silea, we must not forget her, the most gifted of our women. She will represent the President's family."

"We ought to invite Brother Lewis, who has just returned from a mission."

"Let him come, he will entertain us; and there's that beautiful new-comer, Sister Laima; and of course you will invite the elder; so that's all settled."

The invitations were given and accepted. In those good old times the Saints never dreamed of refusing an invitation.

The ladies, Brother Simpson, and the missionary, came early. In the afternoon, other gentlemen dropped in as early as business permitted. It was a very nice party; every one in the most amiable mood, that is, if smiling is any evidence of amiability. Still the pleasure was marred by a certain anxiety and preoccupation, which appeared in the manner of many of the guests.

The rival wives were engrossed in watching each other, so that no one should take more than her share of the attentions of the husband; and he, not daring to speak to one, for fear of offending the others,

ignored the wifely trio, and devoted himself to Elsie and Laima.

The hostess bestowed all her smiles and attentions upon Brother Simpson, to the evident discomposure of Mrs. Simpson No. 1, who no doubt thought that her friend ought to wait for the arrival of eternity. Brother Simpson seemed to enjoy this "*time*" demonstration, although his glances wandered in Laima's direction more than Mrs. Dinly considered allowable by the polygamic code.

The lady was troubled. She felt angry that she had invited this girl, who seemed to turn everyone's head; for there was the missionary, whose adventures ought to have been the capital stock of the conversation, entirely absorbed in Laima; and Sister Silea, the gifted, who was supposed to despise everything except *mind*, and who knew every interesting item of the past, present, and future of Desert, she also seemed wholly occupied with some great idea inspired by Laima's bright eyes.

And Laima certainly was very handsome—wickedly, saucily handsome. Her figure, slightly above the medium height, was beautifully framed, perhaps a shade too voluptuous; but in Zion this was a charm, not a fault. But Laima's greatest attraction was her rich coloring; half blonde, half brunette, every feature glowed and sparkled. Then she tossed her small shapely head with such a charming air of defiance; this toss, added to the infinitesimal celestial tendency of a pretty nose, gave to her beauty a piquancy altogether irresistible.

Women generally disliked Laima; and the moment she entered room Elsie hated her. But this antipathy

decreased when she found that Stanly was not bewitched by the glowing belle; for Elsie, piqued by Mrs. Dinley's remark about Stanly's non-susceptibility, had determined to make a conquest of him. Little she dreamed that he was already conquered, that the remembrance of little Elsie made him indifferent to the charms of Zion's belles.

Elsie's memories of Stanly were very vague, yet they were tender. Stanly was once her friend, her confidant; together they had watched for the one who never came, together they had sought escape from this hated place. Yes, Elsie remembered, but that was all so long ago, it seemed to her like a different existence.

Stanly, who hated parties, eagerly accepted Mrs. Dinly's invitation.

Was that tall, graceful, dignified girl little Elsie of old? And that moustached young athlete, could it be the boy playmate? For a few moments they stood dumbly looking at each other, bashful, embarrassed, then Sister Dinly went to the rescue.

"Well, Elsie, did you think that that nice little boy who used to play with your kitten would ever turn into such a fierce-looking creature who won't even smile when he meets a fair sister."

"Sister Dinly, please don't give me such a morose character to this young lady, who no doubt has forgotten all that passed ten years ago."

"I haven't quite forgotten," answered Elsie, laughing. That laugh put the young people somewhat at their ease. They chatted about old times, and found the party delightful.

When all were assembled, and the conversation

was flagging on account of the engrossing interest in Laima, gaiety was restored by the announcement of supper.

"And after supper we will have a dance," cried Mrs. Dinly.

Eating has a wonderful influence on the spirits. The Saints are not unlike other people in this respect, and they did ample justice to the very substantial repast, which in more pretentious circles would have been called dinner.

Among a people whose church includes politics, business, and every life interest, the conversation must necessarily be churchy; and if these people seem to talk in a canting style, it is because they could not do otherwise unless they avoided every subject of interest.

"Brother Delville," said Elder Silvertung, "this co-operative revelation is a grand thing. I suppose you are one of the chiefs in the business."

"Not I. I have too much to do to attend to my own affairs, and I don't think it will be a success."

"Why, Brother Delville, what's the matter with you? Why, of course it will be a success. Everything the Church does is a success. If the Lord does not know how to manage things I should like to know who does. I thought you would go right into it as Brother N. is talking of doing. I expect he will let his store to the Lord unless you forestall him in zeal."

"All right; let him show his zeal. It is time he did. I have shown mine for many a year. I'll stick to my own this time."

"But surely you wouldn't make an enemy of the Lord, and offend our dear President?" chimed in Sister Silea.

"No danger, my good sister; and as for offending the President, he couldn't afford to get angry with me. See what I have done for him. Then look at Oreana, who is like my own daughter. No woman ever influenced him as she does. Why, he adores the ground she walks on. I am all right in that quarter."

Sister Silea winced at this allusion to Oreana; the reign of the favorite was the drop of bitterness in Silea's cup of saintly joy.

Brother Delville knew it; it was an intentional wound, a little revenge on the sex for the domestic miseries he suffered.

Sister Silea, the gifted senior wife of the President, said nothing, but the look she gave her tormentor boded no good.

The elder saw this look, and smiled.

"Well," continued he, "I think the church can do without us."

"A mistake, brother; you, and Brother Simpson, and Brother Silvertung, in fact all of us, support the church; we are its pillars. I am a pillar, and a big one too."

Brother Delville said this pompously; showing the bull-dogism of his English nature, its disagreeableness intensified by prosperity.

"Come, my friends," cried the hostess, "the dance—you forget the dance; but before we go, what say you about getting up a pic-nic to the lake for next week."

"Delightful," exclaimed Stanly.

"So I say," replied Sister Dinly, "and I leave it in your hands, young man. Talk it over, but don't let it end in talk. Now, Brother Simpson, shall we set these young people a good example?"

"Certainly, my dear sister, a good, lively quadrille."

The couple walked off, followed by the company. Sister Simpson, number one, looked very black.

"I shall just tell Sister Dinly that this is time, not eternity," grumbled the lady, as she took a back seat.

The excitement of the dance did not prevent Sister Silea's cultivation of the belle of the evening. Before they separated, Laima promised to spend the next day with Sister Silea.

The conquest of this distinguished lady very much delighted Laima, who desired for many reasons to become a visitor at the Lion House.

The party broke up at ten o'clock. Such was the saintly custom; for the chief, though an advocate of dancing and theatrical amusements, insisted upon early hours.

Judging from the triumphant smiles of Sister Silea and Laima, the quiet joy of Elsie, and Stanly's happy whistle, the party was a very pleasant one to some of the guests.

It was an epoch in the lives of many in Zion.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HAREM.

THE most interesting spot in Zion, or at least the one which most strongly excites the curiosity, is that block on South Temple street extending from Main street eastward, and shut out from profane gaze by a high wall.

Now, a wall is a direct challenge, an insult to the social, liberty-loving spirit of the age. A fence should be sacred from invasion; but a wall—bah! A prize to the one who scales it. So thinks the traveler as he goes up South Temple street, twisting, turning, stretching his neck till it aches, trying to look upon the other side of the wall.

And what does he see? An immense yard with numerous buildings, sheds, and a few cottages; then, a two-story house, or rather two contiguous houses, painted a dull yellow. They have queer little gables in front, and over the portico of the larger house is a representation of a bee-hive, while over the other a lion couchant keeps watch. Just beyond the Lion House the wall opens, forming a large, arched gateway, over which a stony eagle spreads its wings. Passing through the Eagle Gate, the explorer finds himself upon a road leading to the high land, called the Bench. On each side of the road rises a wall. In the one on the left are several gates, through which may be seen glimpses of gardens, of vast granaries and cattle-houses, to whose shelter at evening-close come a goodly herd of fat, glossy beeves and kine. Further on, a rushing, foaming, mountain stream gives vigorous life to the huge machinery of busy mills.

But there is nothing remarkable in these things except it be the wall, with its vain attempt at pillar-making, which gives it a dropsical look. Nothing remarkable! Why, in all the land it stands alone! Civilization stares at it in astonishment. It is the stronghold of the American Mohammed.

From that corner building overlooking Main street issues daily the newspaper, whose doting anxiety to

restore ancient barbarism has earned for it the title of *Grandmother.*

That yard is the tithing-yard of legendary fame, where beings, neither feathered nor four-footed, have bled in various ways.

These gardens, granaries, herds, these busy mills, are the riches of the chief. Behold *his* harem. Yes, those dingy, prosaic-looking houses of the Bee-hive and the Lion are the seraglio of the Modern Mohammed.

A harem! The most lethargic imagination rouses at the sound, and bids arise visions of sculptured halls, gleaming with tinted marbles and golden arabesques; of porphyry fountains filling the air with freshness and music; of jeweled vases emitting aromatic odors; of hasheesh vapors, laden with Elysian dreams, floating through fantastic chibouques; of beauteous slaves, wooing gentle zephyrs with perfumed fans, while, on luxurious couches, recline gazelle-eyed, languishing Fatimas, bewitching, child-like Dudus and inspired Zuleikas. Such the harem of the Orient—its repulsiveness masked 'neath barbaric splendor.

But the harem of the Occident?

Adobe walls, rough floors, contracted space; here no perfumes, no slaves, no jewels, no gorgeous sheen, no lazy dreaming. Ugliness banishes beauty; rude work replaces the divan; the newspaper and ballot the chibouque; women who think and work, instead of dreaming slaves.

O America! nature's wonder-land! Hast thou exhausted all thy poesy on thy mountains, lakes, rivers and forests, leaving life so commonplace that even a harem must be shorn of its dreamy splendor?

But it must be so; for a harem in America, in the 19th century, is a moral anachronism.

It is at variance with the requirements of civilization, with the ruling ideas of the age—which are individual freedom and equality of the sexes.

That a beautiful Persian, incapable of thought, whose heaven is indolence, whose only desires are sweetmeats, jewels and hasheesh; who never heard of a soul, of woman's responsibilities, can enjoy all the happiness of which she is capable, as a nabob's No. 16—or 160—is very possible; but that a spiritual woman, the evolvement of generations of culture, should thus uncrown herself, is a mystery. It shows how much fanaticism can distort the purest mind, and argues most strongly for a sound philosophical education for that very emotional being—woman.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SISTER SILEA AT HOME.

ONE day our new acquaintance, Laima, entered this unique establishment by the outer gate, hurried up the steep, narrow steps, and went into the "Bee Hive" house without knocking. She passed by the reception room, ascended the staircase with the air of one belonging to the place, and stopped at the door of Sister Silea's sitting-room.

Sister Silea joyfully welcomed the new-comer, exclaiming:

"He is coming here,—actually coming here. See,

does not my room look pretty? I've been fixing up in readiness. Only just think, *he* is coming here! Come right along into my bed-room, take off your bonnet and fix up your hair. I want you to look your loveliest. I'm so glad you've put on that red dress. It is so becoming." Running on in this excited manner, Sister Silea hurried Laima into the bed-room to prepare for the royal visitor. While the ladies are there, we will inspect the room of the sweet Silea.

This good lady was wont to say, that no good Saint ought to use anything made by Gentiles; and she bewailed exceedingly that necessity forced her sometimes to violate her principles; but as far as possible she endeavored to carry them out.

Her dress was of home-spun, the straw of her bonnet was plaited by Zion's daughters. The fitting-up of her apartment showed, in a marked degree, this laudable purpose. The furniture was home-made, and of native wood, upholstered in patch-work and tapestry worked by saintly fingers. A rag carpet covered the floor, and bright rugs, woven of native wool, displayed their unique patterns before the fire-place and doors. Home paintings (dis)graced the walls. The mantel-piece, tables, and shelves were ornamented with wreaths and vases of flowers in hair, in paper, in wax, and numerous other works of curious art, anything but artistic.

The ladies had scarcely returned, when a knock announced the Lord of the Harem.

What can possibly have brought him? for our familiar tells us that it is not the great man's custom to visit the ancient ladies who bear his name. This is the first time in years that he has stood in Sister

Silea's private room. We learn the cause of his august presence from a little note in his pocket.

"My Dear President:

"Will you allow me to submit to your criticism some flower-paintings done by Sister Laima, whom you have already been pleased to notice?

"She will bring them this afternoon at 2 P. M., and will await any time you choose to appoint for an interview. "Sister Silea."

The President's answer was a message to the effect that Sister Silea might expect him at 2 P. M.

He had noticed Laima's visits to the house, and had publicly spoken of her beauty.

He was faithful to the appointment. The paintings were examined and admired. The truth was, he only saw Laima's pretty face. He put off the great man, and chatted familiarly. The conversation must have been very interesting, for it kept the visitor nearly all the afternoon.

Sister Silea could not conceal her triumph. Laima seemed glad, but for some reason she appeared in a hurry to go as soon as the President left.

"Well, dear, if you must go, I will say good bye," said Silea. "Good bye, Sister. It won't be long before you will be my sister, indeed."

"Nonsense, Sister Silea; that is naughty."

"It all depends upon you, Laima."

"There, there, good bye."

"Yes, it all depends upon her," said Silea, as she paced her room; "and she won't refuse, not she, the minx. A fine scheme. Lady Oreana, you will have to come down to our level—nay, you will sink below

it, for *we* were never favorites. Your day is fast declining. I'll punish you for your patronizing airs. The day I tell her of the wedding will be the happiest day of my life. I wonder whether she will faint."

And Sister Silea actually danced for joy. Poor woman ! perhaps she too had given all her small store of affection to this man ; perhaps she had suffered until sweetness had turned to gall.

However, we will not read Sister Silea's heart. It was not a large one, and, it is certain, she had never been a pet of her lord's. She had been a pretty woman in her day, and had pleased his fancy at a time when women were rather scarce ; then she was a blue-stocking, and amused the great man.

But when Oreana came to queen it over the harem, Sister Silea vowed vengeance. Years had not weakened this bitter feeling. Apart from the fact of being the favcrite, Silea detested Oreana.

Regal natures are seldom popular ; for royalty, unless it be vailed in sympathy, is an affront to human nature, which loves better to look down than to look up.

Oreana felt herself superior to her surroundings, and did not conceal it ; consequently she offended. Her noble bearing was considered affectation, her courtesy appeared condescension, her kindness, patronage, her smile an insult, and her dislike to the petty offices assigned to women was construed into haughty indifference.

If she were humbled many would rejoice.

CHAPTER XIX.

A GLANCE AT OREANA.

REANA still reigns as the favorite sultana. Her rooms are larger and handsomer, than Sister Silea's. Although luxury is strictly banished, yet an air of elegance reigns through out. A beautifully-tinted carpet covers the floor, the furniture shows taste and refinement; and music, books, and flowers tell of culture. Dainty curtains shade the windows, and well-chosen pictures grace the walls. Evidently Oreana does not patronize home productions.

As we look in, we find her seated at the table reading.

The beautiful girl we first saw in a rustic pavilion long years ago, has developed into a dignified, handsome matron. Beautiful still, although gone is the inspiration that then illumined every feature: gone the heroism that transfigured her on the desert. Years of association with sordid sensuality have deadened the soul. Oreana is no longer grand.

Only the divine element, the sympathy born of pure love could retain its glowing lustre, its life-giving influence in such an atmosphere; and this divinity Oreana did not possess.

She is happy in that her pride is satisfied: she is united to the one she admired, and still admires above all men. She loves him; he is the father of her children: she has never known poverty or jealously, for her husband is rich, and she is his favorite. Many children call her mother, a queen is she in the

celestial kingdom. Women envy her. Still, at times a something seemed wanting, a shadow clouded her faith, conscience made discords, and jarring memories disturbed her peace.

But these emotions were only transitory.

She knew not whence they came, or whither they went; Oreana was not an analyzer of self. Introspection is an outgrowth of philosophy, not of fanaticism.

Neither does this beautiful woman feel the sorrows of others. The human hearts around her she knows nothing of. So she is content and happy.

Through the open window come the sounds of children's voices; and, standing at the window, apparently absorbed in listening to the children, is Elsie.

Oreana loves Elsie, and the young girl returns the affection a hundred fold.

Oreana is too much interested in her book to hear what is going on; but we, who are on the alert for sounds in the harem, catch a very characteristic conversation held in the garden by some of the children.

First voice: "See, Oreana and Bessie have new dresses."

Second voice: "Oh! they are always having new and pretty things; we don't get half as much."

Third voice: "Of course: ain't their mother papa's favorite? I wish my mother was the favorite, then I'd have lots of pretty things."

Fourth voice: "Now, you girls, you had better shut up. If father hears you grumbling you'll catch it. He won't have any scratching or quarreling around him. He swore that the other day, when Aunt Silea and Aunt Jane had a fuss."

Fifth voice: "Women and girls are always fussing

and quarreling like a lot of hens. You just wait till I get to be a man, won't I make my wives mind, just as father does? You bet I will."

The polygamous chief carried his genius into the minute details of his complicated household, and peace apparently reigned within the harem. Heart-burnings and jealousies were kept out of sight; but here and there the skeletons peeped out, and children see everything.

Not a word of this conversation was lost upon Elsie. It recalled vividly to her mind the miserable women and children of her home; and Elsie sighed so deeply that it startled Oreana, who inquired what was the matter. Elsie considered Oreana an authority upon all matters, and without thinking of the inappropriateness of the question, she asked:

"Do you think polygamy is right?"

"Do I think it right? Why, of course I do, or I should not be in it. Has your mother never explained to you, Elsie, the principles of celestial marriage? That by it alone can the iniquity of the world be eradicated, and women exalted in heaven? Do you not know that polygamy is to purify the world, and give birth to a holy race, worthy to receive Christ?"

"Then, if it be right and good, why are so many unhappy in it?"

"Most generally because their hearts are still unregenerate, and yearn after the follies of Babylon. But I do not think there are so many unhappy. You are given to fancies, Elsie. See how happy I am; how kind and affectionate my husband is; how blest I am in my children. I could not be happier."

"And his other wives, are they happy?" Elsie

asked this more of herself than of Oreana, who laughingly replied:

"Why, certainly they are. Why should they not be? I am happy. What queer questions you ask, child. Why, certainly they are happy; who ever heard of such a thing? Don't ever go to any one but me, Elsie, to ask such questions. Ah, here come the children."

CHAPTER XX.

GREAT SALT LAKE.

ONE morning shortly after Sister Dinly's soirée, a large wagon, filled with a pic-nic party, left Zion, bound for the Great Salt Lake. Pic-nics and excursions to the lake were not so common then as they are now, when the railroad takes you there in half an hour.

This pic-nic was quite a sensation, and Elsie was nearly wild with delight.

Besides the ride, the gypsy dinner, and a dip in the briny wave, they were going to take a sail on the lake. Could anything be more delightful? Of course Sister Silea was there, and Brother Simpson and Elsie. Stanly was the captain of the party, and distinguished himself so much that Sister Dinly told him she would find him three wives, all young, pretty and amiable, whenever he wished to assume the honors of matrimony.

The great topic of conversation was the lake, which is just as much a curiosity to the Zionites as it is to strangers.

"Whenever I hear Salt Lake mentioned I always think of the Dead Sea," remarked Sister Silea.

"Why, you don't suppose that there ever were big cities here, like Sodom and Gomorrah?"

"Yes, I do believe it; for once I had a vision" (Sister Silea was addicted to visions) "of the catastrophe. I saw proud cities——"

At that moment Elsie caught Stanly's glance, full of mischief. The result would have been an explosion of laughter, when, fortunately for them, some one made a diversion by exclaiming, "There it is, there it is!" Every one turned to look. Yes, there it was—the vast expanse of water in mountains framed. Over all floated a misty atmosphere, an opalescent vail, through which mountain and sea shimmered and glowed, their hues ever changing—now green, now gold, now blue or rosy gray.

"How beautiful, how beautiful! Look at the islands. Are they the cities come afloat?" cried Elsie. "And that thin, misty vail. Do you see it? What makes it?"

"Oh, that must be the army of ghosts that hover over the lost cities. Ghosts are vapory, and ought to be somewhat blue, you know."

"Hush, you naughty boy. If Silea hears you she will never forgive," whispered Brother Simpson.

"Come, now, some of you who go to school, tell us all about the lake, and how big it is. Don't all speak at once," said Sister Sarah.

"Ladies and gentlemen," answered Stanly, "this lake is nearly ninety miles in length, and its greatest breadth is about fifty miles. That island you see in the south-east is Antelope Island; the one still farther east is Fremont Island; this one to the west is Stans-

bury Island. There are several others that you cannot see from here. As to the water, I wouldn't advise you to drink it. But it is glorious to bathe in ; and if ever you are in want of salt, come here, take out four barrels of this water, let it evaporate, and you will have one barrel of pure salt. In case you meditate suicide, and are not very serious about it, throw yourself in ; but should you want to get rid of anyone, don't choose Salt Lake. It is not a good place, for nothing will sink in these waters. It is all 'I'm afloat, I'm afloat,' with them."

"Well done, Captain Stanly ; you will have to be a missionary, you talk so well. I'm afraid you will go after your wives and get them, without giving me a chance of being amiable—that won't be fair. But now, when are we to have our sail, young man ?"

"Oh ! let us wait until afternoon. It is going to be a little cloudy and the sunset will be magnificent—well worth staying for ; then we can return by moonlight."

"All right, that is settled. Now, my dear brothers and sisters, if you are in my condition dinner will be the next thing. I'm awfully hungry." No one objected to this, for a country ride is a great appetizer ; and the contents of the baskets rapidly disappeared.

At last, the hour for the sail arrived. Stanly took charge of the boat. Several of the young ladies suddenly developed great nautical skill, but Stanly manœuvered so well that Elsie remained his assistant without the other fair ones feeling at all jealous.

"Just think, we are sailing on the top of a mountain ; isn't that so, Stanly ?"

"Yes, we are forty-three hundred feet above sea level; quite a respectable height."

"Look at the clouds, young folks; your bright eyes should see all kinds of queer things up there."

"It looks to me," said Sister Silea, "like the army of the Lord."

"And *there is* an army, a big one, too, of the oddest-looking dwarfs, led by a giant."

"There are ships, too."

"And pretty fleecy lambs, whole flocks of them."

"Oh! don't look at the clouds any more," cried Elsie, "look at the west. Did you ever see such a sky? It is blue and green and pink; is it not lovely?"

"I fancy it must be the gleam of the palm groves and rose gardens of Paradise, seen through the pale blue sky," remarked a sentimental young lady.

"What a pretty thought for a poem!" cried Sister Silea. "I must make a note of it."

As she spoke, the sun sank, a ball of fire, behind the western mountains. Instantly there streamed up from the west salmon-hued pennons fringed with flame. They reached the zenith, they touched the clouds; and lo! the aerial army shone resplendent in rose, purple and orange. Ships of burnished gold sailed on amber seas, and fleecy cloudlets, pink as the heart of a sea-shell, floated afar to the rock-bound horizon.

The lake sparkled and glowed, a mass of molten rubies, gold and sapphires; its islands caught the brilliant tints, and glittered in prismatic glory.

An amethystine vail flaked with gold enwrapped the mountains, while over all, gleaming in virgin purity, rose a snow-crowned peak: the sun threw it one last kiss, and it blushed. The colors melted one

into another: the gold into rose, the rose to crimson, the crimson to purple. Masses of vapor crept over the lake and gathered round the islands. The beauty was dying, dying, when one last vivid gleam streamed over the sky; mountains and lake again caught fire; then the radiance paled, it vanished; all save a cloud of crimson glory, that crowned one of the islands, lined its belt of purple gray fog, and rolled from underneath, a cloud of fire, upon the dark waters. The pic-nic party gazed in silence upon the gorgeous spectacle. But in the midst of the glory Stanly looked at Elsie. Their glances met, and their hearts followed their eyes. From that moment they were lovers.

CHAPTER XXI.

OREANA MEETS HER RIVAL.

IN the reception-room of the Lion House are assembled the *elite* of the Saints, to celebrate the birthday of the favorite. But the reigning lady appears ill at ease; a cloud rests upon her brow. It is caused by the presence of Laima. The favorite is eclipsed by the brilliancy of the new star.

It was the President's wish that the young lady should be invited. His wish was a command. Oreana obeyed, but she inwardly rebelled, for without any apparent reason she dislike Laima. It was an intuitive antagonism; and intuition is prophetic.

This reunion was more brilliant than Mrs. Dinly's

party. Rivalry was less apparent, for the chief would not allow it.

"No scratching around here," he preached and practised; but if the faces were gayer, and the tongues merrier, the hearts were no lighter. Society is much the same everywhere. However, there is one peculiar feature about the Mormon society. The men are all and always matrimonially eligible. Only the women are married and settled.

After politics and finance had been discussed among the men, and church matters and household duties among the women, the President, whose eye had been wandering towards Laima, made a move to include the sisters. The sisters smiled and twittered, delighted at the condescension. Sister Silea was more than usually talkative: she attached herself particularly to Oreana, playfully reproaching her for indifference to the societies. Oreana was not given to active benevolence: she preferred remaining *perdu*, and from behind her domestic screen, turning, or fancying she turned, the wheels of government. Once she aspired to the role of prophetess; but the chief allowed no woman to infringe upon his special rights; and Oreana schooled herself to be content with silent influence.

"Sister Oreana, don't you think we shall soon have the happiness of receiving another sister? See how attentive the President is to Laima."

Oreana winced, and made an effort to turn the conversation. A futile attempt. Sister Silea was too tenacious of purpose: she drew some of ladies around Oreana and herself, and whispered the thought to

them with laughs and witticisms, all pointed at Oreana's heart.

The position was becoming unendurable.

It was a relief when refreshments diverted the company. But here a painful surprise awaited her. The President, who considered himself superior to etiquette, escorted Laima to supper.

It was a shock to Oreana, the beginning of woe. She shuddered at the thought of what might be: she sensed the approach of humiliation, and the smile she had summoned to hide her chagrin died away. Oreana looked as she felt—gloomy.

It was a moment of triumph for Laima, and she exerted herself to secure a victory. Nature had bestowed upon her a ready wit, sparkling as her eyes, and the chief, who prided himself upon his jokes, found he had a rival in Laima. It gave new zest to the game. Her beauty fascinated, her wit dazzled, her strong, unscrupulous will enchained the leader of Zion. He who had enslaved woman, was himself to become a slave to woman's wiles.

His arm thrown over the back of Laima's chair, he toyed with her curls, he joked and laughed at her bright repartee. What was Oreana, what were all of his wives, compared to this charming novelty? This thought caused him to glance at Oreana He noticed her sad face. He must put an end to that. Touching Laima's shoulder, and pointing to Oreana, he said, loud enough to be heard by all:

"Ain't she jealous of you, my beauty?" Then speaking to Oreana, he said roughly: "Come, old lady, don't look so glum. You've had your day, and there must be no jealousy among the Saints."

"That's the beauty of plural marriage," remarked one of the brothers; "it kills all jealousy. Why, before the Gospel was revealed to me, my one wife was more bother than all my wives to-day. One wife is more bother than a dozen. Isn't that so, Brother President?"

"Yes, that it is. I pity the monogamists."

"How young and mirthful the dear President is," remarked Sister Silea, in a loud whisper.

Oreana quivered at the insult, but her pride came to the rescue, and she smiled—smiled in spite of her agony. Elsie's question, "Are the other wives happy?" rang in her ears above the noise of the conversation.

But perhaps she was deceiving herself. Her husband might have reasons for so acting. The coarseness of his sermons, his treachery, his lies—yea, worse crimes than those—had been excused, justified under the plea of necessity—as the most potent weapons wherewith to fight the enemies of the Gospel. Nay, had he not induced her, for the same reasons, to commit many an act that her better nature abhorred? Yes, perhaps he could explain all by and by. With these thoughts she endeavored to quiet her heart—anything for hope. But her heart would not be still. Her pride, her love, was insulted, and a woman will forgive anything but an insult to her love. That is, to her, the only unpardonable offense in the dark category of sin.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BROKEN IDOL.

OREANA was at last alone with the man who had so cruelly insulted her; the man whom she called husband, the father of her children—he who was yet her idol, although the gilding was fast wearing off, showing her that what she had fancied gold was naught but brass. But as she once idealized him, so she must ever love him. That fanatical passion, blinded by which she had gazed indifferently upon the blood-stained corpse of the lover of her youth, still ruled her, absorbing her faculties, her emotions. When that passion died out she would also die. It was her life, it would be her death.

But she must know why he had insulted her. Trembling with passion, born of outraged love, she approached him.

"My husband, what did you mean to-night by those cruel words?"

"Cruel words! You speak enigmatically. What do *you* mean?"

"Oh, you know! You must remember. Say it was only a joke, uttered while fascinated by that artful girl."

"No woman's meanness here, madam. I am not usually fascinated. Do you hate a sister because she is handsomer than you? Explain yourself."

A hectic spot glowed on Oreana's cheeks: her pride was taking fire.

"I cannot, cannot say the words: they were so

cruel, so degrading. Tell me you did not mean them, and I will try to forget."

"Oreana, you anger me with this nonsense. Repeat what I said, that I may know what all this fuss is about."

"I cannot."

"I command you to do so." At that tone, so keen and cold, a tone so merciless that few had ever resisted it, Oreana shuddered. He knew well what the insult was of which Oreana complained; but he was determined to force her to utter the words she so much hated. Of late, she had been growing monotonous: this ebullition promised to be an interesting study. Not that women in his opinion were worthy of much thought. He despised the sex, and nothing lately so delighted him as to see woman, whom civilization exalts to sovereignty, fall to her proper sphere of man's slave: to see her writhe in the pangs of jealousy, wounded love, and pride; yet, submitting to her master, not daring to rebel. He had seen it in many women who had come to him for counsel and aid, and at whom he had laughed. It was a cruelty he could indulge in without drawing down upon himself the world's anathemas.

These cruel propensities developed themselves in the sunshine of prosperity. A few years ago they had no life; now, day by day they grew stronger, fiercer.

For some months he had anticipated this enjoyment of Oreana's agony: an enjoyment of which his other wives had disappointed him; but here was one whose tortures would be too great to be concealed.

With his metallic eyes gleaming, his thin lips com-

pressed with a sneer, he watched the heightening glow, the convulsive twitching of her throat.

"Oh, you must remember; don't make me say them," cried Oreana, kneeling by his side.

"Enough of nonsense; tell me, now. Do you hear?"

Her frame seemed convulsed as she rose, and, with one hand pressed upon her heart to calm its beating, she said, with a gasp:

"You said that my day is over. Tell me that I did not hear aright—that it is not true."

He answered with a coarse laugh.

The cruelest words of mockery or hate could not have tortured Oreana as did this laugh, coming from lips she once thought divine.

She covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the horror.

The laugh ended; words interpreted it.

"Well, have you not had your day, and a pretty long one, too? I suppose you began to think that you were the only woman in the world. It is time you undeceived yourself. Look at my other wives; they don't make fools of themselves. I have spoilt you with kindness. A little bitterness will do you good: it is time you had it."

"Have you, then, ceased to love me?"

"Love! Why, you have been spending your time in novel-reading. Love! we leave that to the Gentiles. Saints marry from principle: women to get to heaven, and men to amuse themselves. Laima is too good-looking to be anything less in heaven than a sovereign queen; and it is my pleasure to make her such as I have you. So quell that rebellious spirit of

yours, and don't bother me with any sentimental nonsense, or you will be sorry for it."

A groan escaped from Oreana's heart, her hands fell from her face, and the gaze that now met the torturer's eye fully realized all he had anticipated.

"Now I tell you, once for all, I won't have any glum faces around me. You are pretty good-looking yet, not a hundredth part as tempting as Laima, but then you'll do for a change, once in a way, if you don't grow cross-looking. Think well upon what I have said. Good-night. Ah! I was nigh forgetting; you and Sister Silea will call upon Laima to-morrow afternoon. I will have the carriage here at 2 P.M. It will be no use to have a headache, for you will have to go. Good-night."

Oreana sank into a chair, and the morning light found sitting there a pale, worn woman, aged by sorrow.

Those hours of darkness, alone with the ghosts of the past and the shadows of the future, upbraiding, menacing, counted as years in the record of life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SISTER DINLEY'S SURPRISE.

LET us turn away from these dismal pictures and visit the only person in this story seemingly destined to be comfortable.

Comfortable is a more comprehensive word than happiness—more adapted to this sublunary sphere; and thrice-blessed are they who mistake com-

fort for happiness, and, enjoying the good they possess, sigh not for that beyond.

Sister Dinly had everything to made her comfortable in this life, and she began to think that she was a fortunate woman. Self-satisfaction is the most comfortable of sensations, giving to everything and everybody a good-humored look.

Sister Dinly, successful in her overtures for eternal exaltation, felt very self-satisfied, therefore very comfortable, both in regard to this world and the next. Accordingly, she overflowed with kindness, and Elsie thought her one of the nicest of people. Her experience in matrimonial auguries enabled her to detect the love passages between Elsie and Stanly. Her sympathies were immediately enlisted, and many an undisturbed meeting the young lovers owed to the old lady.

Sister Dinly began to think of Brother Dinly; what could he do, poor man, how could he live without her? It was unkind to leave him so long. However much it grieved her to part from her husband for eternity, still her husband for time must be thought about a little; he who had no one but his one wife to take care of him. So, one bright morning, Sister Dinly took the stage for her home. She felt in the sweetest of moods at her success in eternal matters. She had not written to her husband; for she wished to give him a surprise. Now surprises are, of all terrestrial things, the most contrary; and this truth Sister Dinly was doomed to learn.

It was dusk when she reached her home; and the bright warm light that streamed through the sitting-room windows gave a cosy look to the cottage.

"I am so glad he is home," said Sister Dinly to

herself. "Poor fellow, he little thinks I am so near; now I will just take a peep at him through the window. There, Jim, don't drive up any nearer, I want to give him a surprise. Poor, lonely man."

Sister Dinly opened the gate, approached the window, and saw—oh! it was a picture, but not of a lonely widower. The table, set for two, was graced with a fine ham, a dish of eggs, potatoes, and biscuits smoking hot.

A bright fire glowed in the grate; over it sputtered the tea-kettle; standing on one hob the tea-pot emitted a fragrant vapor; before it the cat purred; while in the arm-chair rested her husband, but not alone; on his knee sat a plump, fair-haired girl—the very one Sister Dinly hired as housekeeper before her departure. Now this astounding vision ought to have delighted Sister Dinly, who had labored so long to marry her husband to another.

But who can understand a woman?

Instead of being delighted, Sister Dinly was enraged. In a fury she burst open the door. At the apparition of Sister Dinly, the girl jumped up, stepped on the cat's tail, thus calling forth vehement feline screams; but the girl, instead of running away, clung to Brother Dinly's arm. This gentleman sprang to his feet in such trepidation that he broke his pipe and upset the tea-pot. However, he also held on to the partner of his fright. Moreover, he was the first to recover the use of speech.

"My dear Sara, how you have surprised us! And we intended to give you a nice little surprise."

"I think you've done it; though about its littleness or niceness, I don't see it. What does it mean, sir?"

"Why! my dear, it means that I have done what you have wanted me to do all these years. I have taken another wife."

"Without my permission, you wretch!"

"I thought it would please you."

"It pleases you, anyhow."

"Well, yes, dear, Jane is such a nice, pretty little girl, and she is so fond of me. Come now, Sara, say you are glad, let us all kiss and make friends. Jane will be such a help to you."

"Nothing of the kind, sir; and as for that minx, she ain't your wife at all. You can't humbug me."

"But she is, my dear; we went up to town last week and were married."

"That's a likely story: why didn't you come to see me?"

"Why, they told me you had gone to York; and besides, we wanted to surprise you: we thought you would be so delighted."

"Delighted! You didn't think no such thing; but she ain't your wife, I tell you, nor won't be till I choose to give her to you; and you may wait a precious long while for that, I can tell you."

"No, dear, you need not give yourself that trouble. I explained everything, and it is all right. Bishop Simpson told me so before I tried it."

"Brother Simpson!" shrieked Sister Dinly. "Brother Simpson, did you say? What did he tell you?"

"That you were at York, and that my marriage with Jane would be all right. Come, let us go to supper; it will all get cold."

"If you think I am going to sit down to table with

a No. 2 that I didn't choose, you are very much mistaken." Sister Dinly said this spitefully, but in a lower key ; the name of Simpson acted as a sedative. What if her husband knew ?

"Never mind her, Jane," said Brother Dinly, embracing his No. 2. "Never mind her ; it will all blow over, I expect. If it don't, you shall have a cottage to yourself ; I'm rich enough."

The twain sat down to supper. Sister Sara sat by the fire, bolt upright, glowering furiously. But hunger is a great tyrant. Sister Sara began to cast longing looks at the table. Jane, who was a good-hearted girl, saw them, and quietly prepared an appetizing supper, which she placed upon a tray, and the tray on a small table, wheeling the latter to where Sister Sara sat by the fire-side. Then she quietly took Sister Sara's furs, shawl, and bonnet, and put them away. Somewhat mollified by this attention, Sister Dinly ate her supper.

So ended the surprise. Sister Dinly, however, was by no means pacified, and poor Jane often wished she wasn't Mrs. Dinly No. 2.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONFERENCE.

WHAT a pleasant ring the word has ! how suggestive of democracy, of liberty, of equality, of brotherhood ! So this crowd, gathered from all parts of the territory, these Scandinavians, English, Welsh, and Indians,

have a voice in the government. They assemble to discuss, to confer together upon Church matters? Delusion of delusions! They come to listen submissively to the bulls, the fiats, the anathemas of the Mormon pope; their only privilege is to give assent to the will of the Lord.

Well did the Mormon leaders know the significance of words, and their power over the mass, who hear with their ears, but not with their understanding.

Conference comes twice a year—in April and October: then Zion looks its gayest, or rather, it used so to look, for Conference is no longer the general, picturesque gathering it was ten years ago, when Zionites kept open house, and dwellings were crowded and the streets thronged; when to Zion came the young and the old, the patriarchs, the mothers in Israel, the halt, the blind, the rejected of nations, the poor of the earth—a motley crowd, stamped with the seal of toil and poverty, yet rejoicing in the name of Saint.

Wagons of every size and description, but all resembling each other in their innocence of paint and attachment to dust, some drawn by oxen, some by mules, a few by heavy-boned horses, lined the Tabernacle Block, the tithing-yard, and adjacent streets.

Countrymen, half-hidden under gigantic hats,—umbrella, parasol and snow-shed, all in one,—bargained and stared. Smiling, wife-hunting patriarchs, in very new clothes and their Kossuth hats poised on one side in a rollicking, youthful style, scanned, with a knowing air, the bright eyes and strong arms of the maidens, who, arrayed in unique toilettes of

pink, blue, green and violet, passed up and down the streets in the hope of finding a husband, or a fraction of one.

Conference was the time of marrying and giving in marriage.

Saintesses of the Sister Dinly order gossiped and buzzed about the gaily-decked stores. Forlorn-looking women, in ugly, ill-fitting dresses, and huge sun-bonnets, wandered listlessly about, or compared babies.

One great feature of Conference was the baby—the ubiquitous, cross, dirt-loving baby.

Here and there among the crowd an Indian, wrapped in a bright-red blanket, strutted about with a lordly air. The Red Man feels at home with these Pale Faces, who call him "Brother," and talk to him of revenge on the Gentile usurper. He can understand their creed, based upon polygamy and blood-atonement.

Conference is also the time to pay up the tithing: that chief duty of a Saint, without which none other is meritorious. The tithing-office overflows. The theater offers its choicest attractions; thus prayer, business and pleasure, make Conference the two great events of the year.

The crowd moved towards the Tabernacle. The Tabernacle is unlike anything on the earth, under the earth, or above it, unless it be the tortoise that, according to Hindoo legend, sustains the world. The Tabernacle is said to be the direct work of revelation. If so, it is not successful in architecture—doubtless owing to insufficient practice.

One peculiar feature, distinguishing it from uninspired temples, is the repetition of the speaker's words

by an invisible angel, floating in the galleries, whose intention is, doubtless, to impress the Gospel deeper on the people's minds. Unfortunately, the effect is more comical than serious. Some would imagine it was an acoustical defect; but angels, as well as men, make mistakes sometimes through misdirected zeal.

The monster tortoise-shell is supported in mid-air by a wall and pillars, innocent of any beauty. Several doors give entrance to the unwieldy building, which, galleries included, seats fifteen thousand. More than that number thronged the Tabernacle on this occasion, which was one of unusual interest.

It was a crisis in their history of crises.

Three reading-desks, graded high, higher, highest, face the multitude. They are for the seer and his two counselors, who, upon this occasion, took their places within them earlier than usual. The twelve apostles ranged themselves on each side of the desks.

The seer sat with his head bowed, for he pondered over mighty problems. Civilization and progress had found him out before he was ready. The East and West were about to clasp hands. The desert was no longer to be isolated.

The astute chief saw money in the invasion; but he must change his plans. The inspired was equal to the emergency. The railroad should make for him friends and money, and money is the lever of the world. But the people must not handle it. He must draw the reins tighter, so tight that they shall only be able to move as he willeth.

These are his meditations while the hymn is sung by one hundred and fifty voices, accompanied by the great organ of which the Saints are so justly proud.

The chief arose—we would like to add, and a hush fell on the vast multitude; but it would be too untrue even for fiction. Great as was the power of the seer and revelator, one class of his subjects defied him—the baby class, and there were some fifteen hundred inside the tortoise-shell — fifteen hundred strong-lunged mountaineers who had no idea of keeping silent.

The mothers sang hush-sh-sh, but it was of no avail. Then thirsty children move to and from the drinking fountains, and some irrepressibles keep up a perpetual perambulation.

The great man grows angry, and gives them all a good scolding, which settles the children and the irrepressibles, and silences the mothers; but the fifteen hundred babies continue their concert unperturbed.

So the discourse begins, the echo piously repeating the last syllable of the words, and the innocents performing a staccato accompaniment.

Ten years have passed since we heard the chief address the multitude; but time has left no trace upon him; and when we look at the commanding face and vigorous form, it seems as though the decade was of months, instead of years.

As he glances over the thousands awaiting his fiat, a shadow of contempt for the cringing crowd darkens his countenance. Ten years of absolute power have confirmed him in two beliefs:—first, in his divine mission of second Moses: second, that mankind are dogs to be whipped into virtuous obedience.

But the discourse, on account of its influence upon future events, demands a place in this history.

The modern Moses preferred force to elegance,—he despised rhetorical flourishes and Ciceronian

periods. He talked to the people, told them plainly what to do ; and cursed them freely if they did not do it. Texts he ignored ; for he was a text of himself, or of what use was revelation ?

His voice filled the vast building, and could be heard above the noise. It was an earnest, pleasant, sonorous voice, and to its power, he owed much of the influence he possessed over this people, and those of the Gentiles who became acquainted with him.

"I want to talk to you about serious things. What did I bring you here for ? To be God's people, to receive Christ when he comes. Should He come now, how many of ye would know Him ? Why, you would jostle Him in the streets, push Him down into the gutter, while you shook hands with the devil and asked him how to get rich. Yes, you would, and you know it. You didn't come here to become rich individuals, but a rich brotherhood. No Latter Day Saint can possess riches. It is the Church who possesses them. Some of ye say that I have houses and lands (yes, I know what you say), but I haven't. They belong to the Church. God wants me to look after the Church ; and if you know of anyone that can do better than I, let him come and try it ; but you know there isn't a man who would do for ye as I have done, and I'm going to hold on till I die. But as a people we must be rich. Rich, to fight our enemies. We must get all the money we can, and keep what we get. Don't send your money outside to buy French gewgaws for the women : let them make all they wear, yes, and things to send outside as well. We must have the Gentiles' money. It is our right. It is all we want of them. Now I have a plan of a Co-opera-

tive Union, a Trades Union that will put things right. It is a big thing to start. We want money. Now every one of you brothers and sisters must come forward and take shares in this business the Lord is going to open for your benefit. Bring money; but if you can't possibly get money, bring flour, butter and yarn; but come forward and take shares. Those who don't will be cursed. Yes, they will. God always curses those who won't do His will. Now I say, come on, every man and woman, let us start this thing. It is the business of no one individual; it belongs to every one of you: you will get the profits. As it will be your business, you must support it. Those from the country will bring their produce there, for exchange. All will buy from this, the Lord's house, every thing they want. Those who don't, had better look out. The Lord knows how to deal with reprobates.

"Brother X. resigns his business to take charge of it. He will be greatly blessed. You know now what to do. Do it: be quick about doing it; we will be a great people yet; we will issue our own money, we will be independent of the cursed Gentile. But a day is fast approaching when the Gentile, who murdered our prophets, who drove you from your homes, who burned your hard-earned property, who slaughtered your old men, your wives and children,—these cursed Gentiles will come to you begging for bread. They will sell themselves to you for food and raiment. Yes, this day of triumph is near at hand, if ye obey the Covenant of the Lord. But there are some among you (I won't mention names to-day), who boast of the *great* things they have done for the Lord—who think that the Lord can't get along without them. Well, sup-

pose they have done *great* things, hasn't the Lord repaid them, and well repaid them, in riches, in houses, in flocks, in wives, in children? The Lord does not owe them one cent; and I want them to understand that the Church of the Lord can do without these vain boasters. Yes, it can; but the Lord wants to do you good. He wants you to help Him, so that He may reward you. He wants you all to join in this co-operative institution. Woe be unto him who goes against the will of God! Will any one dare to keep his store open to rob the Institution of the Lord? If there be such a one he will be accursed. And all those who dare to buy of these robber usurpers, they also will be accursed. Now, lay these words up in your heart. I have done my duty, now do yours."

The chief sat down, and a loud chorus of "amens" testified to the good will of the listening thousands.

Then was read the list of those chosen for missions. Among those called was the name of Stanly Delville. Elsie started involuntarily, and Mr. Delville looked annoyed; for Stanly was very useful to him. The young man was away, and little dreamed of being among the conscripts.

As the people came out of the Tabernacle, Sister Silea and Laima found themselves close by Mrs. Oreana and Mr. Delville. The latter seemed troubled; his coarse face was purple, but he still carried himself pompously.

Oreana bowed rather haughtily to the two ladies; she could not forget that one was her rival.

"How high some people hold their heads." whispered Silea to Laima; "but we shall see."

Laima answered with a smile of malicious delight.

She had resolved to depose Oreana, and she was beautiful and daring enough to do it.

CHAPTER XXV.

STANLY RETURNS.

THE Thursday after Conference, Elsie was returning from her lessons in a very impatient mood with the world in general, and Stanly in particular.

This young gentleman has been absent for more than ten days, and Elsie was anxious for his return. Not that she cared to see him! Oh! dear, no. Young ladies never care to see young gentlemen; it would be improper; but Elsie wanted to hear from home. Stanly had business at Smithville; and before leaving he had promised to call upon Brother Menly. Then too, there was the missionary call to be discussed. The idea of Stanly being a missionary was exceedingly comical. Supposing Stanly should refuse; it would be just like him. These subjects were very important, and even proper people would sympathize with Elsie's impatience.

The young girl walked slowly; her eyes kept watch for somebody; and her heart whispered: "Will he come to-day?"

"Why! Elsie, where do you keep yourself? I do believe you are growing proud."

Elsie started at the voice, and could not conceal her annoyance; for it was not the *one*.

"Oh! Kleena, is that you? Indeed, I am not

proud, but I have so much to do; lessons to learn, and practising; you know I am learning to play the organ."

"Oh, my! how grand you're getting; but you mustn't go back on your friends; and then, too, you owe me something."

"Of course, I owe you friendship."

"Lots more than that; you have to make up to me for that proposal I lost through you."

"A proposal? I don't understand."

"Oh! so you've forgotten our beau, Brother Smith."

"Kleena, don't say 'our.' I had nothing to do with him."

"That's all very fine; but when he couldn't get you—he wanted you for the school—he came to town to get a learned wife, and came back with two. Not that I care, for I am going to marry brother-in-law; but then it is nice to have a proposal; it makes one feel kinder good. But I'm making up to brother-in-law, and Em and Min are doing all they can. You should just see how happy those two are; you would never say a word against plurality, not you. But there! I forgot, have you heard the latest Smithville news? Menly's wife was shot dead last Sunday."

"Oh," gasped Elsie, "shot! Where is Brother Menly? Who did it? Is the murderer caught? The wretch!"

"It was done by some tramps. One can never catch those tramps; they are off before you can say Jack Robinson. Officers have been down, but can't find nothing. Everybody says it was a just judgment on her, for her rebelliousness. Why, she was always

a-doubting and a-talking against plurality; and the Lord just sent those tramps to get rid of her. Those are the very words Brother Smith said; he was in yesterday."

"But Brother Menly!" sobbed Elsie.

"Oh, as for him, who knows and who cares! Ain't the Church dropped him? Brother Smith said we should think more of our salvation than to go in the devil's way."

There was silence, broken only by Elsie's sobs. She loved the Menlys. The news brought back all the old misery. If Kleena would only go away. She thought of several excuses, but none succeeded in dismissing Kleena, who deemed it her duty to cheer Elsie by saying the worst she could think of against the Menlys. And Stanly, who might come at any moment. Elsie and Stanly had reached that stage when a third person is always one too many. The girl grew desperate and broke out:

"Kleena, I won't have my friends spoken of in that way. If you can't talk differently, go away."

"Don't be cross; we won't say any more about it. Here is something nicer. Look, Elsie, Stanly Delville. I like him very much, and if it was not for principle, which speaks for brother-in-law, I would set my cap for him. Oh, don't be jealous, he could marry you all the same, and you could be first. Now, ain't I good?"

At that moment Elsie hated Kleena for daring to be there, and making her blush before Stanly. But as she could not annihilate the intruder, nor appear unconcerned, she took refuge in sulky crossness, scarcely noticing Stanly when he spoke. Kleena was all smiles.

That was too much for Elsie, who, not knowing what to do or say, abruptly left them and ran home.

"What is the matter with Elsie?" inquired Stanly.

"Oh, I just told her about Menly's wife, and she feels awfully. Can't see what she can find in such people to care about. But, la! you are going to Norway on a mission. Don't you feel proud?"

"It will be time enough to talk about that when I am ready to go. It is a pity you said anything about the Menlys to Elsie. Bad news always travels fast enough. Good afternoon."

"Well, some people are queer," was Kleena's comment as she walked on.

Stanly hurried after Elsie, and overtook her before she reached home. The girl was very angry with herself, and when she heard Stanly's step she stopped, ready to make apologetic advances. But Stanly attributed her brusqueness to grief, and hastened to condole with her.

"I am so sorry you heard of this so suddenly; it is horrible!"

"It is worse than horrible. Oh, Stanly! can't they catch the wretches who did it?"

"They could do it so easily that they won't try."

"What do you mean?"

"Elsie, did you never hear of blood-atonement? Great God! I can see before me now the body of my cousin, Julian Bellew, a fine, noble young fellow as ever lived. He was the first victim. Sister Menly is our last. Who will be the next? Hundreds have been killed within the last ten years."

"Stanly, you make me shudder. Suppose—but *there*! are you going to be a missionary?"

"Not I; although I would like to go out to the world, and tell them a few facts. How I could expose the wicked system! Julian's wounds, and my mother's broken heart, would inspire me. But I cannot afford to go. I must look after my father and——"

The young man hesitated. Elsie looked up, and read in his glance the little word his lips dared not utter.

Elsie blushed, and Stanly took courage.

"May I take care of you, Elsie?"

"If you don't get tired of the responsibility; you know I am awful wicked," replied Elsie, archly.

Stanly's answer is not recorded. No doubt it was very foolish, but all insane demonstrations were checked by the publicity of the situation. People who despise foolishness will find that the busy street is just the right place for a matter-of-fact business-like proposal; but it is very awkward for such as Stanly and Elsie. However, it was done. There followed a few moments' silence, when Stanly exclaimed:

"I had nearly forgotten! I have a package for you."

"For me! Is it from Mother?"

"No; from Brother Menly. He gave it to me with the injunction that I was to place it in your hands, unseen by anyone. I don't think anyone will notice it now, for there is too much going on. It is a very small one — but he seemed very mysterious about it."

"What can it be?" said Elsie, taking it. "I will leave you now to find out, for I see you are half dead with curiosity. Good-bye."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE.

ELSIE hastened home. To her great relief she found Aunt Lucy absent. As soon as she could lock herself in her room, she tore open the parcel. It contained a note from Brother Menly, and a small packet, neatly done up, and addressed to Miss Elsie Lascelle. Opening this, there fell out a ring, round which was wound a slip of paper. With trembling hands she unwound the paper and read :

"If ever you need a friend, send this ring to J. Tracy, box 200. God bless and protect you. Tell no one, not even your mother."

Elsie examined the ring : it was a heavy gold one, somewhat worn. On the inside was inscribed, "Mary to Ed., May, 1852." It was a mystery. But there was Brother Menly's letter ; perhaps that would throw some light upon the affair.

The letter was dated some months back, only a few days after her departure.

It was as follows :

"My dear child :

"The day you left us, as I was returning from my usual morning walk, I fell in with a man having the appearance of a laborer or a miner, except that his conversation was much above that class. He was a singular-looking man, his face terribly scarred. He asked numerous questions about the people here, and about you. When he discovered our friendly relations,

and that the Church had cut me off, he manifested great satisfaction.

"Though inquisitive, he was not impertinent—quite the reverse, and when we parted we seemed almost like old acquaintances. That same evening he came to my cottage and left the enclosed package for you, enjoining me on oath to either give it into your hands myself, or through some one I could trust as myself.

"You know it is impossible for me to come now to see you; so you will excuse any delay that may ensue. I will send it by the first trusty messenger.

"The Church has dropped me completely, and my life here would be insupportable were it not for the devotion of my dear wife, my guardian angel, my faithful companion. The solace of her love, and the sense that I have obeyed the dictates of my conscience, nerve me to endure isolation and obloquy.

"How merciful is our Divine Father. He will watch over you, my child. Be true to yourself, and God will help you.

"My wife and I think of you often, and pray that you may be happy.

"Your old friend,

"T. MENLY."

Elsie wept: she forgot herself and the mystery of the ring in sorrow for her old friend cruelly bereft of his one faithful companion whom he mentioned so lovingly. What must be his anguish. How terrible the loneliness of his life.

For some time sympathy prevailed over curiosity; but when her eyes looked at the ring curiosity re-

gained its power. The entrance of Aunt Lucy interrupted her cogitations. Hastily concealing the letter and ring, she prepared herself for the evening meal.

As soon as it was over, she retired, pleading a headache.

Again she studied the letter. This time a light dawned on the mystery.

"A man, terribly scarred, looking like a miner, who appeared the day she left." The memory of the tramp, whose glance impressed her so vividly, flashed across her mind. He must be the sender of the ring. Then, who was he? What was he? Why did he interest himself in her? Jim Tracy! she never had heard the name. What a mystery it all was; and she must not tell any one. Oh, dear! what a heavy load was that mysterious secret: it kept her awake three long hours. If only she dared tell Stanly—but he was some one.

The next morning she hid the ring and the note from the mysterious Jim Tracy, burned Brother Menly's letter, and tried to appear as if nothing had happened.

Sister Menly's murder occasioned but little excitement, and that little soon died out, effaced by the more absorbing subject of the co-operative institution. Money possessed more interest than a life, especially the life of a rebellious woman.

The co-operative promised money: every one hastened to take shares: some disposed of the little property they had worked so hard to gain, and put it all into the stock of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution. All Zion was in commotion. The Lord was going to open a grocery and dry-goods store upon

His own account. The people must help Him, for he dislikes doing things alone; besides, they laid it to heart that the Lord should succeed, or He might be angry with them. So their savings went into the Co-op, as the new store was called, and the priestly conclave smiled ineffably upon the people, promising future wonders while they pocketed present cash.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RUIN.

DELVILLE'S store, usually the busiest on the street, was closed. For two days it had given no signs of life: dark, deserted, no customers, no clerks, the show windows empty.

The passers-by shook their heads. Some of the bolder went to the door as if to enter: then they stopped, hesitated, and passed on to the new store—the Lord's store.

The street gossips drew nearer together to discuss the question of Delville's ruin.

"He's squelched," said one.

"I'm mighty glad, for he gave himself no end of airs."

"It's a just judgment for his share in that Mountain Meadows business."

"Do you think he had anything to do with that?"

"'Tain't always best to tell one's thoughts; but I wouldn't have his conscience for all the gold mines in the world."

"Well, he wasn't alone in the business; and I'd stick it out with the old lion if it were me."

"Yes, and get chawed up for your pains."

"Tut, tut: those days are gone by."

"Don't be too sure o' that. Any how, old Del is ruined: he's in a pretty tight fix, I can tell ye."

The gossips were right, as they often are. Mr. Delville was ruined. Relying upon his excellent business, he had expended beyond his means in building and speculations. Debt, the evil genius of the business man, held him.

But how is it that Mr. Delville, the pillar of the Church, the right hand of the chief, is in this condition? In his boastfulness, he had acted independently of the Church; and the Church crushed him. In the Tabernacle, before all the people, he had been cursed by name, for daring to be a rival of the Lord; and all the Saints were forbidden to enter his store, under peril of going across lots to an ultra-tropical region. *Across lots* signifies a short cut. It was, on account of its forcibleness, a favorite phrase of the saintly leaders.

The anathema had crushed Mr. Delville. He sat in his deserted store trembling, stunned by the awful blow. It was not only the dread of being cast off, the pain of public censure; more than this, ruin stared him in the face.

He had visited Oreana in the hope of obtaining her influence. He found that influence rapidly waning, if not dead. He appealed to the chief; but the stony indifference of the latter crushed the hopes of the presumptuous Delville. His boasts had turned against him. Ruin, nothing but ruin. And in the silence of

his loneliness, the curse rang in his ears, the curse he had tried to forget in the noise of gold-seeking and pleasure.

Stanly tried in vain to cheer his father.

"Father," said he, "be a man. Resume your business. They have declared war upon you, now declare war upon them. It will be a tough contest, but it will not last long. The people will favor you, if you are only brave. Many of them are exceedingly indignant at the attack made upon you in the Tabernacle. Open the store in spite of the Co-op."

"I can't do it. I dare not. Satan would claim me."

"Nonsense; who cares for Satan when conscience is clear and the will honest?"

Mr. Delville winced at this home thrust, so innocently made by Stanly, who never dreamed of his father's blood-stained career. The wretched man trembled at the thought that the Church might repudiate her debts. God might revoke her promise; then who could save him from perdition?

"No, Stanly, I can't go against the Lord. If I am cut off my soul is lost."

Stanly was about to reply when Brother X., accompanied by a clerk, entered, and informed Mr. Delville that the Co-op committee had sent him to negotiate the sale of the stock.

When Stanly heard this he drew his father aside to make one last appeal.

"Father, don't be driven in this way. Think of that which you have at stake. Here's my plan. Sell the things that won't do to keep, but don't part with the rest. We can move away, open in some other

place, or, if that don't answer, wait just a little, and you can do splendidly here. Gentiles are coming here fast, and as soon as the railroad unites us with the outside world, the power of that old *Fraud* will be gone, and your fortune will be made because you had the courage to defy him. Father, mark my words, in a very short time Zion will be free like any other city, and that insolent priest will fetch up in a jail, where of right he belongs. This cursing business is played out. Hold your own, Father; don't let them steal it from you; and all will be right. Look at others who have not the slightest intention of closing. Father, you are worried and ill; let me see to this business for you. I think I can manage the rascals. Come, what do you say?"

Mr. Delville hesitated; his son's words impressed him. Were he only untrammeled, unstained as this young man—but, alas! he had sold himself to the enemy. The compact was written in blood. He must submit.

"You are brave and energetic, Stanly, but it won't do, it won't do. I must have money immediately. Then the President wants me to sell out. If I submit perhaps the Lord will reinstate me in favor."

Stanly left the store: he could not stay to see his father swindled; for he knew that the offer of the Church would amount to a swindle. This ruin sorely affected the young man, for he had looked forward to a partnership which would enable him to marry Elsie. Now the ruthless hand of avarice and jealousy was to destroy all his hopes.

However, he did not lose courage. He would get *work*, he would succeed.

When he returned, he found Brother X. and the clerk busy taking an inventory. Mr. Delville had accepted the offer—not daring to refuse—although it involved a ruinous loss.

"Well," exclaimed Stanly, when his father told him the terms, "if I wanted to rob in that wholesale fashion I would go on the highway, I would break boldly into houses, I would declare myself an enemy of man and work under the devil's banner. I wouldn't sneak in with a saintly smile and make God father my sins."

Mr. Delville groaned. The honest bravery of the young man shamed him.

All through the long day he sat in the deserted office alone with ruin and the specter-haunted past. Scenes forgotten in prosperity re-appeared with startling vividness; for adversity clears the mental vision in a most wonderful manner. Again he heard the doom pronounced against him. The ruin, the curse had come. Would the rest follow? Again he saw Julian fall. But it was all for God: why need he tremble? Why did he groan? Was it because of the memory of the faithful companion of his happy, stainless, early manhood, the partner of all his joys, sorrows and toil, the mother of his noble son, stricken with madness and death at the sight of his first victim?

He prayed; he shuddered while he prayed. Did he repent? No, for it was all done for God. His sufferings were not of repentance, but of trial. Thus he consoled himself: the past must be forgotten. The Church could not cast him off: one of its strongest pillars, whose tithings and gifts had done so much to sustain it in its struggling years, whose dagger was

ever ready, who feared no danger. And yet the chief, who owed him so much, had held him up to public scorn. Oh! the ingratitude of man! This was the wound that tortured him most. Where could he turn for comfort? Home, wife! he had forfeited these blessings. His purse supported several establishments, each one presided over by a woman who called herself his wife; yet no home had he.

Home is like God—one, indivisible, non-multipliable. One God, one love, one home!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JIM TRACY AGAIN.

ELSIE'S smiles begun to fade; her reveries became sadder. Not that she was a girl to make for herself sorrow. She had suffered too much to do that; besides, nature had given to her a happy disposition; but now everything was going wrong.

Her friend and protectress was unhappy. Like all proud natures, Oreana avoided old friends lest they should perceive her woe. Perhaps she shrank more from Elsie knowing the questioning, doubting character of the young girl, whose last question, "Are his other wives happy?" still haunted her. How differently she would have answered now! Elsie felt deeply this avoidance on the part of her adopted mother. But that was not all: Elsie trembled for her lover.

Stanly had fallen under the ban of the Church by his non-compliance with the missionary call. The

devout ignored him, and those less fervent but prudent shook their heads and said it was foolish.

Elder Silvertung smiled blandly, while he remarked that some people would go to the dogs in spite of every effort to keep them all right.

"Just look, for instance, at the Delvilles. Did I not advise Brother Robert for his own good? And when I saw Stanly falling into bad company, I used all my influence to reform him, for there is nothing equal to a mission for elevating young men, and grounding them in the faith; but it was all of no use. However, I will yet try to do all I can to save them."

Elsie heard and trembled. That word—"save"—was very ambiguous.

Some years ago Mr. Delville outwitted the elder in a speculation, and courtship; and Silvertung possessed a good memory. He never forgot. Whether he forgave remains to be seen. Moreover, he was one of the co-operative *ring;* the Lord's enemies were therefore his. They must not cumber the earth.

He forbade Elsie to hold any communication with the Delvilles; but love knows no obstacle, and the young lovers continued to see each other in spite of the fiat. Their meetings were so different. Their lover-like talks about nothing were at an end. All was serious earnestness.

Stanly never had been a very light-hearted youth; the death of his mother, the murder of Julian (though he was far from suspecting the murderer), had darkened his youthful thoughts and dreams; and the late troubles made him a grave and determined man. He hated the Church organization more than Elsie did, and his vehement denunciations often caused the young

girl to shudder with fear that the trees might betray him.

One pleasant afternoon Elsie took a stroll by the creek, hoping that its song would cheer her.

As she walked up Main street she noticed a man roughly clad, but possessing an air of superiority, standing at the corner of South Temple street. For some time he had stood there, apparently watching the passers-by.

When Elsie came out of the Lion House his attention centered upon her. He followed her up Main street. Arrived at the north side of the Temple Block, the man, after looking to see that there were no observers, hurried after Elsie. Hearing the sound of footsteps, the young girl turned. She started, for there was something familiar, something that interested her, in this stranger who looked at her so wistfully. He came nearer. She recognized the mysterious Jim Tracy.

"My "— the stranger stopped suddenly, then said:

"Are you Elsie Lascelle."

His voice thrilled the young girl's soul, but astonishment rendered her incapable of action.

She faltered out: "Yes."

"Did you receive a package containing a ring from one Menly?"

"Yes."

"All right. Keep a good heart a little longer. It will all be right soon."

Just then some people came in sight; and the man turned away hastily.

Elsie, who had recovered her self-possession, ran after him.

"Stop! Tell me who you are. Why you are interested in me. Tell me, who are you?"

"A friend. Ask me no more; it is not safe, and I cannot tell you yet. Soon you shall know all."

"It is strange, very strange; how I wish I might tell Stanly," thought the perplexed maiden.

Full of astonished curiosity, Elsie found herself at her home before she had an idea of being near it. Too bewildered to enter the house, she rested a few minutes at the gate. In those few minutes, the sufferings of her life crowded through her brain; and the long-cherished hope of escape returned with greater force. A few months and Stanly would free her. She looked towards the mountain barriers. Dark clouds of fog, rift upon rift, hid peak and base. Slowly the rifts broke from on high, a snow-crowned crest appeared, now gleaming golden, now blushing love's bright tint at the parting kiss of the sun's good-night. Slowly other peaks shone out of the black rolling fog waves. Far around spread the glorious light, tinging with opalescent hues the upper rifts, while beneath all was black fathomless fog.

"How glorious!" thought Elsie. "A vision of hope. Stanly and I will succeed, and be happy. The light will come."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A HAPPY POLYGAMOUS HOUSEHOLD.

AUNT LUCY was cross that evening, so Elsie asked permission to visit her friend Kleena. In spite of the great difference in the character of the girls, they sought each other's company,—Elsie, because she could talk of Smithville; Kleena, perhaps, for the same reason. But this evening Elsie was prompted by another motive. She wanted to see some happy people. Kleena's sister and cousin, married to Brother Cowles, presented a model polygamous household. The two women lived together, went everywhere together, dressed alike, talked of "our husband," and made plans for having Kleena as No. 3, without a tinge of jealousy. Moreover, in this household the right of priority was never discussed. Emma and Minna became brides on the same day, and at the same hour.

The Mormon high-priest tried to introduce these bigamous weddings, in order to do away with the absolute priority assumed by some first wives.

In this case, the plan worked well. No jealousy, no discord had as yet disturbed this Mormon household.

When Elsie felt more than ordinarily bitter against polygamy, she liked to visit this family, and contemplate their happiness—happiness of a very negative kind, but Elsie knew nothing about negative and positive conditions. Absence of discord and misery was to her happiness, the only happiness of which she could form an idea.

But this evening Elsie found Kleena in a very cross mood trying to pacify a still crosser baby. Emma tended another baby, who seemed very sick, while Minna was occupied in preparing her liege lord's toilette, to go courting!

If we collect the words floating in the atmosphere of the two rooms in which the members of the Cowles household are congregated, it will give a better idea of the happiness of this model family than any trite description.

Minna. "Dear me, how tired I am! Amos, I wish you would speak to those children, they are quarreling again."

Amos. "Sorry, my dear, but I haven't time just now. Where is my blue neck-tie? Julia likes blue. Why don't you women keep things in order?"

Minna. "We do try, but there's the children, and sickness, and washing and—here's your blue tie."

Emma. "Min, do come here."

Minna. "Yes, in a minute. Amos, can't you stay with us to-night? Em's baby is so sick."

Amos. "Stay! how inconsiderate you women are. Here, don't go off, tie this bow for me; you can do it so nicely—and don't frown, Min, it don't suit your style."

Child. "Papa, see what I got at school to-day."

Amos. "Don't bother me now."

Second Child. "Jim is saying naughty words."

Amos. "Minna, you should look better after these children. You don't do your duty. There now, am I not irresistible?"

Emma. "Baby has another spasm."

Amos. "How do I look?"

Minna. "You look well enough. If you were as tired as I, you wouldn't be thinking of your looks."

Amos. "Just like women, always jealous, and tired, though they never do anything. Dear me! I am late."

Kleena. "Ain't it wicked that he won't make me his wife? I, who always expected to be the third."

Em. "Amos, do go for the doctor, baby is so ill."

Amos. "My dear, I can't; have I not an engagement?"

Minna. "Well, that can wait."

Amos. "My dear, what would you have said if I had been remiss in my engagements to you in the days when we were courting? Some of the girls can go."

Em. "Oh! dear, I am afraid baby will die."

Amos. "Nonsense; baby will be all right. Women always frighten themselves about nothing. I would stay with you, but Julia would be so disappointed. Good bye, dears."

Twirling his moustache, flourishing his cane, Brother Cowles was off to see the lady of his fancy, his mind quite untroubled by any thought of sick baby, tired wives, or children growing wild for want of a father's restraining influence.

"Dear me," cried Minna, "if Amos had fancied Kleena, instead of that airy, stuck-up Julia."

"I wish so, too; it would have made everything so nice;—but oh! somebody must go for the doctor."

"I'll go," said Kleena, who had just managed to get her baby to sleep.

"I will go with you," said Elsie.

The girls started, and all the way Kleena poured her griefs into Elsie's ear—what a pretentious creature Julia was, how she had visited the wives of her lover,

boasting to them that Amos had never loved any one but her.

Confidence invites confidence, and Elsie, who had love griefs also, told Kleena all about Stanly, and the intended marriage and escape. After the communication was made, Elsie felt sorry; but it was then beyond her power to recall it.

"Kleena, don't tell any one; it might bring trouble upon us—I mean upon me and somebody."

"Don't bother yourself; and may you be more fortunate than I. But there, you will be lucky, because you don't act from principle. I'm that mad that I'll marry the very first one that will give me a chance. It is perfectly awful, this marrying out of the family; but you never can depend upon men, and Julia tried awful to catch him. She's got the sweetest dress and bonnet, and I do believe that's what's done it. But here we are at the doctor's."

The girls did not have a chance for any more confidences that night, and Elsie went home without reentering the Cowles house.

Kleena's wrath at not being number three did not amuse Elsie; it saddened her.

"Why am I not like Kleena? Is it that I belong to the unregenerate? All these women seem resigned; why should I feel for them?"

Why indeed! These were problems beyond Elsie's power to solve for years yet to come.

As Elsie approached the Temple Block, the silvery moonlight disclosed to her two figures walking along very lover-like. They were Amos Cowles and Julia, number three elect. The latter seemed radiant. Brother Cowles was an adept in the art of matrimonial

fishing. Indeed, a man who could capture and harmoniously lead to Hymen's altar two young ladies at once, must be well skilled in the science.

As Elsie looked at the twain, there swept over her a wave from the ocean of inspiration. She longed to hold up to the world's contempt the heartless father, the merciless husband, the creatures of a creed whose sanctity consists in trampling under foot all that makes man noble. Scathing words burned her lips; but at whom could she hurl them? To the trees, waving so far above the earth and its woes? To the wall, hard as the heart of the people? It was useless. The sense of her impotency overwhelmed her; and the sea of bitterness, repelled from her lips, flowed out from her eyes.

CHAPTER XXX.

OREANA IS FORSAKEN.

SOME time passed, during which Oreana only saw her master at dinner, when he noticed her no more than he did the other women. Already she perceived the commiserating glances of the household, she heard their whispers about Laima. The other wives and their friends began to treat her with a courtesy born of pity. Even the servants gazed at her sadly. It was maddening.

"Am I fallen so low that they should pity me?" she cried, and she carried her head higher, assumed gaiety, yea, even laughed at the chief's infatuation.

But out of her love (for she loved this man, even now that he had abandoned her) grew a hope that he

would return to her, that she would regain her influence, her place in his heart: his *heart?* This hope became a fixed idea. All her thoughts, her aims, centered in it. She must see him again before he was totally lost to her. She would be bold, she would ask him to visit her. The day she decided upon this course, she spent considerable time upon her toilette, in the hope of effacing the traces of suffering. As the hour of dinner drew near, she grew nervous. Alas! what a change! She now begged for that attention she had hitherto deemed her right. But her reflections of late proved to her that celestial marriage gives to women no right save that of suffering.

She hoped to prefer the request unheard by any; but in this she was doomed to disappointment. The inhabitants of the Bee-Hive hummed assiduously round the pet lion who took such delight in crushing them.

If she asked, it must be before them all. For a moment she hesitated; but desperation spurred her on. Ask she must.

Assuming her pleasantest smile, she asked him to visit her that day or evening.

"I can't, I have an engagement."

"An engagement!" and with the freedom of a favorite, she asked, "What engagement?"

The words escaped her unconsciously. No sooner were they uttered than she would have given worlds for the power to recall them.

"That is my affair, not yours. Inquisitive women are odious," was the answer.

Oreana shivered. Her quick eye noted the look that passed from one lady to another. It was suffi-

cient to arm her pride. Recalling her smile, she pretended to be amused at the rebuke, and added, in as playful a manner as she could assume :

"Then, perhaps, you can come to-morrow ?"

"I shall come when I get ready," was the brusque reply.

It was galling, but nothing save a heightened color denoted her inward pain. Oreana withdrew, dignified, courteous, a very queen—dethroned—but still a queen.

But as the months passed on Oreana faded. Happiness is the beautifier, misery the defacer of man's countenance.

Sorrow, watching, and tears had done their marring work upon Oreana, furrowing the smooth brow, hollowing the cheek, and dimming the eye. The brilliant matron became an anxious, worn woman.

Her thoughts no longer afford her pleasure : she seeks distraction in work,—in moving restlessly about the rooms.

A child enters.

"Mamma, Father says he is going to take you to the social to-night."

The abrupt message was sufficient to make any lady angry. A time was that Oreana would have felt incensed. Now it brought her unspeakable hope.

He was returning to his allegiance ! the thought was an elixir. Oreana caught up in her arms the little messenger, and almost suffocated her with caresses.

The day passed in a flutter of excitement examining her different toilettes. As a favorite her wardrobe was ample ; although Oreana, imbued with the *spirit of* the First Christians, affected a severe sim-

plicity in dress—a simplicity which harmonized well with her majestic beauty. For this night she must be lovely. Oreana had learned that beauty is potent, even over a prophet of the Lord.

But, although hope electrified her soul and made every fiber to thrill and glow ; although she called to her aid every art to her known, the ravages of misery could not be effaced. The work of months could not be undone in a few hours.

Oreana sighed for the first time over her lost beauty. Still she was a handsome woman, far more beautiful to the cultivated eye than any in the room, not excepting Laima, whose highly-colored charms might win the sensual but not the æsthetic.

During the ride to the hall, Oreana asserted all her conversational powers to charm her escort. Not a reproach, not a sigh, escaped from her bruised heart. These efforts were received in silence ; still undaunted, Oreana hoped.

Arrived at the hall, relieved of her wraps, Oreana entered the room leaning upon the arm of her lord, who, in the glare of the light, noticed for the first time the change in Oreana's looks.

" So you are going like the rest. You are not half as good-looking as you were. Quite time you dropped into the background—the fitting place for ugly women. Don't you think so, Brother Simpson? Why can't women keep handsome, like men, eh ?"

The last part of this harangue was addressed to Brother S., and some others who came up to salute the great man.

" Well, at any rate we can replace the old stock by younger ones," replied Brother K——.

"That's good," said the President, laughing. "A Saint can always have a wife, young and handsome."

"Thanks to celestial marriage," added Brother Simpson.

Oreana boiled with indignation. Her ears had grown accustomed to coarse jokes, but she had never been their target. She tried to leave her husband's side, but he retained her arm, having no intention of allowing his victim to escape one iota of the torture. He paraded her round the room, till the entrance of Laima, when he left her, without making any excuse, and hurried to welcome the new-comer.

Almost fainting with humiliation, Oreana tried to hide herself in an obscure seat. How she envied her sister wives, several of whom were there, seeking their own amusement, talking and laughing with their friends, oblivious, apparently, of the great man's presence, as if they owned no interest in him! They had never been distinguished by that debasing term, "The Favorite."

"The Favorite" of the Prophet is naturally the belle of every party. This dubious honor had for so long been enjoyed by Oreana, that she considered it as her right, and never dreamed that another could supplant her.

The Prophet opened the ball with Laima, which courtesy installed her the queen of the evening.

Oreana sat alone. A meaning look passed from one to the other of the company. The men smiled, the women sighed; thus expressing unconsciously their destinies as Saints. To the men pleasure, to the women pain.

Oreana had a few friends who tried to make

amends for the neglect of the One ; and the ex-favorite, anxious to appear unconcerned, danced, laughed and talked while her heart was breaking.

It was over at last. All things must end; and Oreana prayed that life might end ; but such mercy was not for her, doomed to expiate a double parricide.

After that night, grief benumbed her faculties. Her death-knell had sounded ; for her hopes, her joys, her life, centered in that being who now threw her ruthlessly aside. Without him, she knew not how to live ; for she had allowed her heart, mind, and soul, to be absorbed by him. Her children could not console her ; for in Oreana maternal love was secondary. Her love demanded companionship, which as yet her children could not give. And the agony of crushed pride. Oreana was proud of her influence over the chief. An influence whose power and duration surprised the Mormon world.

In the days when enthusiasm was requisite to fire credulity, Oreana's influence was useful to the ambitious leader. Her spirit, ever soaring among the dizzy heights of fanaticism, drew up with it the commonplace mind, that only dreamed of self-gratification and power. But when consolidated authority gave him a secure throne, and allowed full sway to his lower instincts, this influence became irksome.

Before Oreana, the second Moses had felt compelled to wear a mask. He had sought to hide his real nature, ashamed of its ugliness. To her he could not divulge all his schemes for the abject enslavement of the people. The woman's spirituality forced him upward to uncongenial heights.

The restraint chafed him. Had not Oreana been blinded by satisfied power she would have perceived his efforts to throw off her chains: efforts hitherto unsuccessful, for Oreana's beauty charmed him, her accomplishments flattered him; and he felt awed by a superior nature.

At length came Laima—beautiful, witty, unscrupulous, coarse. Her smile gave strength to his lower nature. The brute conquered the man.

In Laima he found a congenial spirit; before her no mask was needed. The deeper he sank in iniquity, in Laima greater depths attracted him. Together they gloated over massacres. No appealing to Scripture or to religious frenzy to justify the deed: no, only a laugh at the credulity, the weakness of mankind.

Skillfully Laima bound him in chains; her beauty, her wit flattered his passions, while, with subtle craft, she discovered his secrets. Every revelation was a scepter in Laima's hands—a scepter, whose power she knew well how to use when the opportunity should come. She despised him as much as he despised the people he misled; but she loved his position, his wealth, his fame. These must be hers. Once hers, she knew well how to keep them.

Oreana's fate gave her no fear. Love had made Oreana the slave of the man; passion should make the man the slave of Laima. No tender emotion could weaken her power over him, for the tender emotion did not exist. Laima was mistress of herself and of the man.

Oreana had fancied the brass gold. Laima took it for brass, and doubted whether the brass was not hollow.

For Laima there could be no disappointment;

neither did she fear the pain of abandonment. Love only feels this pain.

The polygamous chief might marry as many wives as he pleased. They should never keep him away from her, for these women would never possess her charms —charms impervious to grief or anxiety.

Thus Laima triumphed; thus Oreana sorrowed—sorrowed for the idol now broken, the idol she had worshiped, whose fragments she loved so much that she would gladly have spent her life in putting them together.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ORDEAL.

ONE morning about two weeks after the social, Sister Silea called to see Oreana. This occurrence was extraordinary of itself; but to make it still more so, Sister Silea was accompanied by Sister Martha, a sister wife, who had never before called upon Oreana.

Sister Martha prided herself upon her housekeeping skill. She had learned every culinary mystery, and the problems of domestic economy were as familiar as household words to her. Without Sister Martha's aid, the harem would have been a financial failure. Not even the prophet of the Lord, with all his revelations and inspired genius, could have carried it through.

Sister Martha, like many others, despised what she did not possess. Silea's literary talents and taste an-

noyed her, and she lost no opportunity to snub her sister wife.

As for Oreana, the active housewife looked upon her as a proud, lazy creature, whose influence was exceedingly prejudicial to the interests of the Church. Being a plain-spoken woman, she did not conceal her thoughts, and many a time Oreana felt the sharpness of Martha's tongue.

Great then was Oreana's surprise to receive a visit from these two, who scarcely speak to each other without quarreling, and whose dislike to her was so well known. Some new misery was about to enfold her: she could read her fate in their triumphant glances; but her calm dignity rather disconcerted the visitors, who looked and acted as if they didn't know exactly what to say. However, Silea, considering herself Sister Martha's superior in social matters, thought it fitting to make some excuse.

"I suppose, dear sister," she began, "we ought to apologize for negligence in calling; but really, what with Church responsibilities and literary work, you know."

"Excuse yourself, if you like, Silea; as for me, I don't think it is needed. Every one knows that my work leaves me no time for gadding, nor for fine dreaming either."

Silea took to herself this last remark, and hastened to cut short Martha's speech.

"Yes, indeed, we have but little time for social intercourse; but my dear Oreana, you seem to be suffering."

"Only a headache; a very common complaint with me."

"That is just because you haven't enough to do. A few days in my dairy would soon put you right."

"I am afraid not, Martha, for the reason I don't like such work."

"Don't like such work! No, you like better to dress, play the pianner, read and study all kinds of nonsense, which don't do nobody no good. That's what I used to tell my girls, and just look at them to-day, all in polygamy, and as comfortable and as happy as my cows. No nonsense about them: they find plenty to do, to keep them from headaches and miserableness. I do wish there were no books."

"O, Martha!" exclaimed Silea, "you forget the book of Mormon, and the Bible, and all the beautiful things written in the *Millennial Star*, and our many other Church works." The most beautiful of these things, in Silea's estimation, were the productions of her own pen!

"No, Silea, I don't forget. If the Lord chooses to write books, of course He can do it, as He does just what he pleases; and if He tells the apostles to write books, why that's all right. There must be books, I suppose, but I don't believe women have any right with them: 'taint their sphere. Women readers and women scribblers ain't no account—at least in the Church of Saints. Who are the rebellious wives, the women who complain of plurality, but these who bother their heads with what don't concern 'em? That's what I told my girls, and you won't catch any of them moping. But there! we are wasting time, and forgetting what we came for. We intend to celebrate to-day, don't you think we ought?"

"Why, to-day?" answered Oreana, finding she must say something.

"Why, to-day?" exclaimed Silea. "Why, because a marriage day should be a gala day. A Mormon wife should rejoice when her husband exalts another sister to eternal glory, and we of the President's household should be shining lights to the rest of the sisterhood; so we intend to celebrate to-day. When I mentioned it to the President, he thought it a very excellent idea."

"Well, Oreana, I don't know what you think of it, but Sister Silea has expressed my ideas exactly. Some time ago I told Brother Young that I thought it was high time he took another wife, and that when he did I should make a feast.

"Last Monday—yes, to-day is Wednesday—yes, 'twas last Monday, he came to me all smiling and said: 'Martha, Wednesday next Sister Laima will be sealed to me for time and eternity.' 'All right,' says I, 'we will celebrate.' Lor, didn't he look pleased! and this morning, while he was a-getting ready, he sang and laughed and danced just like a boy. I couldn't help thinking of King David, and I told him so. I always says just what I've a mind to Brother Young. Well, they are married by this time. I can't stay any longer. Why, what's the matter?"

Oreana had fallen with a dull thud on the floor.

"She has fainted," said Silea.

"Fainted! Why, I never fainted in all my life. What a woman!"

Silea did not reply at first. Her vengeance was greater than she had anticipated. She had expected a storm—tears, denunciations; this horrible, silent woe

did not suit her. The fact that some people actually felt those sentiments she so glibly talked about, became a truth. At last she said :

"Martha, call some one."

"Indeed I will ; and now that we have had our triumph let's go. I can't stay here all day."

Sister Martha left, and in a very short time all the harem knew that the ex-favorite had fainted at the marriage news.

The desire for the fête dinner became greater.

The first one Oreana saw when consciousness returned, was Silea, who had stayed to see it all.

With the sight of her enemy came the thought that her misery was known—known to those that had planned it ; they would triumph over her, they would pity her. She closed her eyes and sought strength in pride. The will that once made her the heroine of the desert must carry her through this frightful climax.

When she reopened her eyes, a smile played upon her lips. It was a sad smile, but it was better than a tear.

"I am better now," she said, "all right. Lately I have been subject to this weakness."

This declaration was untrue : but woman's pride dictated the fib.

"Don't be alarmed, Silea, I shall not miss your celebration. Your ideas about such things are excellent. Elsie, run and tell the governess to give the children a holiday, then return, I shall want you. And now, ladies, I will lie down for a little while ; there is nothing like a nap for restoring strength."

With a smile, meant for a dismissal, Oreana arose. She could scarcely stand, but they must not see her

weakness. And they would not go. Was she a show for vulgar curiosity? It would seem so. Again she expressed her wish to be alone; but the women, under pretense of lending assistance, insisted upon staying.

Annoyance came to the aid of pride. With a violent effort, she steadied her limbs, and walked into her bed-room and fastened the door. The spur removed, her strength left her. She sank upon her couch, a weak, broken-hearted woman, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing, feeling nothing, save her great wretchedness.

But even wretchedness must pass away.

Oreana arose at last, all her misery concentered in one idea—the fête at which she must be present. Her will was not strong enough to bear her through those hours.

Faith and hope, powerful supporters, that formerly upheld that will, were now dead. The morning's effort of a few minutes had exhausted her. What, then, should she do during those long hours of torture, the anticipation of which made her writhe.

She must succumb, and her enemies would triumph. Her looking-glass confirmed her fears. Those hollow, lustreless eyes, encircled in black rings, those sunken cheeks, that drawn mouth—she was ugly. And *he* would compare her wanness with Laima's blooming charms. He would joke about it. O God! the thought stung her to madness. Was there nothing she could do? Could not factitious strength—artificial charms, be obtained? Yes, yes. A gleam of triumph, not of joy, lit up her face. She went to her purse—a hidden purse, in which she kept the superfluities of brighter days. The purse was well furnished. Next she took

pencil and paper, and placed it upon the table. Then she went to a book-case, and took from it some books on medicines or the properties of drugs. She looked over several, then she wrote a name on a piece of paper. Again she paused and laughed—a chilly laugh —then on another piece she wrote several orders. Taking these two pieces of paper and her purse, she entered the sitting-room, where Elsie sat reading.

"Elsie, take these orders to a drug-store, and have them filled as quickly as possible. Here is the money, so that you need not answer any questions."

Elsie obeyed.

Left alone, Oreana called her children, hoping to forget her sorrows in their prattle ; but their naive remarks upon their father's last marriage were unendurable. She soon sent them away.

The dinner hour arrived, and the women of the harem, with their intimate friends, gathered in the reception-room, anxious in appearance to welcome the bride, but in reality to see how the ex-favorite would bear the ordeal. That this was the case the disjointed phrases that formed their conversation testified.

"She won't come."

"Yes she will, and you will see her the gayest of the gay."

"Not a bit of it ; she is quite broken down."

"Yes, but she is awful proud,—she will come."

"That she will, and stand on her dignity."

"Like a statue of a queen."

The remarks stopped with the entrance of Oreana whose appearance disappointed all. A great change had taken place since the morning : the wrinkles had disappeared, a delicate bloom gave rotundity to the

cheek, a tranquil smile banished all sorrow from the mouth, and her eyes beamed with a dreamy, happy look, while the black circles so ghastly in the morning were scarcely visible. Her dress of gray silk and lace betokened extraordinary care in its arrangement. A rose japonica in her hair, and at her throat lent brightness to the toilette. Never had she appeared more beautiful.

But her manner created the most surprise. It showed neither the forced gaiety of concealed misery, nor the icy dignity of wounded pride. An air of blissful reverie pervaded her looks, words and actions. She welcomed the usurper of her joys with graceful sweetness; her dignity, beauty and gentleness disarmed her enemies, and forced all, even her brutal master, to treat her with deference.

True, she ate scarcely anything; and as the hours passed her conversation grew strange, her glance dull and fitful, but none noted the change. Oreana's triumph was complete. Alas! that triumph cost her dear. To obtain it she had sacrificed her womanhood, her future. The heroine, admirable in spite of her fanaticism, Oreana, majestic even in wrongdoing, we shall see no more. To drown sorrow, to secure the triumph of an hour, she had steeped her brain in opium vapors. She had reveled in intoxication, she yielded to its potent spell, and followed the mirage of happiness till she was lost.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MURMURING VOICES.

HOLINESS to the Lord! Under this motto flourished the Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institution,—flourished on the flesh and blood of the poor, flourished upon the tears, the ruin of those it reduced to beggary, for Delville, although the greatest sufferer, was not the only one.

From all parts of the territory the farmers and laborers brought their produce to the Institution. There they exchange it for merchandise; or if they wished money, the Co-op gave them its paper, which was not redeemable any where else—thus the mass of the people became the slaves and victims of of the so-called Co-operative Institution. They found themselves growing poorer, for, of course, they could not be hard upon the Lord, although He was rather hard upon them.

Nevertheless, they rejoiced in the Institution; for did it not belong to them? Was it not the Co-operative, and did not the word Co-operative signify working together. Yes, they must be all working together, and some day everything would come out right.

A writer says: "Any one who wishes to manage the masses, needs only two or three popular, empty words, well tuned and humored; with these he may whistle the people backward and forward, upward and downward, till he is weary, and get upon their backs when he is so."

This assertion is verified by the people whom

Mormonism has gathered to the basin of the Great Salt Lake. These hard-working, well-meaning, honest, confiding people were whistled over mountains and deserts into an abyss of crime and poverty, by the words: "Saints, apostles, conference, co-operation."

But there were some who perceived the hollowness of these terms. Few in number, as must always be the thinking portion of a community; but strong in courage, these men protested against fraud, raising their voices for the righteous cause in the very midst of the priestly conclave.

Astounded by such audacity, the priests quailed, and the people looked on anxiously; and some ranged themselves with the protestants.

It was not a simple apostasy, but a schism,—a schism that threatened the church with the most certain destruction, the death that comes from disintegration.

In the early days the usurpation of Brigham Young and the marriage revelation divided the Church of the Latter Day Saints into the Josephites and Mormons proper; then from the blood of Joseph Morris and his associates (shot by the Mormons because they assumed to have revelations), sprang the sect of the Morrisites. These were not only cut off from the Church, but driven out of the territory; whereas the new schism might be cut off from the Church, but it could not be banished.

The men were rich, powerful in the territory, and known in the world of commerce. The chief had considered them safe, for they were polygamists, and members of the priesthood, and thus bound to the system. But he drove them too hard, and they re-

belled ; defied him in his stronghold, and laughed at his anathemas. The people looked on in amazement.

Some thought that the wrath of God would consume the rebellious, but the little band pursued their way quietly, troubled only on one subject : " What to do with their harems." Rather a serious question.

It was expected that Mr. Delville would join the schismatics ; but liberty of spirit was lost to him. Indeed, he rather liked despotism, provided he could be the despot, or the despot's favorite ; and he still hoped that the Church would reinstate him in her favor. The disgrace and loss of property incurred by his non-affiliation with the Co-operative Institution destroyed all his energy. He fretted, he grumbled, he hinted at foul play ; but he dared not assert his manhood. He still believed in the teachings of the Church, and he spent many a sleepless night thinking of the curse fulminated against him in the Tabernacle. His wealth was fast disappearing ; three large families were dependent upon him, and the means of gaining an income had been taken from him. In such a case, one family often drives a man to desperation, what then, of three ? Mr. Delville had not learned the secret of making plural wives profitable. One day, feeling more wretched than usual, he wandered into a saloon. A friend urged him to drink. It was the first time for many years that liquor had passed his lips, and as the fiery element coursed through his veins, the darkness and misery disappeared. Once more he felt rich and powerful ; in the cup he found delight. From that day he was doomed, doubly doomed ; for his tongue,

loosed by drink, uttered words of dark and mysterious import. The secrets of the Danites (that none ever mentioned and lived) came freely to his lips.

The schismatic excitement reached Smithville, and brought in Brother Smith. The worthy Saint was one-fifth of a widower. The cantankerous wife—she who had eleven children, and who lived in a barn—had grumbled herself into the grave; so that the good brother thought that he ought to replace her. He wooed Kleena; and Kleena took him out of spite. As courtship is pleasanter than matrimony, it was agreed that the sealing should be deferred until the eve of his departure for Smithville. Every evening the twain might be seen under the shadow of the trees of the Lover's Walk. Now Brother Smith was not very sentimental, and Kleena not distinguished as a conversationalist, and sometimes these promenades became dismally silent.

One evening, as they sauntered along, prosier than usual, Stanly and Elsie passed by, so absorbed in each other, that they never noticed Kleena.

"That's Elsie Lascelle and her beau," said Kleena; "you remember Elsie, don't you?"

Brother Smith answered in the affirmative. In truth, Elsie was a sore spot in his memory. He could not forget that he had asked for her, and had been refused. He also remembered the reason why, and was consequently much surprised about Stanly Delville. A few questions, skillfully asked, made him master of the situation. Kleena was only too glad to be able to give interesting information: she never once thought that she was betraying her friend.

Brother Smith was overjoyed at the trick played

on the elder,—and when Kleena told of the projected elopement, he could not repress a whistle of delight.

But after the joy of the discovery had somewhat subsided, a doubt arose in his mind. Should he, by keeping silent, avenge himself upon the elder for the slight of refusal,—a slight which scarcely merited the name; for the elder had done it very politely, and at the same time gave excellent reasons for so doing,—or should he, by disclosing the plot, take vengeance upon Elsie for the many insults she had offered him, and at the same time be doing a service to the Church.

He did not hesitate long,—the last idea was so decidedly the better one. It would give him the satisfaction of seeing the elder considerably annoyed, of punishing Elsie, and of enhancing his chances of Church preferment.

A wise man was Brother Smith.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ELDER SILVERTUNG PROPOSES.

SUMMER reigns once more in beauty bright; and the city of the mountains appears all radiant in her mantle of verdure. The Mormon chief had one virtuous love. He cherished trees—trees, the purifiers of the atmosphere, the home of joyous birds, those embodiments of praise and love—trees that woo from the clouds sweet raindrops to refresh and fertilize the earth, trees whose leafy branches form mystical ladders inviting man heavenward.

With her books under her arm Elsie wended her way homeward, feeling very happy, yet very sad. Happy because the future looked bright. In a few months Stanly would be able to take her away. Mr. Delville was regaining confidence, drank less, and as soon as he could arrange his affairs he intended to leave. Zion was not a safe place for him or for Stanly. The railroad had put them in easy communication with the outside world, and through the friendship of one of the apostates, Stanly heard of a position which promised well. The thought of escape from polygamy made Elsie happy. But she was sad. Two things gave her sorrow. She had just said good bye to school, —and Elsie loved school—and she knew now that rumor was true, and that Oreana, her loved ideal, was killing herself with opium.

She had been to say good bye, and the sunken, blood-shot eyes, the wrinkled, yellowish skin, the moody abstraction of the woman once so beautiful and brilliant, struck Elsie most painfully.

It was the beginning of the end. In the beginning Elsie had brought the fatal drug to her friend and protectress. The thought forced tears to her eyes.

When she came in sight of the house she saw the elder walking up and down the garden, apparently watching for her.

Elsie trembled. The sight of this man always annoyed her, although she had tried lately to feel kindly towards him for gratitude's sake. But Elsie's efforts were failures : the elder was her antipathy.

As she entered the gate she fancied that the elder eyed her peculiarly ; he spoke to her with that sneering amiability infinitely worse than anger. Her heart

sank, and it was with difficulty she could answer his numerous questions about her studies and progress.

He kept her talking, evidently enjoying her embarrassment, until supper was announced.

At supper the elder appeared very jocular.

"Lucy, my dear, have you noticed how pretty our Elsie is growing? and so ladylike. We must get her a husband."

The look which accompanied these words brought to Elsie's mind those words she overheard at Smithville in the Long Ago.

"I don't think she will give you that trouble," retorted Lucy, who did not like the beauty of others to be praised. "Young ladies now-a-days manage that business for themselves, and Elsie ain't no ways backward."

"I should be very sorry to hear of any such presumption upon Elsie's part: it would almost kill her mother. Ah! that reminds me, Mary will be in tomorrow. I sent for her to-day."

"Indeed! How did you know that it is convenient? You ought to have asked me," said Lucy, bridling up.

"My dear, it is always convenient for a wife to submit amiably to her husband's wishes. Only the rebellious do otherwise. I know it will be a great pleasure to you to receive Mary. Dear me, how delighted a woman must be to know that her husband has the power to win such wives as the ladies I possess. The Lord has been good to me, and who knows what blessings of love and beauty he has yet in store for me?"

The elder addressed these words to Elsie, and ac-

companied them with such a leering smile that it attracted Lucy's attention, making that lady so indignant that she jumped up and flounced out of the room. Elsie was trying to join her, when the elder asked her to bring him a book.

She could not do otherwise than obey.

"Ha," he said, as she gave him the book; "how nice to be waited upon by such a pretty maiden! No, you must not leave me yet."

He saw she was trying to escape; to prevent it he seized hold of her.

"Elsie, my dear, you are so lovely and well-behaved that I think I must marry you myself. Won't you be happy to be my wife? Come, give me a kiss, my bride elect."

"Never!" half screamed Elsie; "never!"

"Control yourself, dear; you need not be so vehement. I know you will be glad to be my wife. There, you need not act so furiously. A lady's 'no' always means 'yes.' Oh! I understand you, my little coy damsel. So a kiss."

Never since that terrible day, never to be forgotten by Elsie, had the elder essayed a caress. Since that day, Elsie had learned to love. A pure, natural love now lived in her heart, giving her strength and dignity. She struggled, fought to free herself. Her resistance seemed to amuse her tormentor. He laughed a cold, mocking laugh, and stroked her cheek.

"The pretty dear! how modest and proper she is. Ah, well, I can wait. When you are my wife you will not be so shy. You can go now, and remember Stanly Delville is nothing, shall be nothing to you.

Let him beware, for I can crush him as easily as I can crush a fly."

He hissed these words in her ear, then released her. The poor child ran to her room, and buried her face in her pillow as if anxious to hide away from herself, from her fate.

The dread that had haunted her for so long, the secret she dared not put into words, was at last an outspoken reality. What could she do? Then hope whispered, "Stanly." Yes, he might find some means of saving her. And the mysterious friend? All was not yet lost. These thoughts somewhat reassured Elsie, and she began to think how she could keep her tryst with Stanly (for they were to meet that evening) unseen by her enemy.

While she was planning how to compass this, she heard the sound of angry voices. Aunt Lucy lecturing the elder. Poor woman! as well might she have beaten herself against a jagged rock. Soon the noise subsided; the elder went out. Elsie watched him out of sight, then glided noiselessly down-stairs, out of the gate, and hurried to the trysting place.

She arrived some five minutes before Stanly. These minutes seemed to her an eternity; a multitude of bewildering thoughts, perplexities, horrible possibilities distracted her mind.

"Why, Elsie, am I late?" exclaimed Stanly, very much surprised to find her awaiting. "I am so sorry, but, my darling, what is the matter?"

"O, Stanly! I shall go mad. We must escape, now, this very night."

"Alas! we cannot. We should be discovered, and

brought back—at least you would. What is the matter? What has happened?"

In detached sentences, interspersed with sobs and ejaculations, Elsie told him of the designs of the elder.

Accustomed as the young man was to the horrors of the Mormon system, he was overwhelmed by Elsie's story. Were it not that they would be certainly discovered, he would have carried her away that very night.

"We will go to-morrow, Elsie. When you are my wife, they shan't touch you, the monsters!" and the young man gesticulated as if he were destroying those monsters at one blow.

"And you will save me from this horrid man?"

"Never fear that, Elsie. We will get away to Nevada, where any minister or justice of the peace will marry us."

"And such a marriage is punishable by law, everyway illegal. Allow me to inform you, sir, that Miss Lascelle is a minor, consequently subject to my authority as holding the place of her father."

The first sound of that smooth voice frightened the lovers into dumbness. And there was truth in Silvertung's remarks. Elsie was, in fact, a minor, subject to her mother and the elder. The young people could not deny it, had they tried, but they were too bewildered to think, much less to act. The sudden appearance of the elder,—for they had not heard a footfall,—his knowledge of their designs, his evil look, made him appear to their imagination, tinged with superstition, as a supernatural being.

"Ha, ha! you cannot answer me; the conscious-

ness of wrong-doing makes cowards of you. Elsie, come home with me."

"I won't. I can go home myself," said Elsie, who was the first to recover.

Elsie's resistance nerved Stanly to action.

"Mr. Silvertung," said the young man, "this young lady has promised to be my wife. We are young and we love each other. Will you not consent? My family and position you well know."

"Too well, Mr. Delville, to wish to make any alliance with you. Rebellious, disgraced by the Church, your father a drunkard, and yet you dare lift your eyes to Elsie. I wish you to understand that we have other designs for this young lady's future."

"Sir!" cried Stanly indignantly, advancing.

"The less you say, young man, the better. A word or an act might injure yourself more than any one else. I could crush you as easily as if you were a fly. Come, Elsie. What would your mother say to see you thus disgracing yourself?" Saying this, the elder tried to take the young girl's hand; but, seeing his intention, she turned with bird-like swiftness, and ran home.

She found the door fastened. Before it could be opened the elder came up. He smilingly remarked upon the fineness of the evening and complimented Elsie upon her fleet-footedness.

He evidently wished to propitiate her; but Elsie was mute. As soon as they entered, the young girl darted towards her room; but here the elder was too quick for her. He took her by the arm, and led her to the sitting-room. Then addressing Mrs. Lucy, he inquired if the room leading from hers was ready

for an occupant. On being answered in the affirmative, he ordered that Elsie should occupy it for that night. The young girl obeyed without demur. She knew a battle, or a long contest, was inevitable, and she kept her strength for the latter. They might kill her, but never would she marry that man.

Mrs. Lucy was indignant. She had thought that he would never take another wife, and therefore, her reign was secure. But here he was, about to marry a chit of a girl, whose beauty Lucy had been often forced to acknowledge, much against her will. She never dreamed that the girl would resist.

Elsie slept but little that night, her mind being busy, devising some means of communicating with Stanly.

The next day was Sunday.

Elsie soon found that the elder's keen eyes watched her movements closely. She sat at the window watching for Stanly, but he came not. Elsie felt disappointed; if he had passed by it would have seemed as though he were bestirring himself in her behalf—it would have been a satisfaction; a foolish one no doubt, as she was virtually a prisoner, but despair yearns so madly for hope, that it hails gladly the faintest reflection from the bright star.

About 11 A.M. a message came for the elder. The message seemed to please him. Re-entering the sitting-room he said:

"I am called away for a little while; shall be back, no doubt, within an hour. Elsie, your mother may be here any minute. I hope your filial affection is sufficiently strong to keep you here to receive her. Lucy, youth is sometimes wayward; I shall look to you for

Elsie's safe keeping. I do not wish her to go out or to speak with any one; and, by the way, the window is not a fit place for a modest young lady, wishing to retrieve past errors. Sit over here."

He placed Elsie as far as possible from the window, reiterated his command to Lucy, and passed out into the hall, where one of his sons, a five-year-old likeness of the father, was playing at ball.

A bright thought came to the elder in the form of the adage: "Fools and children tell the truth."

He called the child and promised him lots of candy if he would watch Elsie, and tell if she spoke to any one or went out. The child readily promised, and rushed into the room, saying:

"I'm going to tell on Elsie and get candy."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

A SLOW, weary hour passed. Lucy talked a little with her pet boy, and Elsie pondered over her fate.

Suddenly, a cheery voice broke the silence. It was Sister Dinly's voice.

Perhaps we ought to inform the reader that Sister Dinly could not forgive her husband for cheating her out of the privilege of giving him a wife of her choosing. The country became too narrow a sphere for her activity, and she found herself often called to town upon Church business.

Her husband never objected to these calls. To tell the truth, her absence was often eagerly desired, espec-

ially by Mrs. Dinly number two, who liked her queen better at a distance.

One of these business calls brought Sister Dinly to town at the present juncture; and she took up her abode with her dear, dear friend, Sister Simpson.

"Why, I declare you all look as solemn as owls; here Spencer, come and kiss your grandmother."

"Can't; I am to tell on Elsie, and she won't do nothing, so I won't get candy."

"Elsie is a very naughty girl; but see, I have brought you some candy, in a cart, drawn by a big, shaggy dog, with a bell on its neck."

Spencer forgot everything in delight over his new toy, and the candy. Still, father might bring him some also, so he still kept an eye upon Elsie; but the glance was rather doubtful.

"And now, how is it, Lucy, I find you looking so glum? Elder going to take another wife?"

"You have guessed it pretty well. I should think he had enough."

"Yes, four are enough for one man to keep; but there, one can't keep count upon 'em. Just look at my husband, after all I had done, to go and cheat me out of my rights. But you can't complain of that, Lucy, for you ain't the first."

"Anyway, I thought I should be the last."

"So did I, child, or I wouldn't have given you to him."

"You need not worry about it; as far as this marriage is concerned, Aunt Lucy shall be the last," said Elsie.

"Why, what have you to say about it, little one?"

"Everything, since I am the proposed victim," retorted Elsie, bitterly.

"You!" exclaimed the old lady; "is this true, Lucy?"

"Yes," was the sullen answer.

"Of course the elder can do as he pleases, and he couldn't have made a better choice. Elsie must feel quite flattered."

"Flattered! you mean insulted. Have the women here lost all self-respect, that they are pleased with degradation? I am not,—and I will kill myself rather than become that man's wife."

Elsie paused, trembling with excitement.

"Hey day, what a spirit we have!"

"She talks fine now, but she will change her tone when it comes to the point," remarked Lucy, who from experience knew it was no easy matter to resist the elder.

"Rebellious spirits, be calm," said Sister Dinly; "I didn't come here to listen to such talk. I came to tell you the news;" and she branched off into a rich piece of gossip about the apostates, who in their new profession of faith were as much puzzled what to do with their many wives as a newly-converted African chief.

The lady was in the midst of her story when the elder reappeared.

"Why, Sister Dinly, how do you do?"

"Salubrious, thank you. But la, now, allow me to congratulate you the very first thing. Really, elder, you have excellent taste."

"Of course, or I should not be your son-in-law."

"The dear man, he just knows how to flatter; but I can't let you interrupt my story."

The old lady exerted herself to be piquant, and her audience laughed, even to Elsie. The story or the laugh seemed to have restored a better feeling. The elder saw a friend go by, and hurried out to speak with him. Lucy went to the kitchen, and Spencer, relived, rushed into the garden to play. Sister Dinly and Elsie were left alone.

Immediately Sister Dinly began to act strangely. She looked out of the window, then out of the door; when fully satisfied that no eavesdropper lingered near, she came up to Elsie with a note in her hand.

"Little one, read this quickly, then destroy it. I will watch that no one surprise us."

Elsie took the paper. It was Stanly's note. It said:

"I have everything ready for escape. To-morrow morning at half-past ten leave your house—you will certainly be able to find a way. Walk quickly to the Hot Springs road; there father will meet you in a buggy; he will drive you to Ogden. It will be less suspicious than for me to do so. I will go on to-night and have everything ready. Sister Dinly is our friend."

With a beaming face Elsie concealed the note.

"It will never do for you to look like that. You will be found out sure. Look glum. Remember, my dear, that you must play fox when you live with foxes. Now, you can trust in me. I have vowed, for reasons of my own, that the elder shan't marry you. The wretch shall find that a woman is a match for him. Stanly wants you to—well, we know; better not pronounce dangerous words—suppose we say, take a walk—*he* wants you to take a walk to-morrow. Are you ready?"

"Ready? Yes, I am ready now; but how can I get out? That man watches me—and mother is coming. He will make another jailer of her."

"There, there, don't I know all about it? I shall manage it beautifully. All I ask of you is to oppose any plan of mine that is laid before the elder."

"How good you are, Sister Dinly. How can I thank you?"

"You needn't thank me; haven't I reasons of my own for getting you off? Then an elopement is much more exciting than a wedding. I haven't had such fun for a long time. But don't tell me any of the particulars. The less I know the better, or I shall get into a peck of trouble."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Elsie's mother. The pleasure of this meeting was a good excuse for the light in Elsie's face.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PLANS.

AFTER the departure of Elsie and the elder, Stanly remained motionless at the trysting place. But the calm was only exterior; a cataclysm swept over his heart and brain. In a brief quarter of an hour emotions had become passions, the smouldering flame a volcano.

At length prudence and common sense succeeded in restoring a calmer state of mind. The young man shook himself as if to see that he was all there; then he began walking back and forth, his brain grew steadier, thought clearer.

Something must be done, and that quickly. Waiting until all was ready was out of the question now. Elsie must be saved, and his father and himself must leave the territory. War was declared; the first attack made; the final blow might come at any moment. But how do it? Now that his relations with Elsie were known, it would be impossible to speak with her. If he attempted to carry her off, any one they met on the road would suspect and betray them.

Slowly a plan suggested itself. He would go away first alone, as if he had renounced hope; his father should follow with Elsie. Vailed, she might pass for one of Delville's wives. The more Stanly thought over the plan, the more feasible it appeared.

If the old man would only consent! The old man might object to leave in such a hurried manner: if he did, why he certainly would not object to take Elsie to Ogden, so that she would be saved. But there was not a moment to be lost. The success of the plan depended upon its being carried out immediately. Late as it was, he must visit his father. Stanly tried to remember where the old gentleman was likely to be found—a difficult question when a man has three homes; at least, so Stanly found it, for twice he was disappointed. At length he found Mr. Delville at the house of his first wife, where he had fixed up a temporary office, secured by bolts, locks and bars.

The room Mr. Delville had dubbed office, was a wing of the house having a separate entrance. It was lighted by two windows; the front one looked on to a porch, and from this window, two panes were missing. An inner door communicated with the house through a narrow, dark hall. A couch bed, a large writing-

table, an old fashioned arm-chair, two ordinary seats completed the furniture of the room. Here the ruined man spent most of his time looking over the ledgers and account books of his once flourishing business.

Since the reception of the friendly warnings, Mr. D. had put bolts and bars upon the doors, and carefully restored the fastenings of the windows; but the missing panes were not replaced.

Stanly found some difficulty in obtaining admission.

"To tell you the truth, Stanly," said the old man, "I'm getting afraid. Old friends give me strange hints and warnings; however, I have nearly everything prepared for"—here he pointed towards Ogden. "I can't utter the word, Stanly. It goes awfully hard. Then too, the women might hear."

"You are right; for the women are the slaves of the Church. But I am glad you are preparing, for I came to urge you to go immediately."

Then Stanly made a confidant of his father, the result of which we have already seen.

Mr. Delville was to be ready to leave Monday, Stanly preceding him Sunday night; taking the line of the almost finished railroad, so as to avoid any comments. Stanly had work on the railroad.

The great difficulty was to communicate with Elsie; but Stanly felt assured that this would be overcome.

"It seems mean to leave the women and their families," said Delville.

"I don't see that you could do them any good by staying; in fact, not so much as by going. Each one has a house, and you can send them money."

"That is so, and the sale of the farm will enable me to leave them some money."

"Don't give it to them in any such way that they will surmise your intentions."

So fearful had Stanly become, so anxious was he, lest his plans should fail. All that night he could not sleep. He lay awake, trying to devise some means of speaking with Elsie. But the morning found him still perplexed. To approach the house would be to spoil everything; for he knew he could not do it, without being seen by the elder. Dare he trust any one to take a note to her? It was a question he could not answer. Perhaps opportunity, that had often befriended him heretofore, might favor him now. Possessed with this thought, he went out and walked up and down the streets.

As he was passing by the house of Brother Simpson, he saw Mrs. Dinly in the garden. His remembrance of this lady was a very pleasant one. During her previous visit, she had shown great favor to him.

"Why, Stanly Delville, I'm so glad to see you: come in and tell me all the news. I've only just arrived, haven't yet been to see the folks. How is Elsie? Why, you don't even smile at that name: what is the matter?"

"A great deal is the matter. It is all up with my love."

"Why, Elsie hasn't refused ye, has she?"

"No; but the elder chooses to take her himself."

"Stanly Delville, no joking with me."

"It is no joke: I only wish it was. Mrs. Dinly, it is true. I——"

"You mean to say, that Elder Silvertung wants to marry another wife?"

"He does, and his choice is Elsie."

"And she gives you up?"

"No, indeed! Poor girl, she is in despair."

"And you stand idly by?"

"What can I do?"

"What can you do! Why, run away with her. Stanly Delville, this marriage shall never take place, if I can help it. When I gave my Lucy to Silvertung, it was distinctly understood, that she was to be the last. That is next best to being first. No betweens for me, or any of mine. Now, look here, boy, if you will try to carry her off,—why, bless me! here's the railroad within thirty miles of us, just a nice drive; it will be very easy, and I will help you; and if we two can't spoil the elder's fun,—why then we ain't of much account."

Stanly looked at the old lady as if he would read her very soul.

"Oh, you can look at me as much as you like,—no deception here. I don't intend my Lucy's nose shall be put out of joint: that's what's the matter, young man. You may always trust people when your interest is theirs."

"We can run away to-morrow if you will see Elsie, and arrange it."

"Write it, Stanly. I don't want to compromise myself by knowing all about your plans. Come into my room and write it."

"But can you get Elsie out of the house to-morrow morning between 9 and 10 A. M.?"

"Yes, I promise that."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

COUNTER-PLOTS.

THE message Elder Silvertung received, so opportunely for the lovers, called him to a priestly council. The Presidency had been absent on an extended tour, and great was their dismay to find, upon their return, the heretofore submissive people in great agitation. The apostates seemed bolder, stronger than ever, they flourished under curse and anathema. They even presumed to build a hall, where they could talk openly to the people of the delusions of the Church, and the iniquities of the priesthood.

The despot raged. He, who had passed triumphantly through so many crises, he who had brought people across an unknown desert, the founder of cities, the successful fighter of public opinion, whose cunning policy had brought the government to terms, made friends and admirers of those sent to conquer him, turned a military camp into a harmless, picturesque accessory to the scenery of Zion, and changed Gentile rule into a pleasing farce, he, the Napoleonic Moses, the future master of the world, to be defeated, defied, by a few men, his former slaves,—it was intolerable. He thought of those days, now gone for ever, when, by lifting a finger, he could have crushed them all. He groaned in spirit, while his council gave utterance to their griefs.

"The people begin to hold opinions."

"They call us murderers!"

"And the Co-operative Institution a swindle, its *managers* thieves!"

"The women become rebellious."

"Congress threatens to crush polygamy."

"It is no use, brethren, to believe all we hear," said Silvertung, "they say that Delville has been talking of late, that he knows who killed B. and S. and——"

"Has that worm dared to turn?" roared the chief.

"He not only turns like a worm, but he tries to play the viper and sting. His son Stanly is trying to seduce my ward; he is another viper."

"And have ye all grown so faint-hearted that ye let these vipers sting? Have the people I have brought to Zion gone back to their idols? Have the Danites forgotten their oath?"

"No, no, we have not forgotten," cried several impatient ones.

"What does Job say, my friends? 'If they obey not, they they shall perish by the sword, and they shall die without knowledge!' Ponder upon these words. They are our comfort in these evil days. For the Lord has not yet forgotten us. We shall yet triumph. I know it, I feel it, and my soul sings with the psalmist: 'But God shall shoot at them with an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded.' And again: 'Let the posterity of the wicked be cut off; and in the generation following let their name be blotted out.'"

"Amen, amen," responded the conclave. Having relieved themselves in these bitter prayers, which seemed to give great delight to Silvertung and a few others, the council commenced the discussion of business. The chief gave his orders as calmly as if anger had never troubled his mind.

When the business was over, he said: "I wish to speak with you concerning an inspiration I have just

had. You say the women are becoming rebellious. Now there is more danger in that than in the schism. We must coat their pills with sugar.

"Suppose we give them the Ballot? You know how women are fighting for this privilege. If we give our women the Ballot they will feel themselves above all other women in the world. They will be so dazzled by it that they won't be able to see anything else. Moreover, we shall increase our political strength. Suppose we do lose a few hundred by this schism. We can make good that loss by thousands of women."

"But suppose they go contrary to us?"

"Contrary?" cried Silvertung, "as if their husbands couldn't see to that."

"Brother President, it is a grand idea."

"It is, indeed," cried all.

"I thought you would join with me, my friends. As for women going contrary, you know they can't enter heaven unless they obey their husbands. But nothing must be done in a hurry. The Ballot must be given as though it were a great concession, due only to good, faithful daughters of the Church. Think of it, my friends, hint at it. We will conquer yet."

"Amen," responded the company. They bowed to the chief and retired. Elder Silvertung, Brother Smith, and two other worthies, stopped under the locust trees and held a parley, in which the words "*to-night*" were oft repeated. Whatever it was they planned for "*to-night*," gave them great pleasure, judging by their smiling faces when they separated. As Elder Silvertung walked down South Temple street he saw Mr. Delville and Stanly leaning against a high fence, deeply absorbed in earnest conversation.

By slipping in at the open gate the elder was enabled to reach unseen and unheard a point near where they stood; and from whence he could distinctly hear all they said. The conversation was to to him exceedingly interesting.

"It is all arranged, you leave about 10 to-morrow morning. I go to-night: my horse is ready. I shall take the track. It is a rougher road, but I think it safer. Everything shall be ready for you and Elsie. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Stanly; but in case anything should be wrong, I would rather see you again to-night. Nothing must be overlooked in such a desperate enterprise."

"All right, then. I'll meet you here at 8 o'clock."

The twain separated. Elder Silvertung thought himself well rewarded for his pains. "So, so! Miss Elsie, you intend to give me the slip. We shall see, we shall see." Instead of going directly home, the Elder turned down Main street and followed Brother Smith to his lodgings. The two worthies had another confidential chat. Then the elder hurried home, looking serenely satisfied.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE arrival of Mrs. Mary Silvertung, and the announcement of dinner, turned all attention from Elsie, and gave her time to compose herself, which was rather a difficult task with so many hopes and fears concealed in her

heart. The elder took his place at the head of the table, untroubled by his strange relationship to the ladies; a rather complicated relationship which every one must reconcile to his own satisfaction. The Saints never think of such things. "Has not Elsie improved, Mary?" asked the elder.

"Very much," sighed Mary, tearfully gazing upon the daughter whose sacrifice she had come to witness.

Mrs. Mary Silvertung very much changed. She was thinner and weaker, and had a transparent, unreal look, sometimes seen in those whose days are numbered. Something like a halo from a brighter sphere softened the wrinkles and hallowed the dull, pinched features. But it was sad to note how weak, how shrinking, how timid she had grown; for it told of a long and lonely martyrdom, of terrible sufferings—merited, doubtless, yet none the less terrible.

"Why, my dear Sister Silvertung," exclaimed Sister Dinly, "you are not at all jubilant over your daughter's appearance. Look at her. She is quite a beauty, and as good as she is beautiful. Is she not, Elder?"

"Rather wayward at times. Picked up rather a disgraceful acquaintance. But young people must have their follies, so we won't say any more about it, especially as the young man either has left, or is about to leave, the city."

"Oh, Elsie," said her mother, tears springing from her eyes, "I did not think to hear such things of you." Elsie kept silence, although her tingling cheeks showed what she felt.

"Well, don't let us say any more about it. When Elsie is my wife, she will learn better."

"How long is Sister Mary going to remain with us?" inquired Mrs. Dinly.

"I can't possibly stay more than three or four days, on account of the children."

"Three or four days! Why, that is no time at all. Well, I am going to claim you for one of those days. Say, you spend to-morrow with me. I am going to visit my son at Cottonwood on Tuesday, so come to-morrow. I have nice rooms at Sister Simpson's, and she will be very glad to see you. Now, then, will you come, you and Elsie?"

The meek woman looked towards her husband. Sister Dinly saw the look.

"The elder and my daughter Lucy must come in the afternoon. We will have a jolly family party."

"All right," said the elder, who seemed desirous to be agreeable. "Mary, why don't you accept, with thanks?"

"Well, then, it's agreed. We will spend the morning visiting. Oh! by the way, Elsie, have you seen Sister Oreana, lately? We must go to see her; she is one of my few old friends," added Mrs. Mary.

"Why, of course; and I never thought of it. Suppose we go there first? She ought always to be ready for callers. I will come here for you a little after nine. Be ready for sure."

"I wish you would excuse me, Sister Dinly," said Elsie, following the instructions to oppose any invitation given by her.

"What for? You ought to be delighted to accompany your mother and Sister Dinly to the Lion House. I suppose you have some other projects, but

you had better give them up at once. Let me hear of no more excuses. You will go," replied the elder.

Elsie hastily arose, under pretense of waiting on the table, but in reality to conceal her joy.

The greatest difficulty was now overcome. Once at the Bee Hive, she could easily slip through a side gate, and hurry to the place of meeting.

Dinner over, the entire party, except Sister Dinly, went to the Tabernacle. Elder Silvertung escorted Elsie, while Lucy and Mary walked together. This arrangement gave the elder the satisfaction of making every one miserable. But love defied even the acuteness of Brother Silvertung. In the crush of leaving the Tabernacle, Elsie was able to give a smile and a nod to Stanly, whom she descried in a retired spot. This smile and nod said, "All right, I shall be there." The prospect of speedy deliverance made Elsie feel so happy that she became amiable, even to the elder.

When they reached home, Elsie and her mother were purposely left alone.

The miserable woman had been well tutored. Although her heart recoiled from the idea of this projected marriage, her lips spoke words of suasion to Elsie. No thought of resistance crossed her mind. The will of this man was to her the will of God. The misery, the degradation she had brought upon herself by obeying this will, she accepted as a cross laid upon her shoulders by God. To this life of horror she was going to condemn her daughter, still thinking, in her blind superstition, that it was God's ordinance. Elsie felt too elated to dispute with her mother. What was the use? To-morrow she would be free. "Mother, dear, say no more now, my head aches; we will talk this matter

over some other time. Tell me all about yourself, the children, and Smithville."

Mrs. Mary was nothing loth to change the conversation, and the time that the elder wished to be devoted to the furtherance of his suit, was spent in harmless gossip. By permission of the master of the household, Elsie returned to her own room. She gathered up a few trinkets, precious to her youthful heart; among these, the ring so mysteriously received. This done, she went to the window to watch. Perhaps Stanly would pass by. In this she was not mistaken. About nine o'clock the young man came along, looking up at Elsie's window for a last sign. The day had been cloudy, and the evening sky was obscured by dark masses rolling one upon another, giving casual glimpses, in their hurried march, of the young moon, sailing on to the westward horizon. One of these fitful illuminations allowed the lovers to exchange looks. The young man dared not stop; he moved on slowly, looking back upon his love, who waved her handkerchief and watched him until a black rift rushed over the moon, making all dreary darkness.

Still Elsie lingered at the window, watching the silver crescent as it emerged from clouds only to be swallowed up again by the ever-increasing heralds of storm. Already, in the distance, rumbled the thunder; and lights like molten spears darted from out the cloud masses, or played around the mountains. The elements were going to rage fierce war that night. "Poor Stanly," sighed the girl, as she closed the window to keep out the rain.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE DESTROYING ANGELS ON THE WING.

CONTRARY to Stanly's advice, Mr. Delville visited all those dependent upon him, gave his wives money sufficient to keep them some time, counseled his children, and bade them all an affectionate good bye. This conduct seemed so strange that each one thought something was going to happen, or that trouble was affecting his brain ; but as these ladies did not meet to talk the matter over, it faded from their minds, and Mr. Delville's peculiar conduct was not publicly known. Some friends noticed his depression, and very naturally attributed it to the state of his affairs. But Mr. Delville's great sorrow was the thought of leaving Zion. He could not reconcile himself to the idea, now that it had become a fact. He almost hoped that something would prevent its realization.

In the evening Stanly met his father according to the agreement. Mr. Delville seemed in high spirits. "Stanly, I will take Elsie to-morrow to Ogden ; but I must return. I can't leave Zion. This afternoon I met the President : he was pleasant and kind. I am to call upon him Tuesday about business. Silvertung is at the bottom of all the mischief. I always did hate the sneaking rascal ; but I will be even with him : he sha'n't have Elsie. Trust me, boy, to see to that biz. To-morrow at ten o'clock we're off."

Thus talking, they reached the house. Mr. Delville unlocked his office door and struck a light. A gust of wind swept in through the broken panes, and blew it out. Stanly shuddered. "Father, don't stay

in this lonesome, cheerless place to-night; go into the house. If anything should happen."

"Is it love for me, or for Elsie, that makes you so anxious, eh, young man? Suppose anything should happen, I am not defenseless. See here," and he drew a large knife from beneath some papers. "This is a sure friend, and it has done some good work in its time," he added musingly.

Stanly regarded his father in amazement. What could those words mean?

A few moments' silence, broken only by the moaning of the wind; then the clock struck nine, warning Stanly to depart. "I must go; yet suppose I stay and take Elsie. Perhaps I had better."

"Well if you do, the whole town will know of your elopement before you reach the Warm Springs."

"So they will; you are right. But you won't fail?"

"Not if I am alive."

Stanly left. At the gate he looked back. His father still toyed with the knife, absorbed in its contemplation; and Stanly heard him repeat: "You have done good work in your day; perhaps you will yet do more."

The words of fearful portent filled Stanly with anxious alarm; an alarm that seemed ridiculous, now that blood-atonement was unfashionable. "Am I growing superstitious? Bah! I'm wasting time. I must be off. What nonsense I am thinking. Nothing will occur to-night, and to-morrow we shall be safe."

Stanly began whistling to cheer his spirits, and hurried off to the stable, where his own trusty Prince, his faithful four-footed friend, awaited him. In less than an hour he was across the Jordan. The excite-

ment of the ride raised his spirits; but it was a gruesome night for a journey. The elements were preparing for a battle. Already the thunder-drum beat the reveillé; and every now and then a flash announced that the storm spirits were trying their guns. Prince evidently wanted to get out of it as quickly as possible, for he sped along with the fleetness of the wind. Absorbed in his reflections, Stanly scarcely heeded his rapid progress, till a peal of thunder which startled Prince, aroused him to a sense of his position. Hot Springs Lake was far behind. The farms grew fewer, and farther from each other. There on his right was the sage brush plain over which towered the mountains. Not a sign of habitation was visible. On his left rolled the black seething waters of the great lake. There was no course but to go bravely on. About three miles further was a shed. If he could only reach it before the storm broké, he could there take shelter. He soothed his horse, who seemed to understand his master's thoughts. A few minutes brought them in sight of the shelter. Then Prince suddenly stopped, pricked up his ears, and Stanly distinctly heard some one approaching at a furious galop. Who could it be? It certainly was not an ordinary traveler, for he would have taken the high road. Perhaps, he also was hastening to find protection from the storm. At that moment a flash of lightning showed him a horseman emerging from the shed. Stanly sensed danger at once; and he was unarmed. From the road to the lake was open space, marshy in places, but not dangerous; by taking this route he might baffle these men if they were really pursuing him. If the danger was only imaginary,

the detour would give him a wetting, nothing more. To think, was to do. He galloped a short distance. God! that sound again. They are pursuing him. He turns to the right: he sees in the glare of the lightning an armed horseman almost upon him. He wheels to the left. Prince is fleet-footed, he may out-distance his pursuer. On this side another enemy rushes towards him. They hem him in. Turn which way he will, a foe menaces his life.

There is a flash, not of lightning, and a bullet whizzes past him.

To the lake, to the lake! The shore shelves gently; his horse fears not the water: escape is yet possible. He swiftly turns: another bullet grazes his shoulder.

"Faster, faster, Prince, or we die," breathes Stanly, as he bends over his horse to escape the missiles of death. Prince replies with a snort and a leap. The storm bursts forth in all its fury. The heavens are on fire, mountain and plain with thunder shake and tremble. The waves, lashed to fury, roll up in mountainous masses, surging, dashing, foaming, hissing, now shrouded in thick darkness, now luridly gleaming in lightning flame. The brave horse recoils; his master urges him on into the seething abyss. The waves dash over them, but they must not falter. Around, above, roars the tempest; before them, the roaring storm-tossed sea, behind them, murder. Death everywhere. Stanly's idea was to ride along the limit of the shore, hoping thus to evade his pursuers. It was a mad hope, but it seemed the only one. Finding that in a step or two more the horse will lose his footing, he tried, during a recession of the waves, to head to the northward, but, blinded by the lightning, frenzied by

the roar of the storm, the animal rears, stumbles, every limb quivering with fright. Stanly looks back. The murderers are in the water, their pistols cover him. He must die. "Father in Heaven! save me and Elsie."

There is a flash, a crash! A huge wave engulfs horse and rider, and deluges the murderers, who fall back appalled. The wave recedes, then out of the foam, on to the land, struggled a horse, on his back an empty saddle.

About this same hour, out of the front window of Mr. Delville's office crawls a man. The window is hastily closed, all noise lost in the roar of the storm. Standing on the porch the man slips his hand through the broken panes, fastens the catch, then leaps out into the darkness.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WAITING.

HOW glorious is the earth after a storm! How radiant! how young! The trees and flowers rejoice in their renewed freshness, and the birds! how they revel in the glowing aerial waves, and exultantly sing, *Jubilate!* Even the mountains look less grim, and try to hide their roughness under a radiant vail. Truly a fitting time for the dawn of liberty. So Elsie felt as she hailed the bright day.

But the beauty of the morning caused only a momentary glad thrill. She had too many anxieties to give herself up to its enjoyment. Elsie was not the only anxious one. Mrs. Dinly felt disturbed. She regretted very much that she had mixed herself up in

this business. Her saintly conscience reproached her for helping a sister return to Babylon. Suppose it should ever be found out, what would be the consequence? But what nonsense; who was going to find it out? Any means that would secure Lucy's position seemed right to her mother heart, although upon this point an idea had suggested itself—that if the elder was determined to marry, Elsie would be less difficult to manage than a stranger. However, this idea had not had sufficient time to work any change in Sister Dinly's mind, swayed as it was by so many stronger motives. Perhaps the strongest of these, although the least apparent, was her desire to thwart the elder. Since Mr. Dinly's marriage Sister Dinly owed all men a grudge, and she laughed in anticipation of the discomfiture of the would-be bridegroom when he should discover that his love had flown away. What fun it would be to see the blank looks, to hear the exclamations, the surmises! Then it would give her a chance to display her histrionic powers, for she was a born actress. Yet with all this delightful anticipation, Sister Dinly regretted her part in the affair, and once she thought of missing her appointment; but that would never do. She had always kept her word; besides, Elsie might get desperate and run off anyway. No, she would go; but it was rather late when she started. On her way she met the elder, who seemed more smiling than usual.

"Sister Sara, the women are waiting for you. I'm off to the country, but I shall be back in time for your party."

"Thank God, he is out of the way: that will make it easier," thought Mrs. Dinly, watching him as he rode out of sight.

When Mrs. Dinly reached Silvertung's house, she found Elsie half wild with suspense. The girl's manner was so strained and unnatural, that Mrs. Dinly feared it would betray everything. She must be got out of the way. Her pre-arranged plans were upset by the arrival of some visitors, who would detain them an hour at least. But her wit aided her. She would send Elsie upon an errand.

"Elsie, dear, you are younger than I, and do not mind steps. I wish you would run up to Bishop Jones', and ask them to come round this afternoon; then come up to the Bee-Hive; we shall be there."

Elsie bowed assent; she could not speak. How she longed to kiss her mother good-bye; but she dared not; it would look suspicious. A word even would be enough to foil all plans for liberty. Still Elsie lingered; perhaps she would never see them again: tears filled her eyes.

"Come, come," cried Sister Dinly, who trembled in spite of herself, "come, when I was young, I didn't loiter. What's coming to the young folks?"

"Elsie has been queer all the morning. What is the matter?" remarked Mrs. Silvertung.

Another word from her mother, and Elsie would have broken down. She ran from the house. She was out in the street, on the way. The moment she had so impatiently desired had come; and it had brought sorrow instead of gladness. Mechanically, she reached the Jones' house, and delivered the message. As she turned to leave, Mr. Jones hurried out exclaiming, "It is twenty minutes of ten. Can't stop."

Twenty minutes of ten! The announcement electrified Elsie. She awoke from her dream of sadness.

In twenty minutes she must be on the Hot Springs road, by the creek, ready to jump into Mr. Delville's buggy. It was a long walk. Elsie walked as she had never walked before. Once she stopped in a retired spot to tie a thick vail over her face and hat. At last she arrived at the appointed place, all breathless with haste and expectation. She looked up and down the road, but no buggy was in sight. Was she too late? Mr. Delville would certainly wait for her a minute. A woman was working in the garden of a cottage near by. Of her, Elsie inquired the hour. The woman good-naturedly went indoors to consult the clock. Elsie clutched the fence to support herself, so much she dreaded to hear that she was late.

"Four minutes of ten; and our clock is right to a minute. I put it by the town-clock this very morning."

Four minutes of ten! Thank God, she was in time. She rested a minute to take breath, and then, to avoid exciting curiosity, she walked down a block. Mr. Delville was not yet in sight; so she turned back, crossed the street, and walked leisurely towards the creek. She heard ten o'clock strike; the sound of wheels caught her ears. It was only a cart; then a buggy appeared. It was he, surely. She started into the middle of the road, so as to be all ready. A stranger sat in the vehicle: he did not notice the vailed woman, and passed on without a sign. Elsie drew back, sick and dizzy. Why was he late? Stanly would have been there long ago. She waited a few seconds; they seemed hours, and she fancied every one of the passers-by watched her as if they guessed her purpose.

It had been agreed that if Elsie had to wait (for some delay might occur), she should walk on towards

the Springs. This was fortunate ; for Elsie soon found that five minutes more of inaction would drive her mad. She proceeded slowly, looking up at every sound, her anxiety increasing with every disappointment. On she walked, block after block, stopping ever and again to scan the road. Nothing, nothing as yet. The sun was hot and the path dusty, but Elsie did not know it. She only knew that Mr. Delville was late. She kept on, still hoping, till her progress was stayed by a smoking sulphur stream, running across the road. She was at the Hot Springs, and yet no friendly Mr. Delville in sight.

Elsie groaned: "Why did he not come?" How anxious Stanly would be! It was no use to go any further. She retraced her steps—perhaps she would meet him; but her heart grew heavier, her cheek whiter at every step. A pile of wood lying by the way-side offered a seat. She was so weary, a rest would do her good. She sat down and waited. Oh! the sickening suspense of that waiting. Where could they be? Was it Tuesday and not Monday? No, for every letter of the note was stereotyped upon her brain; and it was in Stanly's handwriting. Some delay must have occurred. She recommenced walking, meeting few, and none for whom she cared. As she turned the corner of South Temple street, the whistles blew the hour of noon. The sound caused Elsie to stop. Hope was dead for that day. She must return quickly, or her absence would lead to an inquiry that would frustrate all future plans.

How weary she felt! The passers-by appeared in a melting condition, but Elsie shivered with cold. She repaired to Mrs. Simpson's, thinking that Mrs. Dinly

and her mother must have returned. When she came in sight of the house, she saw them entering.

"Why, Elsie, where have you been?"

"Only for a walk, mother."

Mrs. Dinly could only exclaim, "Elsie!" The reappearance of the girl amazed her. It overturned all her ideas. Fortunately, Mrs. Silvertung never noticed anything; so Mrs. Dinly's astonishment passed unheeded. As soon as she collected her senses, she called Elsie out of the room, and learned all that had happened. Three words explained all the mystery: "No one came."

As to the why and the wherefore, Elsie was too sick at heart to surmise. She could only think of the terrible disappointment. Mrs. Dinly did not know whether to feel glad or sorry. She returned to the parlor in rather a confused state of mind.

CHAPTER XL.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

AS we have already stated, Mrs. Dinly was socially inclined. She loved company above all things, except match-making. The fact that she had no house in town did not in any way interfere with her party giving. The Saints are all brothers and sisters; and one would think their homes common property from the freedom with which they are invaded; and quite unconcerned, Sister Dinly invited her friends when and where she pleased; and her conduct gave surprise neither to the invited guests nor the invaded hostess.

Sister Simpson often repented the hour when she allowed Sister Dinly to take a share in her husband's eternal honors. However, it was no use grumbling about it now; it was done, and she tried to make the best of it. The ladies came early, bringing their work and their babies; for this gathering was to be quite a family affair. But we will pass over the minor details. A sensation was in store for the company.

"Why!" exclaimed Sister Dinly, who was on the *qui vive* for news, "just look! here's Brother Jones and Sister Silea, and I do believe they are running a race to see who will get here first. Something's up, I know by their faces."

As she finished speaking, Brother Jones rushed in.

"Brothers, sisters, have you heard the awful news?"

Before any one could answer, Sister Silea arrived, her handkerchief to her eyes.

"It is horrible! but I knew it, I saw it in his face yesterday."

"What is it, what is it?"

They both began to speak, but Brother Jones' big voice drowned Sister Silea's thin one.

"John Delville committed suicide last night."

The company screamed. Sister Silea looked daggers at Brother Jones for daring to forestall her in news. But the good brother was proof against black looks. He had seven wives! But if he had cheated her of the *grand coup*, he couldn't give all the interesting touches as she could; so she consoled herself as she continued:

"Yes; he went home from meeting last night, locked all the doors, then cut his throat. The knife, a horrible-looking thing, lay by his side as if it had

fallen from his hand. And the expression on his face is so awful, that it just chills one all through to look at it. The eyes are staring as if they had seen a hundred ghosts." Sister Silea stopped to give more effect to her words. This gave her rival a chance.

"His hand still grasped the knife when the body was discovered, this morning, about eleven o'clock," added Brother Jones, ignoring the scornful look of Sister Silea, who, without noticing the interruption, continued: "Yesterday he went to each one of his wives, bade her good-bye, and gave instructions as to what should be done when he was dead and gone."

By this time other visitors had arrived. One related how he had sharpened the razor the morning before. Another that he had left a letter, stating that he felt his disgrace too keenly to live any longer. According to all accounts, it was a premeditated suicide. The company were flushed with excitement; for of all sublunary things a murder or a suicide possesses the most absorbing interest.

Mrs. Dinly's company knew how to make the most of the horror. They exclaimed, discussed, condemned, deplored. Their excitement prevented them from noting Elsie's look of horror and anguish. She knew at last why no kind deliverer came, why she had waited in vain. Then Elder Silvertung arrived, a composed funeral smile upon his countenance. "I feel it deeply. Delville was a much loved brother. Yet, I am more shocked than surprised. I heard of it as soon as I returned to town, and drove immediately to the house of mourning. There I met the President."

"Ah! What did he say?"

"He almost wept. He ordered all due respect to

be paid to the remains of the unfortunate man. He tried to comfort the family; and, for their sake, he says he won't allow the subject to be talked about."

"How kind he is!" exclaimed Silea. "When is the funeral?"

"On Wednesday. You see, Stanly must be found."

"Stanly! Why, he was here yesterday."

"It appears he left last night for Ogden. My experience tells me that young man will come to bad," continued the elder. This was said for Elsie's benefit. At the mention of Stanly's name, the poor girl had come forward to listen.

"I expect that is the reason Sister Oreana would not receive us this morning. Don't you think so, Mary?" This query came from Sister Dinly, who, pitying Elsie, wished to turn the conversation from Stanly.

"Very likely, Sarah. How badly she must feel."

"Indeed you are mistaken," cried Silea; "she doesn't feel much now, more's the pity. I always did think there was something wrong about her; and it turns out that I was right."

"What do you mean? Nothing is wrong, I hope, with my old friend, Oreana."

"I heard," said Lucy, "that she takes on awful; never goes to table or cares for her children."

"They say she is jealous," remarked Sister Simpson.

"Then she ought not to belong to our sisterhood. Celestial marriage is not for the jealous," exclaimed Sister Dinly. "But I see you know all about it, Silea. What is the matter?"

"I cannot tell you all; for I never was intimate with Sister Oreana; but I know she keeps herself drunk with opium. She has lost all her beauty, and

scarcely knows her own children. They say she is mad at times, sees awful things."

"How horrible! Well, pride will have a fall. All through jealousy. Sisters, that is a lesson for us." Such were the comments upon Oreana's downfall; but whether from callousness, or a secret sympathy they dared not express, the sisters let the matter drop, and returned to the absorbing topic of the suicide. Unfortunately, the elder seemed unwilling to converse further upon the subject; to change the conversation, he asked for Elsie. Poor Elsie, no one had thought of her; and she was only too glad to escape notice. But the elder wished to exhibit her accomplishments to the company. She had to sing, play a waltz on the wheezing melodeon, and answer questions innumerable. She failed in all. The elder was disgusted; but then he consoled himself with the thought that these failures were evidences of her keen disappointment, and he laughed in his heart.

About eight o'clock the party broke up. Sister Silea produced a touching *finale*, by counseling the mothers to guard well their babies, as the scarlet fever was very bad in town.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN THE TOILS.

THE cruel disappointment and horror at Mr. Delville's death left Elsie so crushed that her only wish was to die. What was the use of living in a world where every one seemed either miserable or wicked. Even if Stanly returned he could not help her. If Stanly returned!

The messenger came back from Ogden with the news that the young man had not been there, although many testified to his departure on Sunday. This news shocked Elsie more than all else. She was suspicious of wrong-doing. All the stories she had ever heard about the Danites flashed across her mind. They, no doubt, could explain this disappearance as well as the so-called suicide. She recalled those words of the elder to Stanly, at their last unfortunate tryst: "I'll crush you;" and she felt that he had executed his threat. She shuddered as she looked at that cruel, smiling face, and thought of the awful deeds it had smiled upon.

Marry that man, she never would, never. They should kill her first. What was death, anyway, that she should fear it? Death was preferable to the living death of being that man's wife.

After breakfast, on Tuesday morning, Silvertung told Elsie and her mother that he had spoken with the President about Elsie; and that the sealing was fixed for Saturday at 10 A. M. He wished it sooner, but that every day until then he would be occupied with business. Elsie looked towards her mother, but the latter made no sign. "Now," continued Silvertung, "it is my wish to make you quite comfortable. You shall have a house in the Twentieth Ward. It is all ready except furnishing, that we can soon do. You, Mary, shall bring your children from Smithville and keep house for Elsie. Why, you will be as happy as queens. We will go now and look at the house. Come, get ready; for I have not much time to spare."

At the mention of a house in town, Mary's face brightened. To have a house to herself, and have

Elsie and her children around her in peaceful comfort, was the one great longing of this crushed woman. Misery had so degraded her that physical well-being was the only happiness she could imagine. A house of her own outweighed a daughter's sacrifice. She looked imploringly at Elsie, who stood in a stiff, uncompromising attitude, the only signs of emotion the twitching of her mouth. Evidently the girl was preparing for resistance. The thought of resistance made the mother tremble.

"Oh, Elsie dear, think how comfortable we shall be in a nice house all to ourselves!"

Elsie replied by a look of scorn. She had not yet learned the power of circumstances, or how to look from other people's standpoint. Impulsive youth is never tolerant, and she almost hated her mother for her weakness. Rebellion was rife in Elsie's heart; she was determined to defy the elder, yet she faltered at the supreme moment. The scathing words died away in her throat, and tears drowned the annihilating glances. The strain of the last two days had so exhausted her, mentally and physically, that what seemed so easy became most difficult. Still she must force herself to speak. Collecting all her energy she turned to the elder and said, in a husky voice that frightened her, so unnatural it sounded: "Elder Silvertung, I cannot marry you. It is cruel of you to wish me to do so, knowing that I do not love you."

"My dear young lady," replied the elder, "it is a girl's duty to obey,—to accept the husband chosen for her by those who understand such matters. As for love, all that is necessary will come. You must keep in mind that Saints marry from principle."

His calm manner irritated the girl; it spurred her to resist. "But I am not a Saint. I won't marry you. I will kill myself first," sobbed Elsie. The words were out, but they sounded weak and childish, compared to the bold defiance she had rehearsed to herself. Silvertung laughed, as if it were a good joke.

"What a spirited Elsie it is! How handsome she looks when angry! Pray, my dear, what kind of death do you intend to try? Poison is the nicest, because it won't spoil that pretty face; but it will taste nasty. Don't you want some sugar-plums to take after it? Please tell us when the tragedy is to take place, so that we can make it a success. In the mean time, we may as well visit the house in the Twentieth Ward. I give you just five minutes to get ready. One word,—Mary, I shall hold you responsible for your daughter's conduct. She is to be sealed to me on Saturday, and we don't wish any scenes. You fully understand?"

"O, Elsie! think of me, do not be obstinate. There is no use to defy the elder, it is wicked: you will be punished, so shall I: come, dear, put on your things."

"I am not going."

"You rebellious child, you will break my heart." Here Mrs. Mary burst into tears.

Elsie could not endure to see her mother suffering. Her courage sank.

Anyway, just going to see the house was not being married. Elsie prepared herself, and they went.

Elder Silvertung no doubt thought he might make up for his cruelty, by giving his victims a pretty dwelling. The house was commodious, really nicer than that occupied by Mrs. Lucy. Mary sighed with de-

light: she did not speak again to Elsie about the marriage, but her looks were more eloquent than words.

After visiting the house, the elder took them to Co-op. He and Mrs. Mary bought a great deal of furniture for the new house. Elsie took no part in anything, neither was she consulted. Both the elder and her mother seemed to consider the marriage as all settled. What could she do?

CHAPTER XLII.

DEFYING COUNSEL.

HAT afternoon Sister Dinly and Silea came to talk over matters. Elsie had no peace; even Mrs. Dinly joined the enemy.

"My child," she whispered, "we have been punished. That suicide was a judgment upon us. You must submit: it is your duty, both to your mother and to the Church." Then she added aloud, "See how kind and considerate the elder is: you ought to be thankful."

"Well, they can't drag me to the Endowment House, can they?"

"Not exactly, dear; for of course you will go."

"The idea of a chit of a girl defying the elder: it is ridiculous," said Mrs. Lucy, who knew by experience the value of defiance.

"It is not so much the elder, as it is the Church," replied Sister Dinly. "No one can rebel without being terribly punished, even in this world. Elsie, you must pray for a good spirit."

"Ah! Elsie does not know yet all the sacrifices

God requires us women to make. It's a heavy cross; but we must bear it cheerfully."

"Well, that is just as you choose to take it, Sister Mary. As for me, I never found it so hard. I think celestial marriage is the only plan that will free woman."

"A strange kind of freedom," muttered Elsie. "I think death is kinder."

"It certainly is not kind of you, Elsie, to speak so of celestial marriage, when your mother and all your friends practise it."

This remark came from Sister Silea, who always found a way to insinuate herself into family councils of an interesting nature.

"Excuse me," said Elsie, "not all my friends; there are the Menlys and the Brownlows."

"You lost girl!" exclaimed the trio of good Saints, while Mrs. Mary sobbed.

"The Menlys are apostates," cried Sister Dinly, in horror.

"And did not God send tramps to kill the rebellious woman? I should think such a lesson would suffice you, Elsie," continued Sister Silea.

"And as for those Brownlows, they are Gentiles. It is strange how that girl has always managed to pick up with such company. There was that Stanly Delville, a very doubtful character. I'm sure it wasn't my fault," said Sister Lucy.

Elsie did not wait to hear more. She left the room. Sister Dinly followed her. "Elsie, my child, you know I like you ever so much: in fact, I think so much of your interests, that to promote them, I am ready to sacrifice any personal feelings. I did think I

never could consent that the elder should take a sixth wife, as he had promised me Lucy should be the last. But dear, I have got over that now, and I do think it is best for you to marry him. You see, dear, Stanly has proved faithless—nay, don't interrupt me. I understand men better than you do, my child; they only look out for their own interests. Anyway, if he has not proved faithless, he has disappeared. His father killed himself the very night before he was to take you away. Don't you see the finger of God in all this? I do: it is His will that you marry the elder. It will make it so comfortable for your mother. It will give her a nice home. Why, by this time next year, you will bless me for having thus advised you."

Elsie was weeping. The allusion to her lover had opened the floodgates. Leaving Mrs. Dinly rather brusquely, she ran to hide herself in her room.

In the silence of her little room, Elsie meditated. She thought of those she loved. How few there were who loved her. Her mother would sacrifice her. Her father—where was he? She was worse than an orphan. And Stanly, where was he? Could he be false? No! she would not believe it. He, her friend, her companion, her lover, her affianced husband, he who loved her, who understood her so well. The thought of their meetings, their plans for future happiness; of how they reveled in the joy of that unreal future, with all the sanguine faith of youth that foresees no obstacle, doubts not, fears not, because it never looks beyond itself. Like the little peas in the pod, who said, "The stalk that holds us is green, its leaves are green, the pods are green, we are green; therefore, all the world is green,"—so it is with the young.

Even the experience of Elsie's life had not taught her wisdom. As soon as she was happy, all the world seemed happy and good; but when misery came, then all the world seemed wretched and wicked. How black and ugly it was, now that all her loves and hopes were crushed!

How hateful and mocking seemed the sunlight.

Why was she thus tortured? Why were her loved ones so punished? Elsie felt as if a horrible fate pursued all she loved. Brother Menly was an outlaw. Oreana, lost to reason, to hope, was a human wreck. Mr. Delville a suicide, and Stanly gone without a word, no trace of him left. Is it surprising that the teachings thundered out at the Tabernacle, reiterated continually by those around her, should at this moment find an echo in her heart? Was God punishing her for rebellion?—punishing her through those she loved? The bravest, the strongest, have their moments of fear, of weakness. Elsie was only an untaught child.

Her mother had sacrificed husband and home, while from her was demanded nothing more than the sacrifice of her feelings. Perhaps she ought to submit. For a few moments she contemplated her fate as the sixth wife of her mother's husband. As the picture took distinct form and color in her mind, her soul recoiled. "Never, never, it never shall be! Death is preferable. Stanly must be dead or he would be here. I may as well die, and I will die," cried the girl, as she paced the floor. Then memory recalled to her mind the ring. Hope revived at the thought. She ran to the bureau in which she had concealed it. She drew it forth and sighed: "Perhaps this will save me: shall I write?"

Elsie hesitated a moment, then she wrote upon the piece of paper in which she enfolded the ring, these words: "I am to be sealed to Elder Silvertung. Save me." She did not put the day fixed for the sacrifice, because she could not bring herself to think of it. She wrote the address in a large hand, so that nothing might be suspected; then, quickly putting on her hat, she slipped out unperceived, and took a back street to the post-office, trembling all the time lest some one should see her and discover her errand. Fortune smiled upon her. She reached the office, and mailed the package without being seen by any one. All fear of detection removed, her thoughts began a query as to this mysterious friend named Jim Tracy. Who was he? what was he? where was he? And why should he take an interest in her? How was he going to save her? Suppose he were dead? She shuddered at the thought.

When Elsie reached home she found two teachers awaiting her. It is the duty of the teachers to go round to the houses of the Saints to spur the inmates to greater zeal, and also to adjust any minor difficulties that may arise. They had heard of Elsie's resistance and considered it their duty to call. Their admonitions to rebellious Elsie were a repetition of the counsels already given her, with the addition of a eulogy on the elder, and a discourse upon the honor, and the exaltation that Elsie would receive from this alliance; with hints also, as to the punishments the Lord must in justice inflict upon any one so blind and ungrateful as to refuse such great gifts. Elsie sat through the long visit, silent. In truth, she scarcely heard what was said, so busy was her mind with Jim

Tracy and the ring. Mrs. Dinly and Mrs. Lucy did all the answering, with an occasional sigh or a weak "just what I have told her," from Mrs. Mary.

The teachers rose to go, congratulating themselves upon the success of their visit; for they construed Elsie's meek silence into assent. Then one, for greater certainty, asked her if she did not feel happy in thus being chosen by the elder. The question was direct, and necessitated a reply.

"No," answered Elsie, "the thought of such a union horrifies me, but it never will be; for of my free will I never will marry him." Elsie spoke quietly but firmly; and immediately left the room.

The teachers looked at each other aghast. "What a bad spirit! Such depravity! We must report her to the Bishop. We are very sorry for you, Sister Mary; this must be a sore trial to you."

"Indeed, it must, but we hope counsel will prevail. It always does, you know."

Sister Mary sobbed some inaudible reply. Sister Dinly raised her eyes to Heaven, as if to testify to the truth of the last remark, while Sister Lucy laughed to think how the elder, the teachers, all were defied by quiet, simple Elsie, whom she had always looked upon as a mere child. It was really becoming quite interesting, and curiosity was impatient as to the result.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE FUNERAL.

ONCE more night came, but Elsie could not sleep. Her brain whirled with conjecture, and in her heart hope fought a battle with despair. Wednesday morning she arose, languid, weary. Her physical strength was failing from sleeplessness and want of nourishment; for since her trial commenced she could not eat. The excitement also began to tell painfully upon her system. Very little would bring on an illness. The child looked ill, her head ached as well as her heart; the slightest sound made her tremble and gasp; one moment she was burning, the next shivering, her pulse varied with her feelings.

Wednesday was the morning of the funeral. The elder wished all the family to go; and the elder's will was law. Elsie walked with her mother to the meeting-house. As they were about to cross Main street, Mrs. Silvertung stopped to speak with a friend. At the same time, a man close to them hailed a passing horseman. The latter reined in and drew near the sidewalk close by the spot where Elsie stood.

A short dialogue, replete with interest for her, ensued, although the speakers were strangers. "I say, Bob, are yer off to the mines?" "Off to Nevada, this very minute." "Going anywhere near where Jim Tracy is now?" "To the very place, without stopping; they have struck it rich. Got anything for Jim?" "Yes, here is a very small packet. It is very important. Jim spoke to me about it when he was here. He wants it delivered prompt and sure. I

thought if you were going you would be surer and quicker than the mail." "A deal quicker than those cross mails. I shall get there in two days and a half, I expect. Give it here. Well, it is a small one. It shall be delivered safe and sure. Good-bye."

The horseman galloped off. Elsie could scarcely stand. The ring was on its way. She had seen it; for it was the package done up by her fingers that the horseman had promised to deliver to Jim Tracy, that mysterious friend. But what chilled her to the heart, was the knowledge that it would be too late—too late. She stood as if turned to stone, till aroused by the efforts of her mother to move her.

"Why, Elsie, what is the matter with you? Here I have called you three times, and you stand staring as if you were deaf. What is the matter?"

"Nothing, Mother, I was thinking." Thinking, ah yes! and repeating to herself the words: "*Too late, too late!*" unless she could do something to delay the sacrifice. If Stanly were only near to help! Perhaps he was. Yes, he might be at the funeral. He must be; she would see him. In vain she looked among the mourners; the one she sought was not there.

After the service, Elder Silvertung told Elsie that the bishop wished to see her. Elsie quaked; she knew what that meant, but it was useless to refuse. The elder led her into a small room adjoining the large meeting-hall. Here the bishop and his two counselors awaited them. Elsie quivered; she felt herself grow pale and blue. Her soul cried out to Heaven for help, for pity, for none could she find in man. The bishop's countenance was not one to inspire hope and confidence. Sensual and tyrannical—the rebellious met no

quarter from him. And women! Alas! This man enjoyed the unenviable reputation of being an excellent woman-driver. Many an indignant sister had gone to him with her woes, asking help; they always left him meek and submissive, asking help of no one except, perhaps, of death. His counselors were shadows of himself—cruel, sensual, unprincipled, greedy of gain. Elsie knew them, and detested them. The first salutations over, the bishop began: "My dear sister, or rather, child, for you are nothing more, I have heard some very sad accounts of you—that you are rebellious. Now rebellion leads to apostasy, and apostasy to eternal damnation."

"Amen," said the counselors.

"Bishop," said the elder, "I think that my ward's conduct is the result of bad influences, which, thank the Lord, are now removed. Still, she is naturally weak in the faith—so weak that I feel in duty bound to have her sealed to me, so that I may assure her salvation."

"Very virtuous and praiseworthy," said the bishop.

"For which kindness she ought to be most grateful," added the chief counselor.

"Instead of that she refuses me—nay, defies me."

"And her reasons for such rebellious conduct?"

"Ask her," said the elder, "she ought to know best."

"Give us your reasons for refusing Elder Silvertung, your guardian."

Elsie felt half dead with fear and shame. What could she say under the glare of those eight cruel eyes. Dared she say she loved another? But of what use would that be, even were it the true one. But it was not; for long before that "other" came, she hated this union. She hated polygamy; and then that other

reason, those horrible suspicions against the elder, the blood she saw upon his hands. If she mentioned either, it might draw down everlasting wrath, not only upon herself, but also upon her mother. She remained silent.

"Well, are you dumb? Women can generally talk enough. Speak when you are told to."

The tone angered Elsie. She quickly replied: "Because I do not wish to. I dislike him." The words sounded so foolish, that Elsie was not astonished, when they all burst out laughing.

"Don't wish to, eh! Well, that is the most childish reason; she dislikes him! Why, she talks like a Gentile. Perhaps you like some one else?" Elsie's pale face flushed at this taunt.

"You are right there," answered the elder, "and I am sorry to say the individual is an apostate."

"Worse and worse. This is a matter that the Church must attend to. These childish whims and fancies must be corrected in time, or this girl will go to hell, soul and body. Your plan for saving her is truly worthy of a Latter Day Saint; and if she persists in her stubbornness, we must treat her as we treat naughty children. Now, what do we do to them, eh? Brother Leifert, you ought to know, you are a famous family man."

"Yes, I'd oughter know, after bringing up fifty. Now I follers Solomon's rule; yer know what he says: 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' Well, when any of mine gets fractious, I administers a little wholesome discipline. It soon cures 'em. Sometimes I diets 'em, I starves the bad spirit out. I tell yer a little rod, or a little hunger, is mighty healthy for rebelliousness."

"You are right, Brother Leifert, and if more followed your plan, there would not be such a falling off

from righteousness among our young girls. It must be stopped. Now, elder, if your ward don't come to reason pretty soon, bring her to us; but I think you can manage the business, now that you have Brother Leifert's excellent opinion. As for you, girl, I should advise you to submit gracefully to the inevitable."

Elsie bit her lips till they bled. The humiliation was horrible, and there was no hope.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IMPRISONMENT AND REPRIEVE.

ELSIE walked home alone; for since the Delvilles were out of the way, Silvertung did not deem it necessary to watch his step-daughter. He knew well she could not escape. It may seem strange that Elsie did not seek refuge among the apostates, or at the military camp, but the idea never entered her mind. She was so impressed with the power of the Church, its avenging power; her ideas of the elder's legal right over her actions were so exaggerated, that if a stranger had spoken to her concerning her troubles, she would have kept silent through fear. To attempt escape, alone, without money, as she once dreamed of, she felt would be worse than useless. Her town experience had taught her that. No, there was nothing left to her but to die. She was willing to die, now that Stanly was gone. Death would be freedom.

While thinking these sad thoughts, she came to a cottage from whence proceeded cries and moans as of a child in pain. She remembered that two children

at that cottage lay ill with the fever. An idea flashed through her mind—a desperate one truly; but, then, she was desperate. The fever was contagious! If she took it! It would give her a reprieve of some weeks, and in that time—many things might happen. Fearful lest second thoughts might deter her from committing the rash deed, she ran into the cottage. Two children lay moaning and tossing in bed: no one was with them. Elsie approached, took their hot hands in hers, kissed the fevered lips, and hung over them, anxious to absorb the poison of disease. She left, as she had entered, unnoticed except by the little sufferers.

Elsie reached home in a very agitated condition, and she found her mother and Aunt Lucy still more agitated. The former was sobbing bitterly, and the latter looked as if she would like to give some one a piece of her mind. Before Elsie could discover the trouble, the elder entered, and bade her follow him. The girl thought of the *council:* but it was useless to resist. She followed him in silence. He led her to a small room in the garret, politely invited her to enter, then closed the door and locked it.

Elsie was a prisoner. From outside the door her jailer informed her that he felt it his duty to drive out the bad spirit; and that solitary confinement and hunger were considered the most potent weapons. He hoped that twenty-four hours would make her a true obedient Saint. With this prayerful hope, the virtuous elder left his prisoner, whose heart grew lighter as the sound of his footsteps died away.

Imprisonment was preferable to his society, and starvation would bring death all the sooner.

The room looked liked a cell. A straw bed and a

broken chair comprised the furniture. Elsie's head throbbed with pain. She threw herself upon the straw and tried to rest. Perhaps some kindly spirit lulled her, for when she awoke the morning dawn was breaking. She felt very hungry ; and as the long hours passed she could think of nothing but something to eat.

The elder did not intend to kill Elsie ; and about noon he ordered Mrs. Mary to take her daughter some dry bread and a cup of water ; and to report to him if the bad spirit was conquered. When he heard Mrs. Silvertung go up the stairs, he started from his chair as if a bright idea had just come to him, and he was afraid of losing it ; then he followed her stealthily to the door of the prison, and listened.

"My poor child," said Mrs. Silvertung, "how hungry you are ! To think you should be obliged to eat dry bread."

"Dry bread is very good, Mother. Think how many would be glad to get it. You ought to be pleased to see I have an appetite."

"Don't talk that way ; don't be so self-willed."

"O Elsie ! why will you make us all suffer so much ? I have been crying all the morning, and Aunt Lucy feels almost as bad as I do. Other girls have married their mother's husband, and they seem quite happy. Then the elder wants to do so well by us. You ought to be grateful. Why will you refuse ? O Elsie ! if you love me, obey his commands. I entreat you, obey him."

"Very good, indeed, very good. Mrs. Silvertung, I think your influence will soon make our obstinate Elsie a good Saint like yourself. I will come to-morrow, when I hope to congratulate you on your success.

You know how to manage her, for she is just like her father, and you managed him pretty well."

The elder locked the door. Elsie started to her feet indignant at the insult. Her mother sank into a chair. The elder overdid himself. His last taunt stung the woman's conscience into life. Elsie was furious; she did not care for herself, but that her mother should suffer imprisonment and hunger was more than she could bear. She vented her anger upon the Church, upon the elder; and strange to say, unchecked by her mother, who still sat mute and motionless. She was looking back into the past. She was thinking of the husband she had deceived, the home she had sacrificed; and for what? And her child condemned to misery or death! Could such horror be the will of God?

The hours passed drearily. Absorbed in their own sad thoughts, mother and daughter remained silent, for there was but little sympathy between them, and still less confidence; exchange of thought was impossible. When darkness came, the women tried to make themselves comfortable for the night; rather a difficult task with the meagre accommodations of their prison. Elsie was glad to lie down, for her head throbbed, her throat was parched, her limbs ached. At one time her blood seemed on fire, then again it crawled through her veins icy cold. Was her wish going to be realized?

The next noon brought the elder; but the bad spirit was not yet conquered. When the door of the prison closed upon them for another twenty-four hours, Mrs. Silvertung's indignation died out. She was again the timid, weak Mary Silvertung. She begged, she

implored Elsie to yield. Elsie listened apathetically: she refused to touch her dinner, saying her throat hurt her too much. Mrs. Silvertung began to think that her strong-willed child had resolved to starve herself to death; and she poured forth tears, prayers and reproaches, till Elsie answered peevishly: "Let me be until to-morrow morning, Mother. I will, yes, but wait until to-morrow." Elsie uttered the words with difficulty, as if in pain; her head was so hot, her eyes heavy, and a bright spot burned in each cheek.

"You are ill, Elsie. I will make a noise, some one will come."

"No, dear mother, no; wait until to-morrow."

At dawn the next morning the household were awakened by a great noise from the garret. Mr. Silvertung, who was a little uneasy concerning the prison experiment, ran up-stairs, followed by Mrs. Lucy. They found Elsie lying on the bed flushed with fever and moaning piteously. Mrs. Lucy screamed out, "She has the fever. Oh! my children, they will catch it. Take her away from here."

"Of course," said Silvertung, "take her to her room."

"No," said Lucy, "not there; the children will take it, I know they will. Can't she go to the other house?"

"Nonsense, woman! how do you know it is the fever?"

"How do I know? Just look at her, feel her pulse."

"I will go for the doctor," said Silvertung. "But she must be taken from here."

Mrs. Lucy began again to expostulate, when Mrs. Mary begged she might take Elsie to the other house: some of the rooms were ready.

"Mother was in last night and said that everything

was done, even the fire ready to light. You ought to go at once; a few hours and you won't dare move her. My girl can go with you. I will do without one. Anything to get the fever out of this house."

Thus urged, Silvertung got a carriage and removed Elsie to the house in the Twentieth Ward. When the doctor came he declared it to be a case of malignant fever. Elsie had obtained her reprieve.

CHAPTER XLV.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO JIM TRACY.

A NARROW trail coils serpent-like around the mountain, six thousand feet above the sea. How light, how pure is the air! The atmosphere seems to glow with the brightness of some radiant world, shining far beyond our sphere, and ever and anon flash out effulgent beams undreamed of in the world below; beams pulsing with divine inspiration. Here mountain towers over mountain, huge bowlders piled one upon another, with here and there a ridge of gleaming quartz, a block, iris-veined, the mystic sentinels of earth's hidden treasures, sphinxes whose riddles have destroyed thousands. Two hundred feet below, down a narrow precipitous canyon, flows a mountain streamed fringed with verdure. Beyond, to the North, stretches the great Salt Desert, mountain-ribbed. As far as the eye can see, it is desert and mountain, mountain and desert, an infinite solitude. And yet beyond lies the busy world, with its cities, its millions of restless beings. And this world is but a drop, an atom in the universe.

Aye, truly, the voices of the mountains are echoes from the infinite.

Along the trail rides a solitary horseman. It is the same one whom Elsie saw carry off that tiny package upon the delivery of which her hopes depended. The slow gait of the tired horse is unendurable to swift-winged thought. So let him plod along, while we speed onwards. As the trail ascends the mountains, they appear less rugged, the canyon grows narrower and less deep, until at last it disappears, and the mountain stream ripples over the rocks only a few feet below the trail. Suddenly voices and laughter break upon the ear. Turning a point, we come upon a tent sheltered by an abutting rock. At a few yards' distance is a habitation built of rough stone roofed with canvas. Higher in the mountain is a rude blacksmith's forge, by its side yawns a cavernous opening. It is a mine in its first stage of development; and the primitive habitations form a mining camp.

Half a dozen miners are assembled in the tent. They are not begrimmed, dissatisfied, hopeless beings, toiling in the bowels of the earth for a miserable pittance; but sanguine, self-important men, working their own property, or prospecting for a rich strike; already millionaires in imagination. In the rough stone habitation Jim Tracy sits alone. He was never very social; few had ever seen him smile. He was a man with a history. His companions felt this, and respected his taciturnity; but if not social he was kind and generous, and his many good deeds had won more than respect. Fortune had favored him. Not only had he "struck it rich," but he had sold his strike at a good figure, a lucky event of rare occur-

rence. Solitary people are apt to talk to themselves. Jim Tracy had this habit. Alone in his cabin he mutters aloud. "For this, then, I have lived—to get rich—to save my Elsie from misery—for this I have borne a charmed life. Yes, a charmed life. Great Heavens—all killed, all, men, women and children—and I by the simplest chance absent. What an escape! Then cut down by the fierce Indian. Left for dead. Aye, that was a fearful gash. It spoiled my looks. I hope Elsie won't mind it. No, she will be too happy. I was saved—yes saved! A miracle indeed! Then hunger, riot, dissipation. But death"—— His soliloquy was interrupted.

"Jim Tracy, here's a package for you. It is a very small one; but I was told that it was of great importance."

"Thank you, friend, it is indeed of importance." Jim Tracy took the packet, and hastily returned to his cabin. There he tore open the paper. At the sight of the ring his brow grew dark,—when he read Elsie's appeal, it grew darker. Then he drew from its hiding-place his old companion, the beautiful weapon we saw once before. "Your day has come; no relenting now." He placed it in its old-resting-place, where his heart could feel it, and prepared for departure.

A few minutes later, the miners were surprised to see Jim Tracy standing before them equipped for a journey. "Friends," he said, "business calls me away for a few days. Good bye till then." He was gone before they could return his good bye. "Jim Tracy is a queer one, there's no mistake," was the general comment of the men as they returned to their interrupted game.

Along the trail hastened the lonely man, a deadly purpose in his mind, a deadly weapon next his heart. Quietly the elder reposed in his comfortable bed, undisturbed by phantom or fear. His enemies were brought low, and, in his triumph, he cried, "They will trouble me no more." Foolish is the triumph of the wicked. While he boasted in his security, swiftly towards him sped Nemesis.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE RING RETURNED.

THANKS to a good constitution and careful nursing, Elsie soon became convalescent; her recovery being doubtless accelerated by the absence of the elder, whom business called South about two days after she was taken ill. Her friends declared that the fever was a punishment for her rebellion. Elsie thought differently, and with good reason, but she said nothing.

Health brought back the struggle. How would it end? At first, she believed that the reprieve was prophetic of good; then, as time passed, each day bringing nearer the elder's return, and yet no word, no sign from her mysterious friend, hope grew faint. A letter came from Silvertung announcing his speedy return, and ordering that everything should be in readiness for the sealing. The news destroyed every hope; it put out every light in Elsie's heart and brain; for she felt that resistance was no longer possible. She must be one more victim.

One evening, as she tried to forget herself in

watching the sunset, always so beautiful in the city of the mountains, her eyes caught sight of a familiar figure coming up the street. She looked at it eagerly, afraid that it would vanish or turn into some one else. But the figure did neither. On it came slowly, smiling and waving its hand to Elsie. The girl darted out of the gate and ran to meet her dear old friend, Brother Menly. It was in truth Brother Menly; but, ah, how changed! A year and a half only had elapsed since Elsie parted from him, and he had aged ten years. His form bent, his features sunken and wrinkled, his hair white as snow. Only the keen eyes of affection could recognize him. "Oh, Brother Menly, how glad this makes me! But are you not afraid?"

"Afraid? No, my child; I am protected now. But even had I no friends, of what should I be afraid, after such suffering as I have endured? My cherished companion, my devoted wife, killed before my eyes; then twelve dreary months of utter isolation, avoided by all, as though leprosy had marked me. No, death is welcome. Glad day of freedom, why delayest thou? But there, I am losing myself again. Do not let me talk to myself. When you find I am going off, call me back. Let me see, what were we talking about?"

"Of the danger of living here."

"Yes, yes; I remember now. There is no danger now. The new society is strong—it is unassailable. They are building a hall dedicated to liberal thought. My poor Mary was the last victim."

"Brother Menly, you forget Mr. Delville; he never committed suicide—never. He was murdered. And Stanly has been got out of the way by some means or other."

"Well, God knows. Alas! how long shall His name be blasphemed? And yet these people are conscientious, laborious. It is the priests. But their reign is almost at an end. Yes, the——"

"Brother Menly, you are forgetting me," said Elsie, gently.

"Ah! yes, indeed. Was I—that is right, child. Call me back. Let me see, I came here on purpose to see you. I have come nearly every day for some time."

"I have been ill, but I am all well now. Why did you not ask for me?"

"I thought it prudent not to do so. I brought trouble upon you once, although I think it was for the best. Now I look at you, you have improved wonderfully. Young, happy, hopeful. Let not thy youth be led astray by the counsels of the wicked."

"Brother Menly!"

"All right. I won't go off again. I've come to see you on business."

"On business," cried Elsie, exultantly; for she remembered that it was through Brother M.'s hands she first received the ring; perhaps now he had more news for her from that mysterious source.

"Yes, on business. Do you remember a package left in my care for you, by a stranger some time ago?" Elsie clasped his arm for answer. "Well, between two and three weeks ago, that same stranger accosted me in the street. He seemed very glad to see me, and left in my charge a similar package, to be given into your hands as soon as possible."

"Where is it, where is it? Come in where we shall not be noticed."

"I would rather not come into the house."

"Into the garden, then; the wall will hide us, for there is no knowing what I shall do."

Thus urged, Brother Menly entered the garden, searching all the time in his capacious pockets for the package. "Here it is, my child; why, what can it be to excite you so?" For Elsie had torn off the paper wrapping, and was jumping in a very crazy state.

"Read that, read that, Brother Menly," said she, thrusting some writing under his eyes.

"Consider yourself free, and your future prospects assured. St—— is all right."

This unsigned message was penned in a bold firm hand. Brother Menly looked at it in a bewildered way.

"I can't make it out," he replied.

"Why, don't you see? St—— is meant for Stanly. He is all right. You know I am going to marry Stanly," said Elsie, blushing. "As for the rest, I will explain."

Elsie then commenced the recital of her trials, the interposition of this mysterious friend, Mr. Delville's disgrace and death, with Stanly's disappearance. The narration was very long. Elsie felt too deeply to talk in an orderly way, and Brother Menly in his excitement, forgot himself very often. The sunlight had given place to moonlight, when the story was ended.

"I must be gone," said Brother Menly. "They don't like me to be out late. I shall see you again. God bless you, my child. May your trials be at an end."

The old man went out at the gate; then, turning suddenly as though he had forgotten something, he called Elsie to him, and whispered: "Burn that note, and any other you may have, this very night, before you sleep. I think I know who your friend is."

"Tell me, tell me," cried Elsie.

"Not now, dear, some other time. God bless you. Why, here is Brother Y. come to look after me. I have stayed too long. Good night, little one. Don't forget to burn that paper."

CHAPTER XLVII.

MRS. SILVERTUNG SOLVES THE MYSTERY.

ELSIE was beside herself with joy. Stanly was safe, and her friend assured her of freedom. She danced, she sang, and made such a noise that her mother came to the door, to see what was the matter. "Elsie, child, you will catch your death of cold; you must be crazy."

"Yes, mother, I am crazy with joy;" and to prove her words, Elsie ran up to the mother, caught her in a close embrace, and danced her into the house.

A lamp burned on the table, which was strewn with work; for Mrs. Silvertung had no time to waste in twilight reveries, even had she been so inclined. Elsie seated her mother, and then danced round the room clapping her hands. "Don't, Elsie; you will awaken the children, and I'm so tired. What ever can you find to be so happy about?" The woman sighed. The words and the sigh touched Elsie; she stopped, looked at her mother's wan, hopeless face, and sighed too. What was there, indeed, to be so happy about?

Since the imprisonment, Mrs. Silvertung's manner towards Elsie had changed. It seemed deprecatory, as if the woman had become conscious of the wrong she had inflicted upon her child. The affectionate girl quickly perceived the change. She shrank from

wounding, by word or deed, the mother's heart, bruised by remorse ; so she checked her joyous demonstrations, which savored of cruel mockery, and embraced her mother, saying : "Mother, dear, I want you to rejoice with me, for I have some good news ; so don't sew any more to-night. I will help you lots to-morrow. Come now, there's a dear." The girl fondly stroked her mother's pale cheek ; in doing so, the ring, which in the excitement Elsie had slipped on her forefinger, attached Mrs. Silvertung's attention.

"Why, Elsie, where did you get that ring?"

"That is a secret, Mother dear, that I will tell you, if you promise never, never to speak of it. But there, I don't think you will tell the elder now."

While Elsie was talking, her mother took the ring and examined it with eager scrutiny. Then she rose, went to a little box, the only one she kept locked, opened it and drew from its recesses another ring, the counterpart of Elsie's, only smaller. "It is, it is," muttered the mother ; then, turning to Elsie, she cried : "Speak, quick, tell me where you got this?" Mrs. Silvertung uttered the command in a hollow voice ; her features lost their immobility ; her eyes glared. Elsie had never seen her look like that. Amazement prevented her answering. "Are you dumb? Won't you tell me how, and when you got this ring? Who gave it to you? What did he say? Don't look at me so ! but speak." The woman's voice ended in a shriek. Elsie felt alarmed.

"Mother, for mercy's sake, don't get so excited. I will tell you all about it ; at least, all I know, if you will give me a chance."

Mrs. Silvertung sat down, her face turned from

Elsie. She listened while for the second time that evening Elsie told all she knew about the ring and the sender. "But, Mother," continued Elsie, "the strangest of all is this. The day I left Smithville,—do you remember? as we passed that point where the old trail meets the road, a man, looking like a tramp, stood there as if waiting for us. Something in the man's face attracted me. He seemed to look into my very soul."

"What was he like; can you remember?"

"I can never forget! He was dark, eyes large and piercing, but kind; the lower part of his face hidden by a heavy beard; not tall, but broad-shouldered. He looked superior to most of the tramps, and somehow I thought he had suffered a great deal. After we had passed, I remembered that he was standing in the road near the house when we started."

"Then it was not all fancy," muttered the woman. "Go on, go on."

"Well, he sent that ring to me, with promises of help;—for I met him, after that, here in Salt Lake; but he was dressed better then."

"What did he say?"

"Only asked me if I had received the package. He would not answer any questions; but he is the man. Brother Menly recognized him immediately, from my description. Now I will show you the notes."

"The notes! He has written? Quick, child, let me see them, and don't look at me as if you were my judge;" for Elsie stood, one hand in her pocket, gazing at her mother in utter bewilderment. That her mother, always so hopelessly quiescent, should display such violent emotion, was more of a mystery than that surrounding the ring.

"Well, can't you show me the note; you said note, or did you want to torture me?"

"Mother, you frighten me so, that I scarcely know what I am doing. Here they are." Mrs. Silvertung clutched the papers; but instead of reading them, she looked everywhere,—at every thing except the notes. It seemed as if she were afraid of seeing written thereon some awful doom. "Why, Mother, look at them. I thought you were in a hurry to read them. Just see what fine writing it is."

"Mrs. Silvertung, shivering, opened the first one received. As soon as she glanced at the writing she groaned and fell forward on the table. Elsie screamed with fright, there was no one near to heed. Was this death? those set, vacant eyes, those still, white features, that prone, rigid form? "Mother, Mother, speak to me," screamed Elsie, as she chafed the cold hands and smoothed the damp brow.

At length the spasm passed away. Mrs. Silvertung lay quiet and still, save an occasional moaning cry: "He has come, though they told me he was dead. He has come; for what?"

Elsie heard the words with trembling; she felt she was approaching a mystery that would color her life. The moans became less frequent; agony left the features. Mrs. Silvertung opened her eyes: in them dwelt a strange light.

"Elsie, Elsie."

"Here I am, Mother."

The wretched woman drew her daughter towards her. "Elsie, my child, forgive me. Ask *him* to forgive me. Give him this ring (it was the smaller one), and implore him to forgive me. Tell him I thought it

was God's command—that it was for the best—tell him—"

"Him!" repeated Elsie, "Who?"

"The husband of my youth—your father; he who promises to save you."

"My father!"

"Yes, 'tis he. Don't reproach me! don't look at me so pitilessly! I was blind, deluded. Oh! how I have suffered! Forgive me, Elsie; pray for me, pray him to pardon me. Don't let his curse pursue me to the grave. He will grant you anything, he loved you so dearly. Ah! how wrong it was—how he must have suffered! and I——But God must forgive me, for I did it for His sake. Elsie, can *you* forgive me?"

Elsie answered with a kiss, for tears stifled all utterance. It was she who wept now, while her mother, the woman of tears, looked on dry-eyed.

"God bless you, Elsie. Stay with me to-night, I'm afraid. A crisis comes—I'm afraid. He is not dead—not dead!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A DREAM.

ELSIE was alone with her thoughts, with the emotions awakened by the revelation just fallen from her mother's lips. This man, this mysterious friend, was then her father. The father, for whom her heart yearned with longing affection. And he had promised to save her. Was it to save her or avenge himself? Her tyrant owed her father a terrible debt. A debt payable only in blood. An awful thought flashed across her mind. A thought so awful,

that it petrified all emotion. She sat in the chair in which her mother had fainted; sat like a statue of terror, thinking nothing, feeling nothing, entirely absorbed in gazing at the intangible horror—the fantaisies of her excited brain. The clock striking midnight aroused her. A small piece of paper lying on the table attracted her notice: it was the message penned by her father. "Brother Menly told me to burn it. Can he think the same?" Snatching it up, she lit it at the lamp, and watched it burn and smoulder. "How foolish I am," muttered Elsie: "here I am frightening myself over nothing, when I ought to be wild with joy! My father near me, and Stanly safe! My mother told me to pray, but I cannot, my brain is in such a whirl."

Hoping to calm herself by communing with nature, she lowered the lamp and opened the window. It was a glorious night of the late autumn, and Elsie, soothed by the sweet harmonies floating earthward from the stars, forgot her sorrows in prayer. Suddenly a scream startled away these gentle thoughts. In an instant the girl was in the next room. She found Mrs. Silvertung sitting up in bed, staring wildly, her features convulsed with terror. Scream followed scream.

"Keep them away, Elsie, keep them away."

"Mother, you are dreaming; there is nothing here."

"Nothing! look there, there, they are coming towards me, both of them,—blood!—there's blood! How they glare at me! Don't let them come: you can keep them off: you are innocent! You——"

"Hush, dear Mother, hush, nothing shall hurt you;" and she tried to soothe the excited woman, who struggled to escape from some invisible enemy.

"Blood! there's blood! I did it: they come, they——" Uttering a cry of terror, the unfortunate woman fell back senseless.

Elsie shook with fear: she dared not move: frightful shadows lurked in every corner, and stalked to and fro.

A rattling noise was heard from the other room, and an icy breeze swept moaning by. Elsie clung to the bed in an agony. It was only the night breeze playing with the open window; but Elsie was too unnerved by her mother's fear to reason. She was on the point of losing consciousness when a shrill voice from the children's cot recalled her wavering senses. Never before had children's voices sounded so welcome.

"Elsie, I am cold."

"And I am hungry."

She blessed them from her very soul for their wants. She shut the window, gave a slice to her hungry brother, then, reassured but still trembling, she returned to her mother. The latter moaned and talked at intervals. Her random words were cruel revelations to Elsie. Now it was of the home and husband she had abandoned in the long ago—words of love and happiness. Now she prayed for forgiveness. Then came words of sorrow, of deprecation, to the child she had injured, of supplication for mercy to some specter, while now and then she murmured: "He will forgive; he looked kind; how gently he spoke. He came, and I didn't know him." Thus she rambled on for hours, and Elsie watched in trembling till dawn.

CHAPTER XLIX.

RETRIBUTION.

A BELATED traveler rides into Mountain Meadows—meadows no more save in tradition. The hills are bare, and scarred by deep chasms and clefts, as if rent by horror and despair. The springs have disappeared into the earth. The trees are withered skeletons. The waving grass, the wild cherries festooned with virgin's bower, the bright flowers, are all dead, dead. The once blooming paradise is a desolate waste of alkali and sage brush—a spot accursed—the haunt of the wolf and coyote, whose howlings make terrible the night. Weird stories are whispered of phantom caravans that camp in the valley at moonless midnight, of restless spirits demanding vengeance; and the bravest quake when compelled to cross at night the field of blood. Swiftly they rush through it, with bated breath and closed eyes. On a hillock a pile of stones, heaped around a wooden cross, marked the graves of the massacred; but the stones have slipped away, the cross is broken. Ruin and desolation everywhere.

Absorbed in angry thoughts, the traveler rides on, heedless of surroundings. His journey has been disastrous. Failure has dogged his steps. Silvertung is now hastening homewards to solace his chafed spirit with domestic tyranny. How he will triumph over the proud Elsie! how he will break that fiery spirit! The anticipation is so delightful that he laughs aloud. Echo caught the sound, and answered a wailing shriek that roused him. He stopped and looked around. By the faint starlight he recognized the place; then

cold drops of agony oozed from every pore. Like all tyrants, Silvertung was a moral coward; and now, alone in the darkness, upon the crime-cursed field, his heart grew chill. The horrors of that fearful night closed around him. Again he saw the ground strewn with bleeding victims, again he heard the splash of blood, its reeking odor filled his nostrils. He spurred his horse; but the animal stumbled into one of the many hollows and lamed himself. He must, perforce, creep over the accursed valley, while ghastly specters crowd around him, their blood-stained skeleton fingers pointing at him, the unholy glare of their fiery eyes burning into his brain. In vain he tries to escape. To which ever side he turns the phantoms meet him, pursue him—crying, Vengeance! vengeance!

He reaches the grave mound. Guilty fear transforms the scattered stones into gleaming skulls. But ah! there is something yet more fearful—his horse scents danger, it trembles and plunges; looming up ominously near the broken cross is a figure of a horseman. The figure approaches—the elder sees a dark, scarred face and passion-lit eyes—eyes he thought were closed in death long years ago. His haunted soul shudders at the sight of this vengeful specter. The elder makes a desperate effort to flee. A voice, to him terrible, thunders out: "Seducer, murderer, halt! The avenger has come!" The terrified Saint stops—paralyzed—on the very spot where, years ago, a murdered victim pronounced his doom. She rises up before him now, menacing, triumphant. By her side stands the avenger. Silvertung felt his hair turn white. The awful moment had come. The moment of doom.

The avenger spoke again: "I meet you at last, to

demand of you my wife, my child, my home, my lost life. What have you to answer, seducer, liar, murderer? What, you tremble! Are you a coward? Then die a coward's death."

There was a flash, a detonation. The doom was fulfilled. Edward Lascelle was avenged. Elsie was free.

CHAPTER L.

IT COMES.

ALL the next day Mrs. Silvertung lay in a stupor. Once the children's noise roused her; she cried out: "Elsie has it come? has it come?"

"What are you talking about, Mother?"

"I thought it had come, what I saw last night; when it comes, I can go."

"Don't think about it now, Mother. Rest."

"Rest! Ah, I shall soon rest now; you will take care of the children, won't you, Elsie, when it comes?"

"Yes, Mother, I will take care of them."

She sank again into stupor; but every time Elsie entered the room, the sick woman would start, and repeat the same cry: "Has it come?"

On the third morning after the dream, a delirious excitement replaced the stupor. Elsie, alarmed, began to think of sending for a doctor, and some one to take care of her mother; but she hesitated. No one must hear her mother's random words, lest they might lead to discovery. Discovery—of what? Elsie dared not put into words, those forebodings, so horrible because intangible. A formless terror is the worst of terrors.

Their nearest neighbor was a Danish woman, who spoke very little English. She would send for this women to take care of her mother; then she would go to Brother Menly. Elsie thought first of Sister Dinly; but since that lady had changed her opinion in reference to Silvertung's marriage, Elsie felt rather suspicious of her. But something must be done immediately; for the sick woman's delirium increased. Elsie sent one of the children to the neighbor. The child in passing out slammed the door. Mrs. Silvertung screamed out:

"Ha! at last. It has come, it is at the gate."

"Mother, there is nothing here; it was the noise of the door."

But the sick woman was right. Her hearing, strained to the utmost tension, caught the sound of the opening gate, of footsteps on the walk, while Elsie heard nothing but the noise made by the shutting of the door. Scarcely had the girl answered her mother, when the door opened, and Sisters Dinly, Silea, and Jones, stood before her.

The first glance at their faces told Elsie that It had come, whatsoever that "*It*" might be. Sister Dinly was the first to speak. "I had to come, dear, although I left my Lucy almost crazy; but I couldn't let you bear it all alone."

"Where's Sister Mary; we must comfort her; but it is a terrible cross. The elder was such a good saint, such a darling man." Here they all began to weep, or at least to put their pocket-handkerchiefs to their eyes.

"To be shot down," screamed Sister Silea, who had her own ideas about the affair, and wished to see the effect of a tragic announcement. "To be shot

down during the darkness of the night, as if he were a malefactor."

"But he is a martyr, a blessed martyr," cried all.

"Who shot him," asked Elsie, whose heart grew cold with fear.

It was not known when the news came; but he will be found. The vile wretch must be found. "He shall be hung as high as Haman," shrieked Sister Silea. "He shall." She was interrupted by a cry. They looked towards the door. There stood Mrs. Silvertung, her face as white as her garments, her eyes staring wildly, her arms outstretched and hands uplifted as if to ward off a cruel thrust. She wavered a moment, and then fell. Sister Dinly caught the frail form and laid her on the bed. A spasm passed over the features, her eyes glanced wildly round the room as if seeking for some one—her lips moved, but no sound came.

"She wants Elsie," said one of the sisters. The girl felt stunned, she had not noticed her mother fall. "Come, Elsie, come, your mother is dying." Elsie hastened to the bed-side. She kissed the cold lips. The dying woman opened her eyes. One look of intense desire and supplication silent, a motion of the lips, and it was all over. The wrong-doing and the misery were all effaced by death.

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The confusion was over. People spoke in whisper-tones, and stepped with muffled feet. Even these sounds grew hushed, and the silence of the grave descended over the house. Elsie knelt alone by the side of the dead. She wept not in useless grief, for she would not, could not wish that mother back. The

Saints have some fine ideas of Death; and Elsie had been taught to think of this visitant, not as the king of terrors, but as a pitying angel hushing to sleep the weary; therefore, mournful despair found no place in her heart; nay, she rather rejoiced that the troubled soul was free. The room where lay that silent form was a sanctuary, where she communed with herself, her fate, and her God. It had come at last—the foreshadowed dread.

It had come at last—her long-desired freedom. Alas! blood-stained was the hand that oped for her the gates of Liberty. Murder stood at the entrance of her new life, invoking vengeance upon her, upon her father.

But was it murder? the killing of the ravager of homes—of the tyrant Danite? Was not her father justified in killing one who had degraded the wife he so much loved,—who menaced with infamy his only child? The world answers, yes. But Elsie's higher nature whispered to her that crime cannot efface crime, blood cannot wipe out blood. The sanguinary creed taught to her from childhood had failed to familiarize her soul with evil. Blood affrighted her; yet for her it had been shed. Upon her and hers it cried out for justice. She sank beneath this load of sin; it was too heavy to bear alone. Her soul sought consolation in prayer. Borne on the pinions of sorrow and desire, she soared far above human misery, above finite woe, and in the presence of the Universal Father, the God of love and mercy, she gathered strength—despair, reproach and gloom vanished, and peace, sanctified by love, strengthened by sorrow, took possession of her being. In her invigorated heart a glorious purpose

was born. Kneeling by the side of the dead, she vowed to be a light unto those in darkness—to scatter good deeds whithersoe'er she went.

CHAPTER LI.

ELSIE'S GOOD FORTUNE.

THE death of Silvertung caused a great deal of excitement among the leaders. The Lion of the Latter Days felt shocked and really grieved at the sudden cutting off of his zealous apostle. It augured ill for the future. There came to him echoes of whispers uttered by some of his people to the effect that Silvertung had reaped his just reward. Ah! the slaves were becoming bravo; the schism was doing its work; it was undermining the despot's power. The scepter he longed to wield seemed to be vanishing phantom-like from his grasp. He ordered his apostles to preach revenge. The Tabernacle and the meeting-houses rang with denunciations upon the iniquitous Gentiles who shed the blood of the Saints. Hymns breathing vengeance were sung, but the people listened apathetically. Perhaps the continued postponement of the day when the Saints should rule over the world had dampened their ardor. They thought it had come when the great Prophet proposed himself as candidate for the presidency. They were sure it had come when civil war desolated the land. But peace came, and the day of triumph seemed as far off as ever. At every rumor of trouble or of war hope revived, only to be disappointed. Therefore it was not surprising that many had given it up, and that

incendiary speeches failed to make a blaze. Other interests occupied them. Mines fascinated the men, the hope of the ballot absorbed the women, and the railroad had exciting interest for all. So Silvertung and vengeance were forgotten.

When the Silvertung estate was settled, the wives found themselves a little better off than they had ever been. Number three took possession of the house intended for Mary Lascelle, and, not having any living children, asked to take care of the three left by her sister wife. Elsie gladly consented, for a time only; for the girl was determined to earn an independence.

Mrs. Lucy wished to have her, but Elsie refused with thanks. Through Brother Menly's instrumentality she obtained a position as governess in the family of one of the apostates. This step drew upon her the hatred of her old acquaintances. In fact, the Saints had looked askant at Elsie ever since the elder's death; for it was rumored that it was Elsie's father who fired the fatal shot. But Elsie was indifferent to their praise or condemnation. Her heart throbbed with the purpose born in the inspiration of death. "To shed light wheresoe'er she trod," was her motto.

For the first time she felt the holy influences of a refined home, where father and mother are one in heart and purpose;—a home where education was prized, and progress cherished. Every day Elsie's mind welcomed some glorious truth. Every day she ascended a step of the ladder that leads to the mountain-top from which the universe may be seen. Her spare moments were devoted to her mother's young family. Mrs. Silvertung No. 3 was a superior woman, who gladly opened her eyes to the light that Elsie

brought ; and soon the young reformer reveled in the satisfaction of bringing one deluded soul out of the darkness. This conversion, or rather spiritual evolution to a higher life, gave Elsie quadruple delight, for it assured to the three children left to her care an emancipation from the slavery of Mormonism.

One morning Elsie was summoned from her schoolroom, to hear that she was the sole possessor of $20,000, under the guardianship of two prominent Gentiles, whose position would assure her protection, in case any zealous Saint should try to get her money. When her astonishment was somewhat abated, one of her guardians placed in her hands two letters; one was from Stanly, relating his marvelous escape, which he shall tell in the next chapter, the other was addressed to Miss Elsie Lascelle, from her father, Edward Lascelle, alias Jim Tracy. Elsie retired to her room, and in fear and trembling broke the seal. It was a long epistle, and Elsie wept much while reading it ; but the confidences of father and daughter are sacred. We must content ourselves that the letter informed Elsie that the $20,000 were lawfully obtained, therefore she could accept the money without scruple. It forgave her mother, and ended with a blessing upon her union with Stanly Delville.

CHAPTER LII.

HOW IT WAS THE HERO DID NOT DIE.

From Stanly's Letter.

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"WHEN I think of my escape, it seems incredible, and my former assertion is proved; namely, that it is more difficult to sink than to swim in Salt Lake. You remember the fearful storm that raged on the night of my departure? The waters of the lake were very rough. Prince became frightened and restive; he would not move. I looked round to see if my pursuers had disappeared. What a sight! The cold chills run over me when I think of it. There were the two murderers aiming directly at me. I dodged suddenly to escape the fire, and whether the horse plunged, or the waves swept me out of the saddle, I cannot say; but I found myself floating on the water. I could hear the horse neigh and plunge, and as well as I could tell he gained the shore.

"This was a great misfortune. Still, I did not give up. I am a pretty good swimmer, and understood the lake; so I thought I would swim on a mile or two, then strike out for land and Ogden. The feat, an easy one at most times, was more difficult than I had imagined, on account of the storm. Still, I hoped to manage better when the elements calmed down. Every now and then a flash showed me the men eagerly watching for me. A lull in the storm allowed me to hear them talk: 'Well, I guess they are both done for, the old one and the young one; jolly fun for one night!' 'I ain't so sure this one is done for. He is

mighty tough. I'll go on to Ogden and you watch around here. If he goes back to Salt Lake he will walk right into the lion's jaws.' 'Yes, we needn't trouble about him, then. But anyhow, I guess he's in no condition to elope.'

"These words filled me with alarm. Our plans had been discovered, therefore frustrated. Death stared at me from every place; and the 'old one,' that must be my father. What fearful thoughts rushed to my mind. My presentiments, then, were realized. The news overpowered me. For a time, it seemed as if death were as welcome as life. But a man should never despair; and I soon struck out with all my might, determined to live. I had drifted away during these moments of horror; and I could not tell which way I was going. My clothes hampered my movements; but I managed to get off my coat: my arms free, I made more headway. The storm subsided, the clouds rolled away, and with them the intense darkness. What a comfort it was to see the stars twinkling to cheer me on! I saw land. That gave me fresh courage. Without a thought as to what it was, I struggled on. At last I clambered on shore. Its rockiness surprised me. I looked around. It was one of the islands. Tired and disappointed, I tried to make a fire to dry my clothes; but every leaf and stick were wet.

"It was very chilly. However, I comforted myself with the thought that salt water never gives cold. I walked about to keep myself warm; and thankful enough I was to see the sun. I dried my clothes and roamed around in search of food; for I was beginning *to feel* as if a morsel to eat was the one only thing in life.

But, search as I would, I could find nothing fit to eat. Fortunately, the storm had left fresh water in the clefts of the rock, else I should have gone crazy with thirst. And now, what to do. It was useless to think of going to Ogden. Danger threatened at Salt Lake City; but the thought of your position nerved me to return there if possible. At last, it struck me as a good idea to make for the south-western shore. Old Jake lived near there; he would give me dry clothes, and enable me to get back to the city unnoticed. Prudence suggested nightfall as the best time to reach shore, or my condition would awaken suspicion. So I concluded to wait. What a day it was! I never wish to see such another. About an hour before sunset, I jumped into the water. The touch of the waves revived me. When weary, I rested by floating. At length, after a time that seemed endless, I reached the shore, so exhausted that I could scarcely move. It was with difficulty that I recalled the direction of Jake's house. It was still more difficult to get there, so faint was I with fatigue and hunger, my feet bare, my clothes dripping wet. The moon was fast declining when I reached the house and found it deserted. I don't know any more of what happened that night.

"When I came to myself, I was in a good covered wagon, with two men and a woman. They were kind people, and after a good meal I felt all right. One of the men said that he saw me lying in the road, and judged, from my condition, that I came out of the water. 'I thought something was wrong,' he added, 'and that the best thing to do, was to take ye away from that *blessed* Zion,—that we are only too thankful to leave.' Just then we heard the approach of a

horseman. Not wishing to be seen, I covered myself with the straw in the bottom of the wagon. The horseman stopped, and inquired whether they had seen any one of my description. 'Don't think so, friend,' said my savior; 'but supposing I had, what of it?' The cautiousness of the answer seemed to please the horseman, whom I recognized as a Zion acquaintance. 'Well, you seem to be of the right kind; so you may tell him to keep dark for a while. They want him up at Zion; they are sending all over for him; but a friend says, keep dark.' With that he rode away. The driver looked into the wagon and said: 'You had better come with us.'

"I took their advice. Now comes the queer part of my story. I found some work at a station on the line; and about a week after my escape I fell in with a man who called himself Jim Tracy; it certainly was not his name. Something about him attracted me, and I told him all my story. It interested him very much. He said he knew your father, and he asked many questions about you. He also told me of my father's cruel death. He seemed to know a great deal; however, he was very cautious. When he wished me good bye, he told me not to fear, that everything would be right. Well, about three weeks after, I received a letter from Mr. Quicksell, offering me a good position in Nevada; but I was not to communicate to any one in Zion until further notice. He said a great deal depended upon my silence. Of course, I accepted. Next I received news of the elder's justly merited taking off. I am doing well, and shall soon have a home ready for you. Our union need not be deferred much longer."

Elsie read over the two letters many times. Should she leave the city where she had suffered so much, and be happy with Stanly in a new home, and new surroundings, without a thought of the awful past? of the resolve that she felt it was her duty, her mission to fulfill? No! selfish happiness is not true happiness.

Elsie determined to act according to her new light. So she wrote to Stanly, telling him of her $20,000; of the shadow that darkened her life; of the purpose that filled her soul. She asked him if he would help her; for marriage ought not to be an absorption of one individual by another, but a joint partnership. Elsie suggested this idea in winning words. She also enclosed her father's letter.

Her heart throbbed as she mailed the letter. It throbbed faster yet when she opened the response.

CHAPTER LIII.

A CHAPTER OF OPINIONS.

ONE evening soon after Elsie found herself an heiress, a few friends (apostates) assembled to congratulate the young lady upon her good fortune. Naturally the conversation turned upon Mormonism and its problems; and as the conversers were those who understood the question practically, their opinions are worth noting.

"So, Miss Elsie, behold! you are a lady of fortune. I suppose you contemplate an immediate departure from Zion?"

"No, Mr. C——, I intend to remain. My lot has been cast among these people, and I consider it my

duty to labor among them. Perhaps I may be able to do some good. Would that I had the power to blot out from memory this anomalous creed !"

"Anomalous ! that is an appropriate term. I declare, Mormonism is a mixture of everything good and bad—a regular jumble."

"Yes, it is cosmopolitan, like its mother country. A distinguished writer asserts that sects are the products of climatic influences. They can be geographically classed as the flora and fauna. As a demonstration of this, take this creed. We find that America, the land of the pine and the palm,—the land of pathless forests, whose giant trees embrace the stars, and of arid deserts where blade of grass never grew,—land of boundless prairie and cloud-wreathed mountain—land of hyperbole and utilitarianism—produces an anomalous sect, now borne on ideal wings over heavenly heights, now groveling in the lowest depths—reverencing truth and worshiping lies—chanting hymns to liberty whilst it throws itself under the wheels of the Juggernaut of despotism. A creed embodying the eccentricity, the intensity, the vitality, the rapid growth, the eye to the main chance that characterizes the youngest, yet the most powerful of the nations of the earth. As all races are represented in the great republic of the West, so are all sects in the creed born of her soil. Our friend just now remarked that Mormonism is a jumble ; and certainly a glance at its various tenets gives the idea that its founders took from each one of the many great religious systems some salient feature, then, shaking them together, turned out the heterogeneous mass as a wonderful plan of salvation."

"Indeed it is so. One could laugh at it, were it not for polygamy. That is the foul blot."

"Polygamy is certainly a foul blot; but it is not the worst."

"Then what is?"

"The slavery of the human mind by the infallible potentate who pretends to be specially directed by God. Its blasphemy, forging God's name to its deeds of blood."

"True! polygamy, unsustained by these lies, would soon fall to the ground. As it is, society is righting itself."

"Yes; many former enthusiasts consider it now as a social experiment, which has failed. Women are recovering from the temporary aberration of mind, the exaggerated self-sacrifice, which induced them to uncrown themselves, and yield to man the spiritual prerogatives they won at Bethlehem and at Calvary. And man begins to see that in thus depriving woman of her influence he sacrifices his moral growth. It is woman that elevates man. The pagans, the barbarians of the Dark Ages felt this. They had their Isis, their Minerva, their Diana, the savages of the North their Friga,—while brighter than all shines that most beautiful Ideal, that sweet queen of civilization, the Virgin Madonna, at whose shrine the mailed barbarian learned the first lessons of love, purity, and meekness. Mother, wife and home—devotion, love and peace. Polygamy blights all this."

"Good! But there is a reason deeper than these why polygamy must die. Progress, whose course is irresistible, must uproot it, because the system is

directly antagonistic to the idea of the century, which is the equality of the sexes."

"True; and to illustrate how irresistible is progress, how it is helped along, even by its greatest obstacles, I say that polygamy is doing a work towards the equalization of the sexes; because it destroys the dependence of woman upon man. A plural wife has really no protector; she is obliged to look out for herself, seek her own amusements, fight her own battles, and often obliged to support herself and children. Thus it makes woman independent in spite of herself. It teaches them their own power, it kills their veneration for man. Again: the Church, for selfish motives, has given to women the ballot. For some years yet this concession will make no difference save to increase the Church power; but slowly women will begin to think (as they now are forced to act) for themselves; gradually they will throw off their yoke—the number of rebellious will increase. Mormonism will become a sect differing but little from many others. Its horrible features will die out, and, when Utah becomes a State, society will gain a body of good, active, self-reliant women, whose influence will be of immense value to reform."

"Yes, and polygamy has also prevented many from joining this Church, which, under a lamb's fleece, hides a wolf's heart. Look at its record! It has scarcely existed fifty years, yet its victims number many hundred."

"Right, Sister; it is a barbarous organization. How could we ever have joined it?"

"We did not join this Church. The one we joined preached only Reform, and the re-establishment of the Covenant. It wanted to renew the golden age of the

past. We were educated in adoration of the past. The heroes we worshiped, the miracles we believed, the teachings we revered, belonged to the far past. Was it any wonder, then, that we were dazzled by the picture of a New Jerusalem; that our ears listened enraptured to the charmed words: *Apostles, Prophets, Covenants, Patriarchal society?* The next thing we knew, we were fast relasping into barbarism. Patriarchal systems did well for patriarchal ages, but not for the nineteenth century. Thank God, our eyes are opened!"

"And now let us fight it to the bitter end."

"Take care, my friends," said Brother Meuly. "Enthusiasm is a rash guide. Remember that although like cures like, yet crime will not remedy crime. Invective will do no good. Loud talking even, is hurtful. The way to combat this barbaric delusion, is to educate the people above it. You must elevate their moral tone, inspire them with a love for the beautiful. Flowers, music, books, tasteful dress, these are the weapons that will destroy the Mormonism taught in the Tabernacle. The usurper has overreached himself for once. In his desire for wealth, he has hastened on the railroad. Every time I hear the shrill whistle of the locomotive, I exclaim, '*Harken to the death-knell of Mormonism!*' Civilization and progress have found us out. Already there is in our midst a quiet little school, modestly doing a great work. It is the herald of many others. And these teachers are the veritable apostles of Utah."

"Then I will become one of those teachers," cried Elsie. "To-morrow I will enter the school. Once before I thought of it, but now I am determined."

"And what about a certain Stanly Delville? He may object to such an apostolate."

"Then he would be unworthy of woman's love. But he will not object. I can answer for him; and when the time comes for us to marry, we will strive to be an example of the true monogamic celestial marriage, in which husband and wife lovingly help and support each other—one in strength, one in purpose; and that purpose to do good."

"When all women act upon that principle, the world will be reformed," replied Brother Menly.

CHAPTER LIV.

LAIMA TRIUMPHS.

ONCE more, we will visit the Lion House, gaze for a few moments upon two scenes enacted there, and then we have done. Laima's parlor is an innovation upon Latter Day sanctity. It is Babylon in the midst of Zion; for the new favorite despises home industries, and loves show as much as any Gentile. The room, with its low ceiling, small square windows, and awkward contour, might, with skillful treatment, have possessed a characteristic interest; but crowded with *recherché* furniture, all crimson and gold, it was gorgeously ugly; and the absence of books and music augured ill for the taste of its mistress. Laima herself is radiant in ruby silk. The color suits her, and she knows it. To-night, she is anxious to appear charming; for she has a purpose. She is to test her power.

He still lingers. Silea arrives. She is subdued, there are tears in her eyes as she says, "It is all over."

Yes, Laima has triumphed. Oreana is dead, abandoned, broken-hearted, a victim of superstition; and her sisters in suffering exclaim, "Thank God, she is out of her misery." Such is the requiem of Mormon women.

CONCLUSION.

A FEW years have passed, — years full of changes; years of humiliation and vexation for the American Mohammed. Woman, hitherto his victim, became his tyrant, his tormentor. Through her his name was made a laughing-stock for the world. The despot lived to be ridiculed by those who once trembled at his fiat.

The "wicked Gentile" has brought the bad spirits of knowledge and progress into the kingdom of the Saints. The daughters of Zion rebel; her sons follow after the foolish things of the world. Luxury and refinement have dethroned "patriarchal simplicity." Civilization has banished barbarism. Gentile churches raise their lofty spires, and the mountains re-echo the music of their bells. Schools throw open their doors to the young, and knowledge conquers superstition. Fashion reigns within the walls. Zion has become Babylon. Mormonism is rapidly losing its central idea of government. It will soon be nothing more than a sect. Blood-atonement is a legend of the past, and polygamy grows unfashionable.

True to her purpose, Elsie, now a wife and mother, labors to do good. Many are the children whom she has taught to reason, the girls she has saved from degradation, the women she has encouraged to be true to themselves.

> Modestly, quietly she does her work,
> Shedding light wheresoe'er she goes.

Sister Dinly has renounced match-making. It is said she frequents the meetings of the apostates, whose numbers and power are increasing.

Lucy is remarried. For her second husband she chose a Gentile.

Sometimes Mr. and Mrs. Stanly Delville, with their children, take a trip out of the territory to visit an eccentric individual who, on account of his solitary life, has been dubbed "The Hermit."

Of this Hermit, the children are very fond. Sometimes when they caress him he will shrink away, and they say he weeps. No entreaties on the part of Elsie and Stanly can persuade him to mingle with his race. But as he gazes on the happy couple, he mutters to himself:

"If ever good came out of evil it has in this case; and for that may I be forgiven."

THE END.

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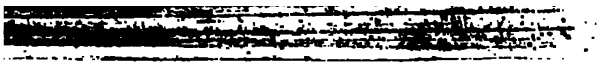

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